

Game, The "Laugh"

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It all started back in '02//
I never thought Compton and Marcy would ever feud//
I aint talkin bout the big dude, big brotha to kanye
or da homeboy to the big dude//
The fiance to beyonce, had a protege
but wadn't no protage
that was as cold as Dre's//
Fuckin with me, mc's seen their coldest days//
He from compton, rap like he from new york in the
golden age//
First nigga since ice cube from california to make
Funk Flex blow granades//
I'm on the stage//
I hear the crowd callin my name//
They goin (Game Game)//
But i'm not one so dont try to play me//
This goes for every nigga from Gucci mane to Jay-z//
It's not a diss nigga dont catch feelins//
I'll pull out the pen d.o.c. gave me a kill it//

(Chorus)

If I could show you all the faces of the mc's that
i ripped.... ah you would laugh you would laugh you
would laugh

(Verse two)

As the clock strikes twelve on my rolly//
And this bitch from da Big Pimpin video starts to blow
me (blow me)//
In the phantom, I start to fantasize//
This shit get thicker than bitches in Atlanta thighs//
It's suicide.. if you think you could fuck with the
seven time platinum driver of that land rover truck//
And my ego bigger then the 26's, what if my pen had
low pros//
I could ride them beats, like i ride backstreets//
After Snoop & Nas hang it up, its a track meat//
Nigga this race is fixed//
Game recognize Game, I aint never second place n

shit//
My first 2 albums real basic shit//
Spend half the time in the studio erasing shit
A Queens nigga made me mad, So i made some hits
And learned one thing, hip hop can take some dick
(aaaah)

(Chorus)

If i could show you all the faces of the mc's that
i ripped.... ah you would laugh you would laugh you
would laugh

(Verse three)

Half these rap niggas wiping they tears//
The other half wonderin how the fuck Game got here//
I took some weed up to frisco, came back with a demo
Drove to dre's studio came back in a limo//
It was that simple//
The crystal bottles and the bitches came later
And so did the haters//
As the doc turns the nob on fader//
And i turned the tv cause im tired of watchin the
raiders//
Fast forward then Shaq gettin traded//
Then fast forward again the Shaq gettin traded//
And fuck all the time that was wasted//
Beefin with these wack niggas had me lost in the
matrix//
If i wanted the crown I would just take it//
Put this 38. to yo dome bitch and just take it//
Im the music and its time to face it//
You niggas so fuckin pussy i can taste it//

(Chorus)

If i could show you all the faces of the mc's that
i ripped.... ah you would laugh you would laugh you
would laugh
If i could tell you all the things that i would do
to kill yo.... favorite mc you would cry you would cry you
would cry

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