

# Can't Complain

Clyde Carson

Hey I made this beat

Another night of getting money how could I complain  
Your girlfriend looking like she can't be contained  
She think I'm friendly, she think I'm handsome  
It's no wonder why you think that I'm the man  
I look good, and you a bad one  
It's no wonder why you think that I'm the man

Another night of getting money how could I complain  
You ain't talking 'bout money how could I relate  
Little weight on my shoulders getting heavy now  
But that come with knowing I won't let you down  
I'mma deal with it, then go get some with it  
I'mma chill nigga, but I got the kill spear, ticket  
Last night but she still feel it  
Ace of spades and she wanna take a pill with it  
Wake up, drank up, tryna tell me, something  
Only problem is she can't tell me, nothing  
Boss up when a nigga saw us, fuck 'em  
Now I'm balling and I'm doing what I wanna

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I like, when you do that baby  
Come ride, in the new Mercedes  
Run to the money to my legs get sore  
Roll that skunk 'till my eyes get low  
Taking shots to the dome, she hot like a stove  
I walk up in the mall, buy everything up out the store  
Bag full of stories, life get it go  
Every single song I get on that shit go  
Everybody put me on, straight dash, cop a milli for the hoes  
Cause I still bust moves on the under  
And I still pull bitches in a Honda  
I'mma mack like my mom, they wonder  
Counting hundred dollar bills when my funds up

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