

## Smiling Faces

Kevin Gates

Say bro, I love you 'til death but bitch you gon' hit it  
Or you gonna lay on top of it  
Get the fuck up nigga you ain't dead yet.

Just got the word from above, placing my heart in this message  
Evil's after your soul, people smart with deceptions  
Keep a sharp observation, allowing no infiltration  
Of those you let in your circle  
They get the chance, they gon' hurt you  
They be counting your pockets, and you can tell by they comments  
Incident with my car, when my nigga wanted to drive it  
I told him no, he flashed out, texting my phone talking violent  
And told me put him in a song and he was catching a body  
God protected my body, I fear no nigga breathing  
I feel like David and Goliath, hungry pack of hyaenas  
Showing they teeth when I'm eating  
Bitch, do it look like I'm cheesing?  
Took my lick like a man  
Then came home to the streets  
No defeat!

When everyone's around I bet you had a ball  
Killing emotional attachments with the alcohol  
They say they love you and that for you they do anything  
You find it awkward that their eyes don't say the same thing  
Changing lately, beware of smiling faces  
Entangling, betraying, beware of smiling faces

These murders weigh on my conscious as I take too many showers  
I need a woman to hold me, help me forget all my problems  
It 5 A.M. in Toronto, being she down here for college  
She says her major's psychology we're both into astrology  
This moscato was sweet, inhaling sticks of this broccoli  
Hard to sleep on the side of me, seem too much is bothering me  
Memories haunting me, jumping up out my sleep  
She might say, "Bae, it's OK," and put me straight back to sleep  
I do this three or four times, my life on constant repeat  
Reason I can't quit syrup, my anxiety be fucking with me  
Every bitch I'm with find out I ain't shit  
After three weeks of just fucking with me  
It's a fucked up feeling when you looking in the mirror  
And everybody just pretending they fucking with me  
Who fucking with me?!

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