

Kardinal Offishall, Bellee Buss (Don't Make Me Laugh)

INTRO (Kardinal Offishall)

Don't make me laugh

You must be crazy

Turn this up

(Kardinal Offishall)

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

CHORUS

** Laughter **

"Oh yeah" **echoed**

"You make me.." **laughter**

"Oh yeah" **echoed**

"Get on it"

"You make me.." **laughter**

"Oh yeah" **echoed**

"You make me.." **laughter**

"Oh yeah" **echoed**

"Get on it" **echoed**

(Kardinal Offishall)

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

1/2 CHORUS

(Kardinal Offishall)

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

CHORUS