

**Capone-N-Noreaga F/ Carl Thomas****"Laugh Now"**

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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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