

Smile In Ya Face (Explicit Version)

Black Rob

They smile in ya face, but they ain't lovin' you
Turn your back, they tryin' to break your J A W
Who a nigga on the run, eatin' P.O.W.s
Strapped with arrows and the chrome B O W?It's no act yo, no
This chick can keep my dick
Between her cheek and gums, like tobacco
On the F.D.R. doin' like 90 a pop
Fuck five-0 niggas too grimey to stopAll we came to do was tear up the spot
Think we care if you, you, you, roll behind us or not?
I'm the one man army, the one hand on the Tommy
If you standing next to me, one hand on your mommyYour arms too short to box with Rob
Swipe your face like the Bad Boy corporate card
A lotta shit I do is off the hard
And I be like shh, thats why the Feds don't wanna talk to RobY'all had to go force the God, naw I ain't got
nothin' to prove
Ain't gotta carry the two, see my daddy told me bury them fools
And remember this rule, don't fuck with niggas that ain't fuckin' with youSo when you're home with nothin' to
do
Just get comfortable, cause they ain't doin' nothin' to you
And they can take it like they wanna take it, I ain't just a rapper
Certified Harlem knight, Mister Will-Bust-A-Cap-erHey yo, one two three
To get to them you got to get through me
And it's the Bad Boy family tree
Like I said we gonna do this shit, nonstopAnd my sole purpose is makin' you dance
Ladies scream "Blackie, Blackie gimme one more chance"
Now she backstage hand in my pants
I been tryin' to tell myself, I gotta stop fuckin' my fansLike Michelle, uh, my belle
Sucked my dick so well I took her on tour, bitch was so raw
Nice tits, fat boomty, ak, y'know what I'm sayin'?Passed it off to Puff and Loon wit no delayin'
The average nigga walk around here sad
Get the chronic now he honest he gon' bust that ass
Get home, she ain't there, bitch musta mashedAnd she caught you for furs and your jewels and cash
Shoulda known it, me, I could never condone it
Bum bitch walk around my shit like she own it
She got some bitch niggas involved, they be in carsThat used to shoot dice in back of the M rob
All praise due to them papers, got me watchin' my neighbors
If I don't know you, do me no favors
And thats comin' from the horses mouth, reppin' east west and south
Nigga front we airin' him outOld timer said don't leave the label 'til you're paid

And hold yours down from the cradle to the grave
Sharp as the cut the barber gave you with the shave
Handgun, but you harder wit the gauge So go ahead front for us, we savage
It's war, consider this collateral damage
And we even did some joints in Spanish
We control the entire zone and punks sayin' Bi amon That explains why I'm not home
That explains why I'm low, in videos I'm not shown

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