

Hell Rell

"I'm Laughin'"

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I ain't laughin' wit' you, cuz I'm laughin' at you
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Hell Rell:

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 laughin' wit' you, cuz I'm laughin' at you
I ain't laughin' wit' you, cuz I'm laughin' at you

Verse 1

Hell Rell:

Now the boat's on cruise (cruise)
The scope's on you
Damn right cocksucka the joke's on you
I'm laughin' all the way to the bank
Plus I'm blasting all the way 'til it stank, my gunpowder
Bust a brick open, powder to scale
If you was in Clinton with me, wouldn't come outta 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
Fuckin' with me, it's off wit' ya arms
You'd rather spit on the Qu'Ran ('Ran) in front of
Saddam
You'd rather rape ya little sister in front of ya moms
Flex it's Dipset baby, drop 100s of bombs
You dealing with dealers that's dealing with the hand
that they dealt
I'm grippin' my strap, always got my hand on my belt
Can't take faggots, I can kill him and his man by myself
Cuz they pussy and I know it and they know it theyself

Hook

Hell Rell:

My coaine come on a boat nigga
I read ya life story and it come with a joke, that's why
I ain't laughin' wit' you, cuz I'm laughin' at you (You

funny nigga)
I ain't laughin' wit' you, cuz I'm laughin' 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 laughin' wit' you, cuz I'm laughin' at you
I ain't laughin' wit' you, cuz I'm laughin' at you

Verse 2

Cam'ron:

Killa

Mr. Giles with Mr. Mohammed

Chocolate Maybach with good barre, these bitches
could vomit

Like, to cop the thirst from me, give me the third
degree

My third grade teacher, peep her, she wanna 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 of silence yo

In a jam, sport the Calico (Calico)

Fuck with Cam, thought about it bro, fuck a Smart-Alec
ho

Here's ya lesson, fuck school, cop a pound

Interstate, spot a town, grams triple, lock it down

Oh you got it now, wanna get it poppin' now (now)

Well be careful on the Hill, they could spot a clown

They'll take ya money and ya work while they cappin' at
ya

You'll be runnin' down the hill while they laughin' at ya

Hook

Verse 3

Hell Rell:

Your rap book is a whole bunch of riddles that you
scribbled

You're 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 (pop)

My whole clip, fill it in ya spine

Before that, make you say Dipset a hundred million
times

Lemme see some old Soundscan, what did Bleek sell
(Nuthin')

Teairra Mari', what dat little freak sell (Nuthin')

All them niggaz went "What" and I'm laughin' at 'em
Got my wrist in the air throwing karats at them
These niggaz is dumb, I pre-school teach 'em
Plus I'm, stingy with rhymes, I teaspoon feed 'em
We the braggers and the boosters, our ratchets in the
holsters
Now we pull 'em out faggot, target practice wit' ya
posters (Bang Bang)
Goddamn, he's a stand-up comedian
Hell Rell wit' a stand-up TV rim

Hook

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