Crooked Smile

J. Cole

I'm on my way, on my way, on my way down
On my way, on my way, on my way down
You're the one that was trying to keep me way down
But like the sun know you know I found my way back roundThey tell me I should fix my grill cause I got money now
I ain't gon' sit around and front like I ain't thought about it
A perfect smile is more appealing but it's funny how
My shit is crooked look at how far I done got without it
I keep my twisted grill, just to show them kids it's real
We ain't picture perfect but we worth the picture still
I got smart, I got rich, and I got bitches still
And they all look like my eyebrows: thick as hell
Love yourself, girl, or nobody will
Oh, you a woman? I don't know how you deal
With all the pressure to look impressive and go out in heels
I feel for you
Killing yourself to find a man that'll kill for you
You wake up, put makeup on
Stare in the mirror but its clear that you can't face what's wrong
No need to fix what God already put his paint brush on
Your roommate yelling, "Why you gotta take so long?"
What it's like to have a crooked smileI'm on my way, on my way, on my way down
On my way, on my way, on my way down
You're the one that was trying to keep me way down
But like the sun know you know I found my way back roundTo all the women with the flaws, know it's hard my darling
You wonder why you're lonely and your man's not calling
You keep falling victim cause you're insecure
And when I tell you that you're beautiful you can't be sure
'Cause he don't seem to want you back
And it got you asking
So all you see is what you lacking
Not what you packing
Take it from a man that loves what you got
And baby girl you're a star, don't let 'em tell you you're not
Now is it real? Eyebrows, fingernails, hair
Is it real? if it's not, girl you don't care
Cause what's real is something that the eyes can't see
That the hands can't touch

That them broads can't be, and that's you
Never let 'em see you frown
And if you need a friend to pick you up, I'll be around
And we can ride with the windows down, the music loud
I can tell you ain't laughed in a while
But I wanna see that crooked smileI'm on my way, on my way, on my way down
On my way, on my way, on my way down
You're the one that was trying to keep me way down
But like the sun know you know I found my way back roundCrooked smile, we could style on 'em (back 'round)
Crooked smile, we could style on 'em (back 'round)
(You're the one that was trying to keep me way down
Like the sun, I know you know I found my way back round)We don't look nothing like the people on the screen
You know them movie stars, picture perfect beauty queens
But we got dreams and we got the right to chase 'em
Look at the nation, that's a crooked smile braces couldn't even straighten
Seem like half the race is either on probation, or in jail
Wonder why we inhale, cause we in hell already
I asked if my skin pale, would I then sell like Eminem or Adele?
Yo one more time for the 'Ville
And fuck all of that beef shit, nigga let's make a mil
Hey officer man, we don't want nobody getting killed
Just open up that cell, let my brother out of jail
I got money for the bail now, well now
If you asking will I tell now? Hell naw
I ain't snitching cause
Man, they get them niggas stitches now
If you was around, then you wouldn't need a witness now
How you like this crooked smile?I'm on my way, on my way, on my way down
On my way, on my way, on my way down
You're the one that was trying to keep me way down
But like the sun know you know I found my way back roundCrooked smile, we could style on 'em (back 'round)
Crooked smile, we could style on 'em (back 'round)
(You're the one that was trying to keep me way down
Like the sun, I know you know I found my way back round)

Songwriters
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