

# Bellee Buss (Don't Make Me Laugh)

Kardinal Offishall

INTRO Don't make me laugh  
You must be crazy  
Turn this up

Yo, kill that, kill that before I Capitol Hill that  
Do that track and I'm bound to counterattack you  
Where they at? Bring it back, beat it, move it over here  
Move it, do it like we know it could be done  
Could you (mettle us), mettle fame cream by my team seem  
Make a wrong move and I'mma make your blood prove that  
They can get down to rock (what?), rock the role  
So take it from the move faker (what?)  
Check the skull for lyrical incision into your brainwave  
The same name that I made in this game, put shame to your name  
Attempted to rock in the same rank, as I fly six footer  
Beef looter, rhyme shooter, style maker  
Girl taker, bread maker, for shaker, dead waker  
Cream faker, Earthquaker, headacher  
Make you want to visit the lab again, check the drawing board  
With the rhythm as a shield and the mic as a sword

"Oh yeah" "You make me.." "Oh yeah" "Get on it"  
"You make me.." "Oh yeah" "You make me.." "Oh yeah" "Get on it"  
Theoretical arts of my mind burns onto loose leaf  
Third dimensional verse put walkman on curves  
Microscopic techniques plain as day for you to see  
Mental cataclysm, smoked out brown physicalism  
Is it I? The kardinal pulling your string  
Nigga do, niggas say, check who you be, nigga  
Could you figure the trigger finger could be the key to lock thee  
Own your own soul, taken for faking the funkorama  
Be I see drama on the daily  
Not anything I can't handle, bitch  
So should you, or your crew could get f- up by one dub  
And all my niggas want love  
Witness the star toucher, I bust a  
Scream for my team that's guaranteed to make your eyes scream  
You scream, we all scream, when faced with Armageddon  
When my empire strikes back, return of the Jedi  
Don't make me laugh

I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno  
Not a Puerto Rican, but I love the Chiquitas  
Meeting behind the speakers, each and every week  
This old freak named Nikita wants the Kardinal to be the face sit  
You'll get dis-graced kid  
Cut, bug up you and your baby because I blew  
Up the spot, Carl P gave me a clue  
Now we rocking 1-0-8 down to 88 point negative 2, ewe  
Big up the Offishall gal crew, it's Mr. Richie if you never knew  
Now you know, so ho, don't disrupt the flow  
'Cause I'll make your little sister turn pro  
Don't make me laugh