

## Aceyalone "I Can't Complain"

Visit "[I Can't Complain](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

No worries  
Easy

(What's up Aceyalone?) Aw, same old same  
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(I see you troopin through the streets tryin to dodge the  
rain)  
But I'm heatly, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(Momentum is gained, it intensifies the pain)  
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(As long as you get to break those chains)  
Yeah, I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain

How does it feel to be truly understood? Well, good  
It's nice to know you're doin all you should  
Bein all that you can be despite your circumstances  
Just buckle up and take the world head on and make  
advances  
But don't take chances, we both know the world is  
scandalous  
The criminals are everywhere from the south of France  
to Kansas  
He dances with wolves, he hypnotizes snakes  
And him, he wrestles alligators in the lake  
I'll do all I can but I'm just one man  
With the microphone in hand  
And you know what happens after that  
Sometimes I flow with it, sometimes I go against the  
grain  
But I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain

(What's up Aceyalone?) Aw, same old same  
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(It's war on the streets, I can see the bloodstains)  
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(I heard somebody likes to mention your name)  
Yeah, I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(They wet behind the ears and got water on the brain)  
Yeah, I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain

The tenacity for my capacity is beyond my control  
For it is the truth that i must uphold

Intake and download and told from the soul  
Wherever I go the truth goes and it grows  
When evil rears its ugly head it shows  
Way beyond your hairstyles and your clothes  
Mark my word, God's temper won't be disturbed  
The good is much more preferred and deserved  
I overheard a jaybird singin the words  
To the greatest song written, the fruit is forbidden  
I'm only one man and I'll do all I can  
With the microphone in hand  
And you know what happens after that

(What's up Aceyalone?) Aw, same old same  
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(See you troopin through the streets tryin to dodge the  
rain)  
But I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(Momentum is gained it, intensifies the pain)  
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(As long as you get to break those chains)  
Yeah, I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain

(What you gon' do?  
Where you gon' run?  
And who you gon' run to?)(\*4X\*)

I'm nearly fit as a fiddle  
Except for a little  
Limp in my walk and my talk  
The hemp from the stalk  
Is the only medicine for my rheumatism  
It helps open up the doors to my mental prism  
Racism, industrialism  
Capitalism, uncivilized socialism  
Computerized, televised, contrived  
Microorganism, microchip, microincision  
Good machines, bad machines  
Factory rejects and recalls, incorporation schemes  
I'm only one man and I'll do all I can  
With the microphone in hand  
And you know what happens after that

(What's up Ace One?) Aw, same old same  
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(It's war on the streets, I can see the bloodstains)  
Well, I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(I heard somebody likes to mention your name)  
Well, I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain  
(They wet behind the ears and got water on the brain)  
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain

Visit [Aceyalone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.