

# Smile

Trae tha Truth

Intro (Trae)

You know

I never did understand why they always told me to smile

S\*\*\*

It ain't too much s\*\*\* I gave a smile for

Real talk

Yo still a a\*\*hole by nature

Peep game

Verse 1 (Trae)

I remember comin' up able to love n\*\*\*a watchin' n\*\*\*\*\*z f\*\*\* over

They over sea I kept it reala

But bein' real ain't really always what n\*\*\*\*\*z make it to be

I never thought we'd make it and I'd have n\*\*\*\*\*z hatin' a G

I got enough s\*\*\* that I deal with on the day to day

Penitentiary's the life after death don't seem to go away

Even though I never know the outcomes it's always safe to pray

And try to do my best to understand he write a rhyme away

I got a call from Mr. Rogers just the other day tellin' me he by my side

I'm like what the f\*\*\* you talkin' 'bout 'til he told me Lorna died

It f\*\*\*ed me up so much I couldn't even go to the wake

But if her family called I'm gon' make sure that they straight

It's like this part of my life I live is damn near mastered

The more people I love the more they get took away faster

Sometimes I feel I talk to God a lil more than the pastor

Prob'ly been livin' to make sure my son never become a bastard

I've never been the one to quit I've always been the leader

But I feel this world is like a b\*\*\*h and I know I don't need her

If I ever had this I never took the time to meet her

So I feel a frown across my face the only way to greet her

In the process of bein' Trae I missed out as a child

Prob'ly cuz reality must stop

And they told my cousin death before he thirty after checkin' his pile

He died at 28 so how the f\*\*\* am I supposed to smile s\*\*\*

(Styles P)

I don't know my n\*\*\*a

I ask myself the same s\*\*\* everyday

How the f\*\*\* am I supposed to smile

Life's real over here though

Y'know

Verse 2 (Styles P)

Styles don't smile

The hood too foul

The lil n\*\*\*\*\*z is wild

Men lost trial

Hit 'em with some numbers he ain't eatin' doin' chow

He ain't even sleepin' he been thinkin' 'bout his child

It's real f\*\*\*ed up but he won't see him for a while

Same bulls\*\*\* try'na get you a money pile

You don't see the reefer or the jail doors locked

I keep a tech with the air holes cocked

Now I don't wanna shoot or get shot

But Pinero's not

Gon' f\*\*\* with these f\*\*\* n\*\*\*\*\*z or air those Lox

It's real hard to sleep when its money on the mind and

Murder on the mind  
Puffin' on the dutch with a fist full of iron  
Somebody mom cryin' cuz somebody boy dyin'  
It's the same ol' s\*\*\*  
Wait till the funeral  
Same ol' trip  
Crack money rap money  
The same ol' grip  
As Trae could've smiled out in Texas  
Livin' reckless  
If the cops gon' get you but n\*\*\*\*z'll leave you breathless  
S\*\*\* I'm a winner  
More like a sinner  
Try'na make it to dinner  
Then live after breakfast  
Y'know

(Styles P)

Trae  
S.P.  
How the f\*\*\* are we suppose to smile  
Man  
Answer me that  
Maybe I'll f\*\*\*in' smile  
Y'know

Verse 3 (Jadakiss)

Nothin' to smile about  
These lil n\*\*\*\*z is wildin' out  
Do somethin' to 'em they dialin' out  
Everybody lookin' at you like you foul'in' out  
Every hood everywhere that's what it's now about  
The shootas is half your age  
Give you half the gage  
Daily news half the page  
Known as a thug now he ain't just fly  
Couple months in the group home in DFY  
Truthfully what could have been pended but never did  
And he slid  
As a youthful offender cuz he's a kid  
Problem is  
The person he shot was connected  
He comin' home thinkin' he's sweet and don't expect it  
Big but he's still young  
To him it's still fun  
360 waves new gear blue steel gun  
They say you ain't promised tomorrow  
They got the drop and hit him right in his head with a hollow