

God Has Smiled on Me

Afroman

Yeah, I be acting crazy rapping nasty but don't get me wrong
I got sense I'ma thank God on this song
This song is dedicated to all the homeboys that almost died
But for some strange coincidental ironic reason you lived through it
Homeboy but I'm here to tell you man it's not a coincidence
And it's not ironic Gods got a plan and purpose for your life man
The quarter piece quartet gonna help us sing it right about now

God has smiled on me he has set me free
(Come on, like when them bullets just fly past you)
Ooh God has smiled on me and He's been good to me

Before I was a wild juvenile I used to be a mild Christian young child
I used to seek and seek search and search analyze everybody
In my church, a 1 2 I've seen a lot of hypocrites religious fakers
Deacon hungers and often takers when I turned 13

I thought church was fake I took all I could take so I took a lil' brake
I went to the world and bought a jerry curl and some crack to slice
So I can do my own thing the street life I didn't understand good
So I started gang banging to prove my manhood, yeah

Have fun baggin' the gun the baddest kid on the block
Was a Christian son went to the county jail
Not once but twice gambling with my life
With the dealing dice buucooc

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Ooh God has smiled on me and He's been good to me

I got released in '94 told my mama I don't wanna get in trouble no mo'
I wanna find a job obtain some wealth be independent like you
And take care of my self, I stopped bangin' I really quit
But not the people that I got into it wit' back in the day

From Pompale to la they got beef wit' me homie up until this day
To make a long story short I stepped out the tub
Walked around the corner to the local night club
Sittin' at a table just doin' my thang

Just when I got approached by this rival gang
His gang and my gang just got into it I tried to explain
I didn't do it I told ya bro since '94 I been straight man
I don't mess around no more

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You know what he said, man he got smart wit' me he said
Call the mortuary order some flowers you quit you're game
But we never quit ours

He got exited we started fist fightin' like Mike Tyson I was scratchin'
And bitin' a bunch of them started mobbing me threw me on the floor
And started robbing me the things that they took from me

Wasn't nothing major, wallet, Walkman cheap lil' pager

They took my food stamps, took my knife
Took me and tried to take my life
I tried to fight back but my efforts was useless
Ain't no need to make enough excuses

Amen I was on the ground getting beat down
8 different people kicking me around, I thought about all the bad things
I did when I ran from God as a little bitty kid no sign
No reason, no clue, no warning, no fare nobody cared

2 o'clock in the morning heavy licks they was layin' on me
But at the same time my momma she was prayin' for me
Lights from the helicopter filled the air and the police cars came
Every were I told Jesus I don't deserve You but let me live
And I'll serve You, God has smiled

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Sometimes when I'm drinking man I think about all my close calls
Ya know, what I'm saying the times I almost got shot
The times I was committing crimes almost got caught by the police
Man I think about car accidents that never happened

I think about home boys I speak to one day
Next day they catch 50 60 years maybe even rest in peace
You know what I'm saying but check this out man we still alive right?
God ain't through wit' us so let's put it down man

Stop all this madness know what I'm sayin'
Go on take care of some situations we need to take care of
And to all the homeboys who robbed me
Hey man I'm still alive so if y'all be so kind
Go down there and buy my tape man that will make up
Them food stamps y'all took from me right

Amazing grace how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now I'm found
Was blind but now I see

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