

Last Laugh (feat. Prodigy & Twin Gambino)

Cypress Hill

Reflections of my own life flash like a fire
Powder burns the memories life seems a bad dream
Fall for centuries physical and the mental
When I crashed through work
I was cursed but still I
Quit my curse found my hustle
Stack paper made it world wide
Feeling the dream, don't be a hater son
Think you the greater one
Gotta put you on the fader son
Cut your ass up see you later
Gotta drop till your praying nigga
You ain't a player hust a frail nigga
I'm the slayer in your nightmares
Unstoppable
When you see me on the street
Call a audible
I got you covered, face it
And you can't dodge this bullet baby
This ain't the matrix
Got to put you in your placement
Hide your body in the basement
Your boys wonder where your face went[Chorus: x2]
Homey we keet those on us
Smoke like mufflers
To calm down/I sell
But still explode
Those things so fast/they know not to gas they self
They can't fuck with us, we laugh last Backbreakers of the game
Many many musical
Legendary criminal destined to be professional
I rain supreme
Ever since my days you rock vest just to push your range
No doubt about it
We grew up in the cloud
Read up in your magazine just to see what were about
Peep into the case, see me, ask
Why that black ass nigga flow over the piano
Droppin it good

For that hoody in the front row
That's my good pro down for the juggalo
Three guns busted for the battle man
Shoot the whole scene make the motherfucker rattle
Duece, double o, slow
Church folk say we ain't got too many more
Either man rush I'm gonna hit em with the head rush
So be careful on what you trusting[Chorus: x2]Yo
I was walking on the block
Heard a couple shots
Caught one in the leg
And I know who did it
They gonna get it
Wrap up my leg
Bounced upstairs and got strapped up
I love that drama shit
I'm all gassed up
I lit that kush up and got doughed up
And thought about all the foul shit I did
I can't help it, I was this way since a kid
Then I slide out the crib
Hunt down my pray
The look in my eyes like I sniffed some yay
Ran up on homes
And blast away
He passed away twin got the last laugh today
Anybody front I keep that on me
You had to die homey that's part of the game
I got guns put niggas don't know how to aim
I'm in the shooting range mastering the art[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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