

# Tears

Jarren Benton

After laughter, comes tears  
After laughter, comes tears

Uh, yeah, shed tears for my niggas that perished  
Sippin' red wine in Paris, get topped on a terrace  
Spent a night on the carouse  
These bitches flock when you wear it  
Faggots knockin' your marriage  
Then go and plot with a sheriff  
Rats, blowin' kush in a Cubano Cigarillo  
If the pussy good I let the bitch go buy a few stiletto's  
It's the god, bon voyage niggas is frauds  
You ain't hard, I'll pull up, take a shit in your yard  
These faggots yappin' with the captain and Sarge'  
The killas pull up with the straps and then they clap at your car  
It's a homicide, likely you traumatized  
God bless the kid that really lived that shit that you personify  
Started lord's best work through a sonogram  
Murder rappers, the Son of Sam  
I put 'em under the sand, ugh  
Niggas passing and we pour more beers  
Still grieving so we pour more tears  
What the fuck?

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Yo, Yo, uh, niggas forget to mention when you break em off with digits  
Put 'em up in position, get 'em high as a ceilin'  
I'mma chase the feelin'  
And I won't let up on these niggas till I count a million  
I won't be specific  
See I came from the bottom I ain't seen enough  
Bitches further on my dick when I clean it up  
This the mind call me 'papa' is you in or what?  
I live the life that these niggas just wanna rap about  
Haters fold like money and keep they hands out  
I got niggas locked down tryna stand out  
You said you bossed up my nigga what's your plan 'bout  
Free all my niggas from them cells when I make it out  
Seen a nigga shot dead in my younger years  
So when I'm cryin' on a track, boy, these hunger tears  
They sayin' Biggie is back but now he backpackin'  
And if your soul is dead I get it back crackin'

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Uh, niggas kill and tat a tear on his face  
And then appear at the wake  
And hug his enemy's mama and didn't break, damn  
I need the rake, the money and tractor  
Snakes and the bitches with the fat ass tits and small waists  
Baby girl just wanna be a Kardashian, I ain't mad at them  
Lames getting lost in that pussy just like a labyrinth  
Girl, that shit hot, she probably burn down the Vatican  
Lord Benton in that Benz wagon, looking ravishing, nigga

Cartier frames cover his pain  
Bodies on that pistol, serial got scuffed from the paint  
Another black death, heard he caught a slug to his brain  
After his death, his brother wasn't the same  
Ain't no love in this game  
Cried so much he dried his tear ducts up  
Now he want revenge, lurkin' with the AR tucked  
It's on sight, like Blaow, bout to spray y'all up  
Ay why the devil always prey on us?  
It's more tears, nigga

After laughter, comes tears  
After laughter, comes tears  
(After laughter comes tears)  
I'll try to hold back my, my, my tears  
But they keep saying  
(After laughter comes tears)  
After your laughter oh, oh, oh  
I'll try to hide, hide my sorrow  
I wonder, can I hold them till tomorrow