

**B-Real****"Don't Ya Dare Laugh"**

Visit "[Don't Ya Dare Laugh](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro/Chorus: Young De]

Niggaz run up on ya, when you live in California  
In the home of marijuana, streets get hotter than sauna  
Now this ain't funny so don't ya dare laugh  
They run up on the side of your ride and then blast  
When it pops off it happens that fast  
If you soft, you just won't last

[B-Real:]

I was born in Los Angeles city  
Where the thugs ride low, get dough, and the girls are pretty  
It's hostile and gritty, outsiders see the beauty  
Sun shines but sometimes it's dark and moody  
Whatever you do to me you won't stop my grind  
Son when you find one you hold on and shine  
Don't lay back, relax  
Cause the minute you lay back, someone takes away  
from your stacks  
Nowadays it's a struggle to hustle  
Not only in the street, the rap games, and the fucked  
up shuffles  
So I came with the rain, to boost it back  
Real life is a struggle but we used to that  
No matter, who you are or who you be with  
We all want the same thangs, we all in the same gang  
Same dope, same notes we flow for  
Same dreams and schemes we investin our soul for

[Chorus]

[Young De:]

I'm livin that Cali life, in the hundred degree heat  
And you wonder why they found another body in the  
streets  
No AC, packed in a car eight deep  
They go kamikaze, no camaraderie or peace  
And beef, homey ain't just somethin you eat  
But the taste of revenge, is oh so sweet  
Your boy won't sleep, 'til I'm up in that Benz  
E-class heat blast leave 'em in a trench

And take me off the bench, I'm ready for the game  
Your business fucked up they got you signin for a chain  
They callin for a change, they callin out my name  
Young De they want me to come and do my thang  
Plain black tee I ain't do it for the fame  
Same black glock if you move into my lane  
Same old blocks is the spots where I hang  
On the stoop with the vets but your boy ain't changed

[Chorus]

[Xzibit:]

Top hat smashin in a California fashion  
Even the strong get chinchecked tested and blasted  
Wrapped in plastic, dumped out for weak reasons  
I beach cruise, black t-shirts for each season  
Come here flossin ya knots  
You're not leavin with that, now where my motherfuckin  
gangsters at?  
More single mothers than brothers than we got on the  
street  
Better have you a handle whenever you keepin the  
peace  
Still 'Fuck Tha Police' at least the coast stay consistent  
Fame is lame but life is lost in an instant  
Hit the fence then sprint through the neighbor's yard  
Canine is on your ass if they catch you then you're  
gone  
This is for the soldiers that's never comin home  
Who been crackin for the cause candy-painted to the  
chrome  
Hikin up Cypress Hill with two bongos  
B-Real got a pound then it's on - we smokin

[Chorus]

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