Nobody's Smiling (feat. Malik Yusef)

Common

They don't stop Getting their trap Hand in the pot Baby that'll do it They don't stop Getting their trap

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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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Baby that'll do itIn the Chi ain't a damn thing funny Thinking of ways to get money

Drive down Lake Shore, scheming how to make more If we ain't eating together what is this cake for? Ain't nobody giving it, that's what we take for

Niggas is broke, what I need to brake for

Glaciers of ice, lazers and lice

Let the chains glow heavy, we paid for 'em twice Made for the life, fall out like we out of bounds

Bars and guns, niggas got a lot of rounds Tripping like you from out of town

The four pound will leave you on the ground without a sound

Ain't no fathers round, sons of anarchy

Fighting 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 experienceThey don't stop

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Hand in the pot
Baby that'll do itFace 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 https://www.omusic.in/