

Nobody's Smiling

Common

I'm from Chicago, nobody's smiling
Niggaz wyling on Stoney Island
Where the chief and the president come from
Pop out, pop pills, pop guns
On the deck when the ops come
Pop some, ops run
This ain't a game nigga, ain't no options
Niggaz sellin on the block like an auction
Dig into my pockets, see a profit
Where the money and the bitches is where the gods is
Godfathers in the lodges, at the spot
Holdin money, like a hostage
She went ostrich.. from the projects with posture
I draw with the goddess like an artist
Gettin paper with no margins, money gods
I do it for Hadiya and Trayvon Martin, yo

In the Chi, ain't a damn thing funny
Thinkin of ways to get money
Drive down Lake Shore, schemin how to make more
If we ain't eatin together, what is this cake for?
Ain't nobody givin it, that's what we take for
Niggaz is broke, what I need a break for?
Glaciers of ice, lasers and lice
Let the chains glow heavy, we paid for 'em twice
Made for the life, ball out like we out of bounds
Bars and guns, niggaz got a lot of rounds
..Trippin like you from out of town
The fo'-pound'll leave you on the ground without a sound
Ain't no fathers 'round, +Sons of Anarchy+
Fightin attempts, trafficking, and grand larceny
At the party with the thots with the extra body
I'm in the inner city, it's an out-of-body.. experience

Face on T-shirts with no #hashtags
Just big-ass trash bags tagged hash
Out here, shit been trill
Fake-ass gangster, quick to take a fag's cash
Five versus six, Star Wars
No stickers, real bullet holes in car doors
Out of ten people that was shot, 7 ate 9's
Two trey 8's, and one fo'-fives
Tryna get to two-threes, the numbers game
Then here come the fame, but they won't say no names
Are these celebrities way too shy to be loyal to the town?
I take my publishing check and spread my royalties around
Popes, bishops, disciples, stones
Counts, princes, lords, queens and kings
They drillin on my land but ain't no oil to be found
I might be part of the problem
I guess they just tryna prove they can back that shit up
Most of them can't e'en moonwalk
My lil' cousin Bump J don't know what he did when he introduced that goon ta
lk
Is there a Scarface castin at the crib I don't know about?
So many shortys have tried out for the role
That's why he slide out and ride out with the pole

Now I see how my daddy felt the dark day he discovered
that black power didn't keep the lights on
Right on, the dearly departed still rappin to you
Lookin for some yellow, white, red, black, brown flesh to write on
How long will they mourn me after I'm out of mind, out of sight, gone
A crash, a head-on collision affects both riders the most
G.O.O.D. Music in the building
Yeah we got ghost writers, they just actually ghosts