

## **J.Cole**

### **"Crooked Smile"**

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I'm on my way, on my way, on my way down  
I'm on my way, on my way, on my way down  
You're the one that was tryna keep me way down  
Like a sun all you know if I'm on my way down

Look, They tell me I should fix my grill cause I got money now  
I ain't gon' sit around and front like I ain't thought about it  
A perfect smile is more appealing but it's funny how  
My shit is crooked look at how far I done got without it  
I keep my twisted grill, just to show them kids it's real  
We ain't picture perfect but we worth the picture still  
I got smart, I got rich, and I got bitches still  
And they all look my eyebrows: thick as hell  
Love yourself, girl, or nobody will  
Oh, you a woman? I don't know how you deal  
With all the pressure to look impressive and go out in heels  
I feel for you  
Killing yourself to find a man that'll kill for you  
You wake up, put makeup on  
Stare in the mirror but its clear that you can't face what's wrong  
No need to fix what God already put his paint brush on  
Your roommate yelling, "Why you gotta take so long?"  
What it's like to have a crooked smile  
This crooked smile

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To all the women with the flaws, know it's hard my darling  
You wonder why you're lonely and your man's not calling  
You keep falling victim cause you're insecure  
And when I tell you that you're beautiful you can't be sure  
Cause you see that no one wants you back and it got you asking

So all you see is what you lacking, not what you packing  
Take it from a man that loves what you got  
And baby you're a star, don't let 'em tell you you're not  
Now is it real? Eyebrows, fingernails, hair  
Is it real? if it's not, girl you don't care  
Cause what's real is something that the eyes can't see  
That the hands can't touch, that them broads can't be, and that's you  
Never let 'em see you frown  
And if you need a friend to pick you up, I'll be around  
And we can ride with the windows down, the music loud  
I can tell you ain't laughed in a while  
But I wanna see that crooked smile

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Crooked smile, we could style on 'em (back 'round)  
Crooked smile, we could style on 'em (back 'round)  
You're the one that was trying to keep me way down.  
Like the sun, I know you know I found my way back round

We only fronting like the people on the screen  
You know them movie stars, picture perfect beauty queens  
But we got dreams and we got the right to chase 'em  
Look at the nation, that's a crooked smile braces couldn't even straighten  
Seem like half the race is either on probation, or in jail  
Wonder why we inhale, cause we in hell already  
I asked if my skin pale, would I then sell like Eminem or Adele?

Yo one more time for the 'Ville  
And fuck all of that beef shit, nigga let's make a mil  
Hey officer man, we don't want nobody getting killed  
Just open up that cell, let my brother out of jail  
I got money for the bail now, well now.  
If you asking will I tell now? Hell naw  
I ain't snitching cause  
Man, they get them niggas stitches now  
If you was around, then you wouldn't need a witness now  
How you like this crooked smile?

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