

# 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