

Nobody's Smiling (feat. Malik Yusef)

Common

They don't stop
Getting their trap
Hand in the pot
Baby that'll do it
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Baby that'll do it
I'm from Chicago, nobody's smiling
Niggas 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
Nigga selling on the block like an auction
Dig into my pockets, see a profit
Where the money and the bitches is where the guys is
Godfathers in the lodges, at the spot holding money like a hostage
She went ostrich, from the projects with posture
I draw with the goddess like an artist
Getting paper with no margins, money gods
I do it for Hadiya and Trayvon Martin
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[illegible]

Hand in the pot
Baby that'll do it Face on T-shirts with no hashtags
Just big ass trash bags tagged hash
Out here 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 45
Tryna get to 23, 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 drilling 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 even moonwalk
My little cousin Bump J don't know what he did when he introduced that goon talk
Is there a Scarface casting 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 rapping to you
Looking 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>