

Smile / Petty (feat. Sonyae Elise)

Anderson .Paak

What is it about my smile that makes you lie to my face?
If I close my eyes to your bullshit, I could still smell it on you
I could smell it from a mile away
You can't be the truth and be loved
Oh no, hey
Make up your mind, baby
What is it about my smile that makes you lie to my face? Let me ask this, just what does it take
to be the apple of your iris?
How much of this bullshit until we reach the pasture?
Ain't no need to gas me, it was lit from the lashes
Back when chit-chatting casually 'bout
How you think monogamy is something of the past
But, baby girl, your actions speak something totally opposite
And you have to pardon me, 'cause I am a dog, you see
And if you lead me to park, I break up off the leash
What is it about my smile
That would make you ponder kicking dirt in my water?
Spilling bleach in the laundry bag and stressing my momma
Pushing dents in my armor, scratching dentin' my Pontiac
Bitch, are you off your shit?
I bag another one just to piss you off and shit
Don't make me put the shit I bought you up for auction, bitch Hold on, hold the fuck up
Pause this shit My lady drives me high up the wall
She keeps me up and locked in the bathing room
Why am I screaming at the top of my lungs?
When she can't hear a word that I say to her?
You petty, petty bitch, (Huh, petty)
Calculate (All of it)
Tracking (All of it)
All of this (Bullshit)
Worthless shit, you packaged up
Don't stop my shit, (All of it, all of it, all)
Bitch, now you know that was totally out of pocket Would've let me fall off
(Would you catch me when I fall?)
I won't sweat the small stuff
(No more chasing business, no)
I can't keep from falling off
Keep me from these useless bitches, these ruthless leeches
I might catch you all alone
(I don't need it, I don't need it!) Now bro, he lends me no help at all
He's out there chasing money that's far too small
Lately, he's talking 'bout investing withdraw

But the loan for which you owe me is far from paid off
Oh, Lord You petty, petty bitch, (Huh, petty)
Calculate (All of it)
Tracking (All of it)
All of this (Bullshit)
Worthless shit, you packaged up
Don't stop my shit, (All of it, all of it, all)
Bitch, now you know that was totally out of pocket
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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