

Smile in Ya Face

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 stop

All 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 mommy

Your 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 Rob

Y'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 you

So 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-er

Hey 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, nonstop

And 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 fans

Like 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 mashed

And 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 cars

That 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 out

Old 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