

# Last Laugh

Cypress Hill

Reflections of my own life flash like a fire  
Powder burns the memories life seems a bad dream  
Fall for centuries physical and the mental  
When I crashed through work  
I was cursed but still I  
Quit my curse found my hustle  
Stack paper made it world wide  
Feeling the dream, don't be a hater son  
Think you the greater one  
Gotta put you on the fader son  
Cut your ass up see you later  
Gotta drop till your praying nigga  
You ain't a player hust a frail nigga  
I'm the slayer in your nightmares  
Unstoppable  
When you see me on the street  
Call a audible  
I got you covered, face it  
And you can't dodge this bullet baby  
This ain't the matrix  
Got to put you in your placement  
Hide your body in the basement  
Your boys wonder where your face went

R: Homey we keet those on us  
Smoke like mufflers  
To calm down/I sell  
But still explode  
Those things so fast/they know not to gas they self  
They can't fuck with us, we laugh last  
(2x)

Backbreakers of the game  
Many many musical  
Legendary criminal destined to be professional  
I rain supreme  
Ever since my days you rock vest just to push your range  
No doubt about it  
We grew up in the cloud  
Read up in your magazine just to see what were about  
Peep into the case, see me, ask  
Why that black ass nigga flow over the piano  
Droppin it good  
For that hoody in the front row  
That's my good pro down for the juggalo  
Three guns busted for the battle man  
Shoot the whole scene make the motherfucker rattle  
Duece, double o, slow  
Church folk say we ain't got too many more  
Either man rush I'm gonna hit em with the head rush  
So be careful on what you trusting

R: (2x)

Yo  
I was walking on the block  
Heard a couple shots

Caught one in the leg  
And I know who did it  
They gonna get it  
Wrap up my leg  
Bounced upstairs and got strapped up  
I love that drama shit  
I'm all gassed up  
I lit that kush up and got doughed up  
And thought about all the foul shit I did  
I can't help it, I was this way since a kid  
Then I slide out the crib  
Hunt down my pray  
The look in my eyes like I sniffed some yay  
Ran up on homes  
And blast away  
He passed away twin got the last laugh today  
Anybody front I keep that on me  
You had to die homey thats part of the game  
I got guns put niggaz don't know how to aim  
I'm in the shooting range mastering the art,

R: (2x)