

Cypress Hill

"Laugh Now Ft. Everlast"

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[Everlast]

SD-50... Soul Assassin collabo... Laugh now
motherfucker... HAHAAAAHA...

[Chorus 1: B-Real]

The only life I know
Is to guide my soul
I take one day, step at a time
To find mine (what)
As we go
Through the blinding road
Inclining
To find me some mo'

[Repeat chorus 1]

[Chorus 2: Everlast]

For all the runners and the money makers (make that
money)
For all the real ones and all the fakers (fake bitches)
For all the stick up kids and life takers (what)
Laugh now, and cry later (cry later)

[B-Real]

I laugh at you
And you expect to see a weakness
You triflin' bitches in speeches
You're fucking leaches
Sponges, soakin' up my energy
Pretend to a friend of me
But you stab me in the back
Cold and vengefully
When all I did was pick you up
And put you on
With the big dons
To lift you up
But you fuckin' spit in my face
And spit venomous words
Used weapons you heard
Would damage my whole world
But you must have mistaken me

For someone else
Because I do to your ass
What you do to yourself
Look into the mirror nigga
What's your reflection?
Are you upset? Full of regret?
What's your intention?
You're a lost one
And now you can't win one
Where you been
You taking it all in son
I see the tears in the eyes of a hater (hater)
You can cry now but you will not smile later

[Chorus 1] - repeat 2X

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 3: Everlast]

For all the lovers and all the haters (keep hatin')
For all the fake ass perpetrators (fake bitches)
For all the pimps that rock they gators (rock that shit)
Laugh now, cry later (cry later)

[Everlast]

They sellin' teen dreams
On the TV screens
They got a fund for the gun
And a ghost in the machine
They police the crack fiend
But protect the dealer
Underpay the teacher
Overpay the healer
Rob you with the lawyer
Fuck you with the handgun
Throw you in the lineup
Then arrest the wrong one
Trial you by jury
Throw you in prison
There ain't nothin' to it
It's just the way they do it
Unless you got some money
Cause money makes amends
And sometimes peoples get murdered for friends
Sometimes, one times, lose the evidence
It all depends on how much you spend
It's the land of the free
And the home of the gun
Where they kill for the dollar
And they worship the son
Dear god I really hope I ain't the only one

Laugh now, cry later, when it's said and done

[Chorus 1] - repeat 2X

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 3]

[Dante Ross]

Ya, this is one for all those come and go ungrateful
punk motherfuckers...

Ya, this is one to grow on... Soul Assassins style...

Deadly assassins...

all up in your nugget... Ha... You can't fuck with it...

You just love it... Ha... Fake bitches...

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