

# 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, undercovers 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

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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

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