

# Laugh Now, Cry Later

Ice Cube

Uh-huh, understand this  
I don't give a fuck about what y'all talkin about  
I ain't tryin to hear none of that shit  
Nigga I'ma do what I wanna do  
When I wanna do it, how I wanna do it  
And you better hope I don't do it to you  
Now, I don't care what momma got to say  
I don't care what grandmomma got to say  
Nigga I'm grown  
Let me tell you a lil' somethin about me

I was born not to give a fuck, wanna drink, get your cup  
Turn it up, throw it up, take the world, blow it up  
Somebody slow it up, roll it up, smoke it up  
My own momma can't keep me from loc'n up  
One ear out the other, one man out to smother  
The neighborhood, that left me here without my brother  
Fuck you undercovers and you dirty motherfuckers  
In the hood, that still fuck without rubbers  
Club hop, bar hop, car shop, nail shop  
To the mall, spend it all, why the hell not  
What bills, what rent, don't know what's spent  
Why you care, do you work for the government?

Fuck it homey, I'ma laugh now and cry later  
Get your paper we can laugh now and cry later  
All you players you can laugh now and cry later  
Investigators let you laugh now and cry later

See I'm a product of this urban decay  
A nigga dyin for tomorrow, but live for today  
A nigga lie steal and borrow, and cheating's okay  
Don't you tell these motherfuckers that my name is O'Shea  
Cause I'ma fuck up my baby's credit, let him regret it  
7 months old he's already got a jail record  
I'm the one to blame, put it in my momma name  
She's a drama queen, but I got the bling bling  
I need the watch and the bracelet and the earrings  
I need you all to show up at my hearings  
Tell the judge I'm a nice nigga, good nigga  
And I'ma play the sad face when he look nigga

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"The number you are calling was lost, and cannot be called back"  
"Your last call return service"  
(2x)

It's fucked up, that y'all won't accept my calls  
Tell momma, at least she can send some drawers  
These walls, make y'all forget about me  
I'm comin home, in 2033  
But that's irrelevant, did you get the mail I sent  
What I tell a bitch, you better stay celibate

She start lyin to me, tell me who she ain't fuckin  
Never tell me that my homeboys ain't nothin  
Bun in the oven, it belong to my cousin  
Got the nerve, to tell me that you really love me  
(What?) I'ma kill her ass when a nigga make parole  
Hit her with my cane, cause a nigga gray and old

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Man, it ain't right man  
Y'know y'all ain't doin me right man  
A nigga tryin to do right man  
Y'know I'm tryin to change my life man, y'know?  
I done found the Lord while I'm in here, y'know?  
I I'm tryin to do right now, I mean  
Y'know I'm sorry for everythang  
That I, I I mean y'know  
That's fucked up how y'all doin me man  
Y'all niggaz could at least send me somethin

"Alright, first four guys, let's go... lock it up"