

Bellee Buss (Don't Make Me Laugh)

Kardinal Offishall

INTRO Don't make me laugh
You must be crazy
Turn this up

Yo, kill that, kill that before I Capitol Hill that
Do that track and I'm bound to counterattack you
Where they at? Bring it back, beat it, move it over here
Move it, do it like we know it could be done
Could you (mettle us), mettle fame cream by my team seem
Make a wrong move and I'mma make your blood prove that
They can get down to rock (what?), rock the role
So take it from the move faker (what?)
Check the skull for lyrical incision into your brainwave
The same name that I made in this game, put shame to your name
Attempted to rock in the same rank, as I fly six footer
Beef looter, rhyme shooter, style maker
Girl taker, bread maker, for shaker, dead waker
Cream faker, Earthquaker, headacher
Make you want to visit the lab again, check the drawing board
With the rhythm as a shield and the mic as a sword

"Oh yeah" "You make me.." "Oh yeah" "Get on it"
"You make me.." "Oh yeah" "You make me.." "Oh yeah" "Get on it"
Theoretical arts of my mind burns onto loose leaf
Third dimensional verse put walkman on curves
Microscopic techniques plain as day for you to see
Mental cataclysm, smoked out brown physicalism
Is it I? The kardinal pulling your string
Nigga do, niggas say, check who you be, nigga
Could you figure the trigger finger could be the key to lock thee
Own your own soul, taken for faking the funkorama
Be I see drama on the daily
Not anything I can't handle, bitch
So should you, or your crew could get f- up by one dub
And all my niggas want love
Witness the star toucher, I bust a
Scream for my team that's guaranteed to make your eyes scream
You scream, we all scream, when faced with Armageddon
When my empire strikes back, return of the Jedi
Don't make me laugh

I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno
Not a Puerto Rican, but I love the Chiquitas
Meeting behind the speakers, each and every week
This old freak named Nikita wants the Kardinal to be the face sit
You'll get dis-graced kid
Cut, bug up you and your baby because I blew
Up the spot, Carl P gave me a clue
Now we rocking 1-0-8 down to 88 point negative 2, ewe
Big up the Offishall gal crew, it's Mr. Richie if you never knew
Now you know, so ho, don't disrupt the flow
'Cause I'll make your little sister turn pro
Don't make me laugh