

# Yukmouth, Smile

f/ C-Bo, CJ Mac

\* send corrections to the typist

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 tatt'd 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 cripin 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)