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, 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
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