

Smile

Yukmouth

Yuk, what, thug lord, regime
West coast, Yukmouth, Mac Mac, uh, check

(Verse 1: C-Bo)

Mission arrives upon all means, all the cream
Baddest bitches you ever seen tatted wit regime
Thug Lord, wit the real hard core
Keepin it crackin once, prepared for war
Three of the downest nigga's you ever imagined and go platinum
Known to keep it crackin wheter it's packin or scrapin
Jackin a rapper, shit I give it up if I can smile
Ballin and repent somebody smile for me baby
Then made it across the crossroads
Skated the boss mode
Now me, Mac and Yuk escalatin in floss mode
Jaguar's, bad broad's, anything you ask for
Motorcycle's, and fast cars, I ask the lord to forgive me
To keep me in this, I'm livin is for my children
I can't eat without another million
I'm livin life in the fast lane, champagne to wash away ya pain
Them tears, that I been holdin in for years, smile for me

(Chorus:1x)

Smile, smile, oh smile
I only wanna see you smile
Smile, oh smile, oh yeah

(Verse 2: CJ Mac)

How many words can make a average man sit and try
Picture my lies, throwin bricks besides a business
Tried crippin for life
Tried dippin around this bitch without a clippin tonight
Tried chips for somethin, homicidal call it crime, we cursed
All we know we havin dreams in mirror's
Fast cars, bad bitches, and teams to kear
Crack the seal loc, pour me out a shot of that filth
So I can drown in all my feelins inside, we all lit
Ha, dustin off the chronic ash and blast
Caught up in a mash of cash, we want it fast
I'm slippin, dirty I'm home, family won't hug me
But that's how the livin as is gonna be, so fuck em
I reak of scandalous schemes, and livin fast
It's like the second when I'm sayin by my hour glass, damn
Been at ??????, and livin buckwild
But i'll give it all up to pop a smile, I wish that I could smile

(Chorus:1x)

(Verse 3: Yukmouth)

Ayo, I wake up every mornin praisin the lord
Thankin the lord for bein my shootin arm
Keepin a soldier safe in his war
I worry about livin no more, get paid and stayin on tour
Receivein my blessings, the lord
That's why I quit stresstin no more
Now I can keep my tech in the drawer, and keep my vest on the floor
I'm still protected by the lord like never before

Acceptin the lord, for sakes, still respectin the lord
Praise his name for what you got
Cause what you got really ain't yours
It's the lords, and we his children
He want us all to pay for jewelry
Livin in mansions inside a apartment buildings
If we can stop this stealin, If we can stop the sinnin
If we can stop the killings, start prayin, start repentin
And ask god for forgiveness, the fatherfull forgiveness
And feel the spirtural healin, and god's by witness
So keep the pray for, even if you was raised hard
I was buried in the graveyard, until I praised god

(Chorus until fade)