

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

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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'

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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
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