Hard 2 Smile

Trae

You Know I Never Did Understand
Why They Always Told Me To Smile
Shit It Ain't Too Much Shit Out Here To Smile Fo'
Real Talk - You Know It's Still Assholes By Nature, Peep Game

I Remember Comin Up Labeled The Lil'nigga
Watchin Niggas Fuck Over They Own, But See I Kept It Realer
But Bein Real Ain't Always What Niggas Make It To Be
I Never Thought We'd Make It And I'd Have Niggas Hatin A G
I Got Enough Shit That I Deal With On The Day To Day
Pennitentaries And Life After Death Don't Seem To Go Away
Even Though I Never Know The Outcome
Somethin Say To Pray, And Try To Do My Best To Understand He Right Around Th
e Way
I Got A Call From Mr.Rogers Just The Other Day - Telling Me He By My Side
I'm Like What The Fuck You Talkin Bout - Until He Told Me Loinna Died
It Fucked Me Up So Much I Couldn't Even Go The Wait
But If Her Family Call I'm A Make Sure That They Straight
It's Like This Part Of My Life I Live Is Damn Near Mastered
The Mo'people I Love, The Mo'they Get Took Away Faster
Sometimes I Feel I Talk To God Alittle Mo'then A Pastor
Probably To Live And Make Sure My Son Never Become A Basterd
I Never Been The One To Quit, I Always Been A Leader
But I Feel This World Is Like A Bitch And I Know I Don't Need Her
If I Knew It Was This I'd Never Took The Time To Meet Her
So I Feel The Frown Across My Face, The Only Way To Greet Her
In The Process Of Bein'trae, I Missed Out As A Child
Probably Because Reality My Style
And They Told My Cousin Death Before He's Thirty After Checkin His File
He Damn Near Twenty - Eight So How The Fuck Am I Suppose To Smile?

I Don't Know My Nigga, I Ask Myself The Same Shit Everyday
How The Fuck Am I Suppose To Smile?
Life's Real Over Here, You Know

Styles Don't Smile, The Hood Too Foul
The Lil'niggas Is Wild, Man Lost Trial
Hit E'm With Some Numbers He Ain't Even Gon'chow
He Ain't Even Sleepin, He Been Thinkin 'bout His Child
It's Real Fucked Up But He Won't See Him For Awhile
Same Bullshit Tryna Get You A Money Pile
We All See The Reefer, Or The Kill - Doors Locked
I Keep The Tech With The Air Hose Cocked
Now I Don't Wanna Shoot Or Get Shot, But Paniro's Not
Gon'fuck With These Fuck Niggas I Air Those Blocks
It's Real Hard To Sleep, When It's Money On The Mind
Murder On The Mind, Puffin On A Dutch With A Fist Full Of Iron
Somebody's Mom Cryin, Cause Somebody's Boy Dyin
It's The Same Ole Shit, From The Wait To The Funeral Same Ole Trip
Crack Money, Rap Money The Same Ole Grip
Ask Trae Could I Smile Out In Texas, Livin Wreckless
Said The Cops Gon'get You And Niggas'll Leave You Breathless
Shit I'm A Winner, Mo'like A Sinner
Tryna Make It To Dinner - Then Live After Breakfast

You Know, Trae - S.P.
How The Fuck Are We Suppose To Smile?

Nigga Answer Me That
And Maybe I'll Fuckin Smile, You Know

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