

# Smilin'

Field Mob

[Hook: Chevy P aka Smoke]  
You be smilin when I'm frownin  
You be frownin when I'm smilin  
You be happy when I'm sad  
But when I'm glad you get mad  
You be smilin when I'm frownin  
You be frownin when I'm smilin  
You be happy when I'm sad  
But when I'm glad you get mad  
Yeaaaahhhh

[Shawn Jay]  
I was young 16 put the city on my back  
Said I'll do it I did it Albany on the map  
Been (stickin to the script) y'all really wanna (act)  
Like I ain't the real reason y'all really wanna rap  
They jealous they wanna step in my spot but you can (sneeze)  
The rest of ya life and won't get the (blessings) I got  
I sold (butter) made (bread) plus I (roll) wit (toast)  
My brother call me (nearsighted) say my foes is (close)  
No friends its just a waste of time I know ya bogus  
(Crooked behind my back) ya like a (spine wit scoliosis)  
I'm (focus) ed like the (Ford car) (private) like a (G4)  
Try me get (shells) in ya (waves) like a (seashore)  
See I don't be on what he on we grown he wrong  
He gon keep on he gon be gone  
(Two faced) like (geminis) I came up wit you man  
I'll speak but I don't mess wit you man

[Hook]

[Chevy P aka Smoke]  
Why is it when my frown is down side up ya smile is upside down  
Is it because of my fly style is it my nice house  
Is it cause I'm iced out and livin a life now that  
I'm bout through strugglin everything is alright now  
You see the Jag on them flats pass  
Don't get mad get (glad) like the (trashbags) you just  
Pray and pray on my downfall  
When I'm up ya down me when I'm down ya clown me  
Claimin to be my friend... but really softer than the spot  
In my back to ease his knife in  
He ain't got love for me I wrote a rhyme about it  
That hole ya dug for me you tryna climb up out it  
Ya bust ya head at the bottom now ya cryin about it  
Well when around came right back around and got him  
The more paper the more haters I need more cheese  
Cause the haters I got they startin to bore me

[Hook]

[Ludacris]  
From the tip of ya nose to the tip of ya toes  
Y'all ain't nothin but some hatin (yeah yeah)  
Smilin in my face everyday like "what up Luda"  
I'm just waitin for the day to put a slug up to ya  
Ol fake (fake) kissers walk past diss ya

Breathe you a wannabe me (me me me) why?  
Cause I got new whips and wreck em or  
Cause I got flows that make (blank) (bend it like Beckham)  
Is it cause a lot of money stay close to me  
Or is it cause you should have been where I'm supposed to be  
Well everyday I stay fresh whole fam got cheese  
So I could care less what you think about me  
I thank my enemies and I truly adore em  
Best way to get back at somebody is to ignore em  
I'm the heavyweight champ we'll see who gon drop  
Cause evrybody in the bottom know who on top  
Luda

[Hook]