Smile

Isaiah Rashad

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I mean, I mean I gotta, gotta new me Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I mean, I mean I gotta, gotta new me Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I gotta, gottaThis for the block This for lil Kevin and Robin and rock 'em And Tiggi and 40 be quiet, niggas recording You went in talking to death in them The House in this bitch Bleed her to death, feed on my niggas then leave her to death I've been so good with this shit Do you live here to die? All them niggas bereaving your steps Mama I just wanna shine, pussy ass nigga gon' lean on the ref Nigga I woke up this mornin', feeling like I don't be needing myself I'ma get better than Whoo Kid, who can go harder than Mac? Put the lil Xan in my back I'ma go harder though, I'ma go harder though Look at the martyr go, smokin' the artichoke This what you wanted, ain't this what you wanted, this and Tha Carter IV I'ma flip me a bitch in the mornin' though I'ma flip me a bitch in the mornin' though I'ma flip me a bitch and my partners talk shit While my niggas say, "This why we in here, this why we did it" My nigga just made it back home Pocket full of money, god damn Them niggas might smile when they see him Nigga made it back home Pocket full of money, god damn Them niggas might smile when they see himI can't help but, keep my feet up Call my kinfolk, dawg What you doing, where you going? To the hills I can't help but, keep my feet up Call my kinfolk, dawg What you doing, where you going? To the hills, to no worries They know they're good I know a bald headed bitch and she ain't worth shit Tryna serve me papers and suck my dick Tryna take my son, bitch you ain't worth rocks

Let me ease my mind, let me kill my lungs I don't know your name, I forgot that shit I'm for real, four times, yeah I won't lose my grip, 'fore I turn Cobain It look good next year, yeah When I listen to the deacon say it, I'm pullin' over I've been prayin' with a reefer head, yeah In the valley, meditatin' Where you going? Can you take meMy nigga just made it back home Pocket full of money, god damn Them niggas might smile when they see him Nigga made it back home Pocket full of money, god damn Them niggas might smile when they see himI can't help but, keep my feet up Call my kinfolk, dawg What you doing, where you going? To the hills, to no worries They know they're good I can't help but, keep my feet up Call my kinfolk, dawg What you doing, where you going? To the hills, to no worries They know they're good Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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