

## Kardinal Offishall

# "Bellee Buss (Don't Make Me Laugh)"

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INTRO [Kardinal Offishall]

Don't make me laugh

You must be crazy

Turn this up

[Kardinal Offishall]

Yo, kill that, kill that before I Capitol Hill that

Do that track and I'm bound to counterattack you

Where they at? Bring it back, beat it, move it over here

Move it, do it like we know it could be done

Could you (mettle us), mettle fame cream by my team  
seem

Make a wrong move and I'mma make your blood prove  
that

They can get down to rock (what?), rock the role

So take it from the move faker (what?)

Check the skull for lyrical incision into your brainwave

The same name that I made in this game, put shame to  
your name

Attempted to rock in the same rank, as I fly six footer

Beef looter, rhyme shooter, style maker

Girl taker, bread maker, for shaker, dead waker

Cream faker, Earthquaker, headacher

Make you want to visit the lab again, check the drawing  
board

With the rhythm as a shield and the mic as a sword

CHORUS

\*\* Laughter \*\*

"Oh yeah" \*\*echoed\*\*

"You make me.." \*\*laughter\*\*

"Oh yeah" \*\*echoed\*\*

"Get on it"

"You make me.." \*\*laughter\*\*

"Oh yeah" \*\*echoed\*\*

"You make me.." \*\*laughter\*\*

"Oh yeah" \*\*echoed\*\*

"Get on it" \*\*echoed\*\*

[Kardinal Offishall]

Theoretical arts of my mind burns onto loose leaf

Third dimensional verse put walkman on curves

Microscopic techniques plain as day for you to see

Mental cataclysm, smoked out brown physicalism

Is it I? The kardinal pulling your string

Nigga do, niggas say, check who you be, nigga  
Could you figure the trigger finger could be the key to  
lock thee  
Own your own soul, taken for faking the funkorama  
Be I see drama on the daily  
Not anything I can't handle, bitch  
So should you, or your crew could get f----- up by one  
dub  
And all my niggas want love  
Witness the star toucher, I bust a  
Scream for my team that's guaranteed to make your  
eyes scream  
You scream, we all scream, when faced with  
Armageddon  
When my empire strikes back, return of the Jedi  
Don't make me laugh  
1/2 CHORUS  
[Kardinal Offishall]  
I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno  
Not a Puerto Rican, but I love the Chiquitas  
Meeting behind the speakers, each and every week  
This old freak named Nikita wants the Kardinal to be  
the face sit  
You'll get dis-graced kid  
Cut, bug up you and your baby because I blew  
Up the spot, Carl P gave me a clue  
Now we rocking 1-0-8 down to 88 point negative 2, ewe  
Big up the Offishall gal crew, it's Mr. Richie if you never  
knew  
Now you know, so ho, don't disrupt the flow  
'Cause I'll make your little sister turn pro  
Don't make me laugh  
CHORUS

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