

## **B-Real f/ Xzibit, Young De "Don't Ya Dare Laugh"**

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[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 bongs B-Real got a pound then it's on - we  
smokin [Chorus]

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