

Cypress Hill "Last Laugh"

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Reflections of my own life flash like a fire
Powder burns the memories life seems a bad dream
Fall for centuries physical and the mental
When I crashed through work
I was cursed but still I
Quit my curse found my hustle

Stack paper made it world wide
Feeling the dream, don't be a hater son
Think you the greater one
Gotta put you on the fader son
Cut your ass up see you later mass
Gotta drop till your praying nigga
You ain't a player hust a frail nigga

I'm the slayer in your nightmares unstoppable
When you see me on the street call a audible
I got you covered, face it
And you can't dodge this bullet baby
This ain't the Matrix
Got to put you in your placement
Hide your body in the basement
Your boys wonder where your face went

Homey we keet those on us
Smoke like mufflers to calm down I sell
But still explode those things so fast
They know not to gas they self
They can't fuck with us, we laugh last
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Backbreakers of the game many many musical
Legendary criminal destined to be professional
I rain supreme ever since my days you
Rock vest just to push your range
No doubt about it we grew up in the cloud

Read up in your magazine just to see what were about

Peep into the case, see me, ask
Why that black ass nigga flows over the piano?
Droppin it good for that hoody in the front row
Thats my good pro down for the juggalo

Three guns busted for the battle man
Shoot the whole scene make the motherfucker rattle
Duece, double o, slow church folk say we ain't got too
many more
Either man comes I'm gonna hit 'em with the head rush
So be careful on what you trusting

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Yo I was walking on the block heard a couple of shots
Caught one in the leg and I know who did it
They gonna get it wrap up my leg up
Bounced upstairs and got strapped up
I love that drama shit I'm all gassed up
I lit that kush up and got doughed up
And thought about all the foul shit I did
I can't help it, I was this way since a kid

Then I slide out the crib hunt down my pray
The look in my eyes like I sniffed some yay
Ran up their homes and blast away
He passed away twin got the last laugh today
Anybody front I keep that on me
You had to die homey thats part of the game
I got guns put niggaz don't know how to aim?
I'm in the shooting range mastering the art

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