

Cam'ron "Laughin' At You"

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Feat. Hell Rell

I AIN'T LAUGHING WITH YOU, CAUSE I'M LAUGHING AT YOU

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[Hell Rell: HOOK]

WE...BE ON THE BLOCK ASS NIGGAZ I AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR THESE JAMIE FOXX ASS NIGGAZ...that's WHY I AIN'T LAUGHING WITH YOU, CAUSE I'M LAUGHING AT YOU

I AIN'T LAUGHING WITH YOU, CAUSE I'M LAUGHING AT YOU

[Hell Rell]

Now the boat's on cruise, the scope's on you

Damn right cocksucker the joke's on you

I'm laughing all the way to the bank

Plus I'm blasting all the way til it stank...GUNPOWDER!

Bust a brick open powder the scale

If you was in Clinton with me you wouldn't come out of ya cell

I'd have you scared to go get dressed, scared to go to the yard

You might as well be a good brother, go to the Mosque
Fucking with me? It's off with ya arms

You'd rather spit on the Qu'Ran, in front of Saddam

You'd rather rape ya little sister in front of ya mom's

Flex it's Dipset baby, drop hundreds of bombs!

You dealing with dealers that's dealing with the hand that they dealt

I'm gripping my strap, always got my hand in my belt

Can't take faggots, I can kill him and his man by myself

Cause they pussy and I know it and they know it
theyself!!!

[Hell Rell: HOOK]

MY COCAINE COME ON THE BOAT NIGGA
I READ YA LIFE STORY AND IT GO WITH THE
JOKE....THAT'S WHY
I AIN'T LAUGHING WITH YOU, CAUSE I'M LAUGHING AT
YOU (you funny niggaaaa!)
I AIN'T LAUGHING WITH YOU, CAUSE I'M LAUGHING AT
YOU
WE...BE ON THE BLOCK ASS NIGGAZ
I AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR THESE JAMIE FOXX ASS
NIGGAZ...that's WHY
I AIN'T LAUGHING WITH YOU, CAUSE I'M LAUGHING AT
YOU
I AIN'T LAUGHING WITH YOU, CAUSE I'M LAUGHING AT
YOU

[Cam'Ron]

KILLA!

Mr. Giles with Mr. Mohammed (what up Rell!)
Chocolate Maybach with Baurties (rims), these bitches
could vomit, like....
TO COP THE THIRST FROM MEEEE, GIVE ME THE THIRD
DEGREEEE
My third grade teacher, peep her....she want to work for
me! (haha!)
I ain't graduate, I ain't make the honor roll (nope)
Failed gym, the Dean said I'm walking on a violent stroll
(how's that?)
Spit on Art teachers, fighting every talent show
Fuck the Principal, it's the principle....SILENCE YO!
In the jam sport the Calicoooo
Fuck with Cam? Thought about it bro, fuck a smart Alec
ho!
Here's ya lesson....fuck school, cop a pound
In the States spot a town, grams triple, lock it down
Oh, you got it now? Wanna get it popping now? (now?)
Well be careful on the Hill, they could spot a clown
They'll take ya money and ya work while they clapping
at ya
You'll be running down the hill while they laughing at ya

[Hook]

[Hell Rell]

Your rap book is a whole bunch of riddles that you
scribble
Your not a baller you can't dribble, and ya middle name
is little....COWARD!
Little nigga, little house, little rocks
Pull up on ya little block, hop out with my little glock
Make it pop, my whole clip fill it in ya spine
Before that make you say DIPSET a hundred million
times

Let me see some old Soundscan, what did Bleek sell?
Teiarra Marie.....what that little freak sell?
All them niggaz went wood and I'm laughing at them
Got my wrist in the air throwing karats at them
These niggaz is dumb, I pre-school teach them
Plus I'm....stingy with rhymes, I tea-spoon feed them
We the braggers & the boosters, our ratchet's in the
holsters
Now we pull 'em out faggot, target practice with ya
posters (bang bang!)
God damn he's a stand up comedian
Hell Rell with a stand up TV rim

[Hook]

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