

# Black Rob, Smile In Ya Face

They smile in ya face, but they ain't lovin you  
Turn your back, they tryin to break your J-A-W  
Who a nigga on the run, eatin P.O.W.s  
Strapped with arrows, and the chrome b-o-w?  
It's no act yo, no  
This chick can keep my dick between her cheek and gums, like tobacco  
On the F.D.R. doin like 90 a pop  
Fuck five-0 niggaz too grimey to stop  
All we came to do was tear up the spot  
think we care if you, you, you, roll behind us or not?  
I'm the one man army, the one hand on the tommy  
If you standing next to me, one hand on your mommy  
Your arms too short to box with Rob  
Swipe your face like the Bad Boy corporate card  
A lotta shit I do is off the hard  
and I be like shhh, thats why the Feds dont wanna talk to Rob  
Yall had to go force the god, naw I ain't got nothin to prove  
Ain't gotta carry the two, see my daddy told me bury them fools  
And remember this rule: don't fuck with niggaz that ain't fuckin with you  
So when you're home with nothin to do  
Just get comfortable, cause they ain't doin nothin to you  
And they can take it like they wanna take it, I ain't just a rapper  
Certified Harlem knight, Mister Will-Bust-A-Cap-er

Heyyo, one two three, to get to them you got to get through me  
And its the Bad Boy family tree, like I said we gonna do this shit, nonstop

And my sole purpose is makin you dance  
ladies scream "Blackie, Blackie gimme one more chance!"  
Now she backstage hand in my pants  
I been tryin to tell myself, I gotta stop fuckin my fans  
Like Mi-chelle, uh, my belle  
Sucked my dick so well I took her on tour, bitch was so raw  
Nice tits, fat boomty, ak, y'know what I'm sayin?  
Passed it off to Puff and Loon, wit no delayin  
The average nigga walk around here sad  
get the chronic now he honest he gon' bust that ass  
Get home, she ain't there, bitch musta mashed  
And she caught you for furs and your jewels and cash  
Shoulda known it  
Me, I could never condone it  
Bum bitch walk around my shit like she own it  
She got some bitch niggaz involoved, they be in cars  
That used to shoot dice in back of the ?m rob?  
All praise due to them papers, got me watchin my neighbors  
If I dont know you do me no favors  
And thats comin from the horses mouth, reppin east west and south  
Nigga front we airin him out

Old timer said "Don't leave the label 'til you're paid  
And hold yours down from the cradle to the grave"  
Sharp as the cut the barber gave you with the shave  
Handgun, but you harder wit the gauge  
So go ahead front for us, we savage  
It's war, consider this collateral damage  
And we even did some joints in spanish  
We control the entire zone and punks sayin ?bi amon?  
that explains why I'm not home  
That explains why I'm low, in videos I'm not shown