

# 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 hater  
hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater,  
laugh now, cry later nigga  
hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, 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 hater

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laugh now, cry later nigga  
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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, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater, hater,  
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