

# 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)