

Black Rob

"Smile In Ya Face"

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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

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