

# SMILE

SABA

Sweet west side Chicago, two-flat apartment  
Red brick and garden, that's been forgotten  
Grass all splotchy, vacant lot splotchy, bank account splotchy  
And we talk like we from the south  
Our parents' parents from the south  
And if I make a million dollars  
I'll vacation in the south, and I'll

Smile, smile, smile, smile  
Smile, smile, smile, smile  
Smile, smile, smile, smile  
Smile, smile, smile, smile

Warmer outside and safe ol' playground, grandma payroll cut, yeah  
Cut up with my cousins, dream about when we grow up, yeah  
Tube socks slippin' off our feet, our soles is hella black  
When we die we go to heaven, know my granny taught me that  
Oh, oh-oh, oh, I done lost a friend or two, they moved  
Got in trouble for they fetchin', I ain't mean no Moulin Rouge  
My bag got that two on two, our whole neighborhood unite  
I put my fam' in a hotel when they couldn't pay the light  
Life, I be takin' for granted, capture the moment, the Canon  
My cousin be trappin', it came in the mail  
I sat him down, asked his plan, he said, "This shit sell itself"  
Grandma say, "What is that smell?"  
We turn to Boomhauer like we on King of the Hill  
Niggas talk that they gone keep it a hundred but I rather keep it a mil'  
Everybody eat, I treat it like heat so that mean it's not a joke  
I said I'ma keep it a mil', the rule, that mean a higher note  
My grandma from Pinkhill and my granddaddy from Houston  
And if I make a million dollars, then I'ma tell them we movin'

Smile, smile, smile, smile  
Smile, smile, smile, smile  
Smile, smile, smile, smile  
Smile, smile, smile, smile

All that I am is my family mistakes  
Moment of madness I can't seem to evade  
More than a canvas, you carry me these days  
Practice, I'm trying to remember, remember  
All that I am is my family mistakes  
Moment of madness I can't seem to evade  
More than a canvas, you carry me these days  
Practice, I'm trying to remember, remember

Sweet west side Chicago, two-flat apartment  
Red brick and garden, that's been forgotten  
Grass all splotchy, vacant lot splotchy, back account splotchy  
And we talk like we from the south  
Our parents' parents from the south  
And if I make a million dollars  
I'll vacation in the south, and I'll

Smile, smile, smile, smile  
Smile, smile, smile, smile  
Smile, smile, smile, smile

Smile, smile, smile, smile