

Smile (Feat. Jadakiss & Styles P)

Trae

You know
I never did understand why they always told me to smile
Shit
It ain't too much shit I gave a smile for
Real talk
Yo still a asshole by nature
Peep game I remember comin' up able to love nigga watchin' niggas fuck over
They over sea I kept it real
But bein' real ain't really always what niggas make it to be
I never thought we'd make it and I'd have niggas hatin' a G
I got enough shit that I deal with on the day to day
Penitentiary's the life after death don't seem to go away
Even though I never know the outcomes it's always safe to pray
And try to do my best to understand he write a rhyme away
I got a call from Mr. Rogers just the other day tellin' me he by my side
I'm like what the fuck you talkin' 'bout 'til he told me Lorna died
It f***ed me up so much I couldn't even go to the wake
But if her family called I'm gon' make sure that they straight
It's like this part of my life I live is damn near mastered
The more people I love the more they get took away faster
Sometimes I feel I talk to God a lil more than the pastor
Prob'ly been livin' to make sure my son never become a bastard
I've never been the one to quit I've always been the leader
But I feel this world is like a bitch and I know I don't need her
If I ever had this I never took the time to meet her
So I feel a frown across my face the only way to greet her
In the process of bein' Trae I missed out as a child
Prob'ly 'cause reality must stop
And they told my cousin death before he thirty after checkin' his pile
He died at 28 so how the fuck am I supposed to smile shit I don't know my nigga
I ask myself the same shit everyday
How the fuck am I supposed to smile
Life's real over here though
Ya know Styles don't smile
The hood too foul
The lil' niggas is wild
Men lost trial
Hit 'em with some numbers he ain't eatin' doin' chow
He ain't even sleepin' he been thinkin' 'bout his child

It's real fucked up but he won't see him for a while
Same bullshit try'na get you a money pile
You don't see the reefer or the jail doors locked
I keep a tech with the air holes cocked
Now I don't wanna shoot or get shot
But Pinero's not
Gon' fuck with these fuck niggas or air those Lox
It's real hard to sleep when its money on the mind and
Murder on the mind
Puffin' on the dutch with a fist full of iron
Somebody mom cryin' 'cause somebody boy dyin'
It's the same ol' shit
Wait till the funeral
Same ol' trip
Crack money rap money
The same ol' grip
As Trae could've smiled out in Texas
Livin' reckless
If the cops gon' get you but niggas 'll leave you breathless
shit I'm a winner
More like a sinner
Try'na make it to dinner
Then live after breakfast
Ya knowTrae
S.P.
How the fuck are we suppose to smile
Man
Answer me that
Maybe I'll fuckin' smile
Why'knowNothin' to smile about
These lil' niggas is wildin' out
Do somethin' to 'em they dialin' out
Everybody lookin' at you like you foul'in' out
Every hood everywhere that's what it's now about
The shootas is half your age
Give you half the gage
Daily news half the page
Known as a thug now he ain't just fly
Couple months in the group home in D-F-Y
Truthfully what could have been pended but never did
And he slid
As a youthful offender 'cause he's a kid
Problem is
The person he shot was connected
He comin' home thinkin' he's sweet and don't expect it

Big but he's still young
To him it's still fun
360 waves new gear blue steel gun
They say you ain't promised tomorrow
They got the drop and hit him right in his head with a hollow

Songwriters

FRISCHMANN, JUSTINE ELINOR/MATTHEWS, DONNA LORRAINEPublished by
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt
Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group, BOURNE CO. Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>