

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 whats 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