

# 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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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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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 <https://www.omusic.in/>