

Nas F/ Large Professor "Smilin' in Your Face"

Visit "[Smilin' in Your Face](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus)

They smile in our face, yet they playa hate, but it takes
a Hustla

They're sad, they're sad, they're sad, they're so sad

[Boogy Nikke]

I puttin' the pressure on all of the bitches
them snitches, no riches, no love for Mo Thug
Nigga, what, what? It takes a Hustla, muthafucka
Put in a script, and runnin' the business
Watch my eyes, you punk, muthafuckin' nigga
When it's a nigga flippin' the script and ready to pull
the trigger
Also, don't give a fuck - if ain't rollin' with Mo Thug
We on top, now - a nigga like Boogy Nikke gon' always
be here
I've been there, but differences is I kept it real
I always will - I let my nuts hang like a mack
Word is bond - I didn't do if I said I didn't do it,
muthafucka
Check my eye, they never lie
I'm ready to spy inside your heart
I knew it's hate from the start
You know who you are
You grab your click-click-bang, swang them thangs
It really don't matter, you doin' a rain check, nigga
Two-for-two on stretchers This humbleness will fool ya
Not lettin' me do ya, do ya in for them sizin' up your
box, put in a shock
I knowin' that you was a punk-ass bitch
And all bitches ain't women, nigga

(Chorus)

[Hook: Tony Tone]

It's the message Poetic is bringin'

[Mo! Hart]

Punk muthafucka

[Tony Tone]

It's the message Poetic is bringin'

[Boogy Nikke]

Bitch-ass nigga, uh-huh

[Tony Tone]

It's the message Poetic is bringin'

Mo Thug is what we screamin'

I came on the scene with this Hustla click
So I take my peace to heart
Been down from day one
Didn't run, whether or not they fell off 'bout screamin'
It really kills me when suckas lie
I seen it in your eyes, want in the business
Despite you fake yet you try
For Tony Tone, really we roll with the Hustla three deep
I never sleep - thank You, Lord, to let us be
Keepin' us safe on these streets
'Cause strugglin' wasn't all the bad with brothers that I
never had
Our dreams were sighted in God's, I ?, united we stand
We are so tall, we ready to brawl by testin' them balls
Niggas be talkin' that shit, that's why we don't like
fuckin' with y'all
You wonder why, but I see inside
On the side, I'm just a nigga you despise
You must wanna die right now
Let's put 'em on the pave, now
Lay 'em in grave, 'cause they just wanna keep us down
Fakin', playa hatin', it's smilin' in our face
And fuckin' with nigga, 'cause I'm just an average
paper-chaser

(Chorus)

[Mo! Hart]

Up in my mind's another world
I watched 'em serve, seldom is heard
Watch what I see, pay close attention around me
Never rely on the one to intentionally clown me
Never speak evil when spoken to
My mind is so clear my thoughts will ride through to
you
Call it success, call it intuition
My visions that I see are premonitions
Here I am stuck in this dead-ass dimension of things to
come
Searchin' the past, lookin' for clues
The choice is obvious - what next to do?
Try to scream and holler - it's all so useless

Paths of destruction is what they chose
Eyes closed - here I am, standin' in front of your face
Nigga, what you gotta say?
Look at you, muthafucka
You a disgrace!

(Chorus) (Hook)

Visit [Nas F/ Large Professor](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.