

## Smile / Petty

Anderson .Paak

What is it about my smile that makes you lie to my face?  
If I close my eyes to your bullshit, I could still smell it on you  
I could smell it from a mile away  
You can't be the truth and the lie  
Oh no, hey  
Make up your mind, baby  
What is it about my smile that makes you lie to my face?

Let me ask this, just what does it take to be the apple of your iris?  
How much of this bullshit until we reach the pasture?  
Ain't no need to gas me, it was lit from the lashes  
Back when chit-  
chattin' casually 'bout how you think monogamy is somethin' of the past  
But, baby girl, your actions speak somethin' totally opposite  
And you have to pardon me, 'cause I am a dog, you see  
And if you lead me to the park, I break up off the leash  
What is it about my smile that would make you ponder kickin' dirt in my water?  
Spillin' bleach in the laundry bag and stressin' my momma  
Pushin' dents in my armor, scratchin', dentin' my Pontiac  
Bitch, are you off your shit?  
I bag another one just to piss you off and shit  
Don't make me put the shit I bought you up for auction, bitch

Hold on, hold the fuck up  
Pause this shit

My lady drives me high up the wall  
She keeps me up and locked in the bathin' room  
Why am I screamin' at the top of my lungs?  
When she can't hear a word that I say to her?

You petty, petty bitch, (Huh, petty)  
Calculate (All of it)  
Trackin' (All of it)  
All of this (Bullshit)  
Worthless shit, you packaged up  
Tossed out my shit, (All of it, all of it, all)  
Bitch, now you know that was totally out of pocket

Would've let me fall off  
(Would you catch me when I fall?)  
I won't sweat the small stuff  
(No more chasin' pennies, no)  
I can't keep from fallin' off  
Keep me from these useless bitches, these ruthless leeches  
I might catch you all alone  
(I don't need it, I don't need it)

Now bro, he lends me no help at all  
He's out there chasin' money that's far too small  
Lately, he's talkin' 'bout invest and withdraw  
But the loan of which you owe me is far from paid off  
Oh, Lord

You petty, petty bitch, (Huh, petty)  
Calculate (All of it)

Trackin' (All of it)  
All of this (Bullshit)  
Worthless shit, you packaged up  
Tossed out my shit, (All of it, all of it, all)  
Bitch, now you know that was totally out of pocket

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