

Demigodz "Laugh About It"

Visit "[Laugh About It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Celph Titled]

Yeah... muhfucka

It's Celph muthafuckin' Titled

M-o-t-l-v-e... Southpaw, what up baby?

Muthafuckin' Demigodz... muthafuckin' Doe Rakers

This how the fuck we get down

Yeah! Yo...

[Verse 1: Celph Titled]

You're muthafuckin' right I ain't dead yet, I'm back with
a vengeance

Keep rappers on their toes every time I make an
entrance

Who is it? Celph Titled and Motive: two soldiers from
the 'godz with four-fifths

That'll throw your kids off the edge of a snow cliff
And fuck banana clips, I'm on some watermelon shit
You oughta call it quits, 'cause when the seeds spit
every nigga gettin' hit

Come get me, ain't no alarm system, just grab your
arms and rip 'em

Blood drippin', paint the Rubix Cuban emblem with 'em
A Spanish nigga that'll vanish niggas out their whole
existence

Atheists want it with me, and then they go religious
I got bitches from your 'hood researchin' facts on you
Catch you at Mac-donalds and put the MAC on you
Blaat! Bomb you, and put that black bag on you
In the freezer, "Cold As Ice" like M.O.P.'s song do
So "What you want on your tombstone? " Ain't no pizza
here

Fuck with Doe Rakers and you better keep them heaters
near

[Chorus: x3]

[Freeway:] "Wile out, fuck niggas up, laugh about it"

[RZA:] "Hahahahahaha HA! "

[Scratched]

[Freeway:] "Fuck niggas up"

[Verse 2: Southpaw Jones]

I'm a DR representative, of course I'm a represent
It's evident, this song is hard evidence
I'm presentin' my own authentic, intellectual methods
Of connectin' these raw sentences
My style is unperfected, yet it's still a force to be
reckoned with
This isn't meant for the feminine, soft, or more
sensitive
This is for my dogs livin' off the wall, relentlessness
That'll brawl at all costs, whether armed or weaponless
And for the record kid, this is beyond questionin'
I roll with a venemous squad of all veterans
That are never hesitant, not even for a second
To storm up in your residence and leave your vital
parts and appendages
Hemorrhagin' to the point modern medicine
Couldn't mend the shit, leavin' your relatives to
mournin' your remembrance
When it comes to the penmanship, I'm a perfectionist
'Cause hip-hop is the definition of what self expression
is

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Motive]

Yo... I don't spit it, I live it, that's what make me so
different
While y'all mimic, I paint a picture more vivid to help
niggas to vision
Hatin' me is your decision, if you really listen
Understand why people got more faith in me than their
religion
You can't deny it, these words is written
Best way to describe my lyrics is givin' verbal decision
Here's my prescription for MC's thinkin' they sickin'
Precise spittin' with competition for all mic collision
You see I've risen, plot to stay in position
I'm hot with intentions to knock this shit down at this
prison (Yo!)
So who with it to get it, thinkin' this gimmick's by me?
I'm in it to have my digits have no limits like P
It's Mo', Celph, and Southpaw, no respect for cops' laws
Got a hundred grams in the top drawer
The Doe Rakers, we not your, the raw we knock off
Your funds and them guns, we pop off, nigga

[Chorus]

Visit [Demigodz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

