

Smile (Screwed) (Feat. Styles P & Jadakiss)

Trae

Intro (Trae)

You know

I never did understand why they always told me to smile

S***

It ain't too much s*** I gave a smile for

Real talk

Yo still a a**hole by nature

Peep gameVerse 1 (Trae)

I remember comin' up able to love n***a watchin' n*****z f*** over

They over sea I kept it reala

But bein' real ain't really always what n*****z make it to be

I never thought we'd make it and I'd have n*****z hatin' a G

I got enough s*** 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 f*** 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 b***h 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 cuz reality must stop

And they told my cousin death before he thirty after checkin' his pile

He died at 28 so how the f*** am I supposed to smile s***(Styles P)

I don't know my n***a

I ask myself the same s*** everyday

How the f*** am I supposed to smile

Life's real over here though

Y'knowVerse 2 (Styles P)

Styles don't smile

The hood too foul

The lil n****z 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 f***ed up but he won't see him for a while
Same bulls*** 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' f*** with these f*** n****z 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' cuz somebody boy dyin'
It's the same ol' s***
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 n****z'll leave you breathless
S*** I'm a winner
More like a sinner
Try'na make it to dinner
Then live after breakfast
Y'know(Styles P)
Trae
S.P.
How the f*** are we suppose to smile
Man
Answer me that
Maybe I'll f***in' smile
Y'knowVerse 3 (Jadakiss)
Nothin' to smile about
These lil n****z 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 DFY

Truthfully what could have been pended but never did
And he slid
As a youthful offender cuz 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

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