

# Prodigy Of Mobb Deep, Can't Complain

{telephone ringing}

Hello... hello...

Yo what up, man!?!?

Who the f\*\*k is this?

Who the f\*\*k it sound like, man?

What the f\*\*k you calling so early for, man!?!?

What the f\*\*k time is it!?!?

It's like 3 o'clock, man, thought you was coming to get me, man!?!?

... shit, my bad son.

Please, man, come get me man, before I choke this bitch, man!

Hurry up son, man it's like 90 man, let's get some hoes or something.

What up, dun!?!?

Same ol' shit.

No doubt, ain't nothing new... .

Let's take a little spin, dun, word up.

Yo... open my wings to a new day spread my lungs

Get laced, jump in the whip, stash the guns

Twist the key, shifted to D then flee

Before anything, get the daily dose of choke

We got the Benzo flooded with smoke on the float

My eye's burnin' from the dope killin' my throat

Lean my seat a taste, lumbar support

On the belt doin' 90 or more

debatin' on the latest rhyme wars

Where units don't count

But your rap pay add up to large amounts

Get my thrills puttin' other nigga's skills to sleep

Catch chills off'a infamous beats

Swing the trees doin' one-handed u'ees

Blowin' on the ouwee cause we can't have the medicine canoein'

There go the boys to the right, no days and nights like that

Ay yo dun, hold that down and turn it around

Dirty as f\*\*k, thugs drugs and guns, d's and fatigues

T n T hopin' out of MPV's

Surprise all'a f\*\*k out of me

Got rubber Glocks pointed at me

Ay yo twin, what the f\*\*k... ..

(Twin)

They had us layed out on the ground holdin' us down

With gats to back of our heads was goin' down

It wasn't us that held up that bitch you got.

Where's the proof, man!? Let me speak to my attorney.

I know the routine, don't try to throw me

I been gettin' knocked since 12 and my moms tried to scold me

... but all that told me to get in more shit

ay yo P', (what up) you my co-d, we both get knocked

What you did with that half'a tree? (right in my sock.)

Yo, I hope these f\*\*kin' dicks won't find the stash spot

Dun, you know how I get down!?!?

Yo I'm ready to bounce

Do the 100 yard-dash and tear ass

If my other half was alive we woulda got killt

'cause dun woulda went for the guns and got ill

Plus I gots cracks on me, they foundt the cracks on me

Looked at'em, gave'em back to me

I could swore they was takin' us in

Then the lady in the car said, ..that's not them.

Picked us up, told me I could keep the drugs

They didn't give a f\*\*k, they was only lookin' for guns

An' you ain't gotta tell us twice

We hopped in the car and slid off

On our way up-town for more of that funk  
P' lit the tree back up  
Got off the Tri-burrough, hit the Henry Huds'  
F\*\*kit, let's slide through the Rutgers.  
Roll the windows down 'cause infamous mobb bumpers...

(Prodigy)

... Skip To My Lou had the crowd jumpin'  
Took a walk through the park frontin'  
Didn't even have to hurt nuttin'  
Man I love it, ain't nothin' like summer in New York  
Hear Infamous Thoughts, then the Dream Team music starts  
Damn, we young black entrepreneurs  
New York Pricks and Dicks can't stop our floss  
We like organized crime, the f\*\*kin' Mobb  
I'm only twenty-six playin' wit' serious cards  
Dead serious cash, luxurious labs  
Learn to balance fame with pain, you CAN'T COMPLAIN

(Chinky sings X)

Jus' another day livin' in the hood...  
Jus' another day around the way... .  
Feelin' good today... oh no we can't complain  
Jus' another day... livin' in New York... .  
Dealin' with the jakes and the snakes... ..  
Feelin' good today... .we hit'em up 'cause we here to stay...