

Laugh Now Cry Later

Young Buck

eh yeh ain't gotta fucking me
cause I ain't fucking witcha

I'm riding dirty with this work and my mother picture

.40 cal under my shirt and another pistol

Fuck a friend all of yall come and get your issue

Phone calls from a pen real niggas witcha

They say they shed a couple tears cause a nigga miss ya

Avoiding hoe's, no award shows? they been asking

Where the boy go, can he even pay his taxes?

Only lord knows where he do to get the dough

50 tell it buck is jealous and the nigga broke

but we've just seen him, and we hearing what that nigga wrote

that nigga ballin even if he is sniffin coke

they planning on my downfall trying to sink my boat

but what a nigga come from i don't think they know

put some niggas in the game and they turned on me

For the money and the fame, you gonna learn homie

I pray to god for these haterhater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater,

laugh now, cry later nigga

hater, hater,

laugh now, cry later nigga

Yeah bitch I fucking her when you was fucking him

If you don't wanna fuck with me then hoe fuck it then

Dopeboy on the streets hustlin again

You pussy niggas wanna beef, we can get it in

Black tar heron' where ya veins at?

Hitchu with this shit and show you why I came back

Hanging out the window bustin on the freeway

I'm with my homie it was his quarter key qway

If Obama got a plan nigga where it at

Cuz it's a drought, and nobody know where it's at

But in the south what we lose, we just get it back

we listen to scarface he motivate blacks

then we make stacks, and fuck the cops they can die too

before you hide me bitch we gonna hide you

these rappers don't fuck with the streets like I do

It's all good Imma still stand beside you, I ain't no haterhater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater,

hater, hater, hater,

laugh now, cry later nigga

hater, hater,

laugh now, cry later nigga
Don't look at me
cause I ain't giving niggas nothing else
Show'em love and they leave me by my fucking self
My heart cold and I know it will never melt
I just gotta play the cards that a nigga dealt
Widen strips cut dawg through the whole day
Riding dirty in a rental with the wrong tag
Presidential in the gutter where they doing bad
Concentrate on what I got, fuck what I had
Dirty south is on top and some niggas mad
Go take a trip to the field, you can get your swag
Yeah I'm glad they kick me out the fucking group
Cause now the world see I'm the mothafucking truth
Got the streets like dam homie what happen to you
I bet this conversation now they probably tappin it too
I get paper, if you so major
Your team ain't shit without a number one playa
We heard y'all
hater,
laugh now, cry later nigga
hater,
laugh now, cry later nigga

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>