

Laugh Now, Cry Later

Ice Cube

Uh huh, understand this
I don't give a fuck about what y'all talkin' about
I ain't tryin' to hear none of that shit Nigga, I'ma do what I wanna do
When I wanna do it, how I wanna do it
And you better hope I don't do it to you Now, I don't care what momma got to say
I don't care what grandmomma got to say
Nigga, I'm grown
Let me tell you a lil' somethin' about me I was born not to give a fuck, wanna drink, get your cup
Turn it up, throw it up, take the world, blow it up
Somebody slow it up, roll it up, smoke it up
My own momma can't keep me from loc'n up One ear, out the other, one man out to smother
The neighborhood that left me here without my brother
Fuck you, undercover and you dirty motherfuckers
In the hood that still fuck without rubbers Club hop, bar hop, car shop, nail shop
To the mall, spend it all, why the hell not?
What bills, what rent, don't know what's spent?
Why you care, do you work for the government? Fuck it, homey, I'ma laugh now and cry later
Get your paper, we can laugh now and cry later
All you players, you can laugh now and cry later
Investigators let you laugh now and cry later See, I'm a product of this urban decay
A nigga dyin' for tomorrow, but live for today
A nigga lie, steal and borrow and cheating's okay
Don't you tell these motherfuckers that my name is O'Shea 'Cause I'ma fuck up my baby's credit, let him regret
it
Seven months old, he's already got a jail record
I'm the one to blame, put it in my momma name
She's a drama queen, but I got the bling bling I need the watch and the bracelet and the earrings
I need you all to show up at my hearings
Tell the judge, I'm a nice nigga, good nigga
And I'ma play the sad face when he look, nigga Fuck it, homey, I'ma laugh now and cry later
Get your paper, we can laugh now and cry later
All you players, you can laugh now and cry later
Investigators let you laugh now and cry later It's fucked up, that y'all won't accept my calls
Tell momma, at least, she can send some drawers
These walls make y'all forget about me
I'm comin' home in two thousand thirty-three But that's irrelevant, did you get the mail I sent?
What I tell a bitch, you better stay celibate
She start lyin' to me, tell me, who she ain't fuckin'
Never tell me that my homeboys ain't nothin' Bun in the oven, it belong to my cousin

Got the nerve to tell me that you really love me
I'ma kill her ass when a nigga make parole
Hit her with my cane, 'cause a nigga gray and old
Fuck it, homey, I'ma laugh now and cry later
Get your paper, we can laugh now and cry later
All you players, you can laugh now and cry later
Investigators let you laugh now and cry later
Man, it ain't right, man
You know, y'all ain't doin' me right, man
A nigga tryin' to do right, man
You know, I'm tryin' to change my life, man, you know?
I done found the Lord while I'm in here, you know?
I I'm tryin' to do right now, I mean
You know, I'm sorry for everythang
That I, I I mean, you know
That's fucked up, how y'all doin' me, man
Y'all niggaz could at least send me somethin'
Alright, first four guys, let's go
Two, three, three, four, lock it up

Songwriters

JACKSON, O'SHEA / COPPIN, LEVAR R. / MATTHEWS, DELENO SEAN
Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, Royalty Network

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>