

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"