

## **Boys Don't Cry**

### **"Hang 'Em High"**

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Wild Cowboys and you know this  
Lookin at a Cowboy and you know they're dead

A lot of niggaz stepped up to the bad man  
Chest bucked out with your head wide open  
Hopin, to spot, a chip in this frame  
I lived and died by the burnin flame  
of the OK Corral, Cowboy style  
From the Quarters on down to Colorado's  
Big niggaz from uptown, ridin into Tahoe's  
Saloon settin, kids is walkin round  
drinkin whiskey and scotch, strictly out of shotglasses  
Lookin screwfaced at the next nigga who passes  
There's women in garter belts and ciggarettes  
And on the side there's the price game  
Niggaz is playin the price game  
Indian Red, was bangin niggaz in the head  
With his man Apache Joe, they take your money off the  
floor  
They side-bettin for a better, they makin cheddar  
That tribal shit is work ya sound the wompom drums  
Cause my Indian man'sll break your great dick, UHH  
Walk in the New York terrority  
On the back of a tree, there's a picture of me  
It says I'm lawless, flawless, a hustler plus gun rustler  
Wanted in Carolina, for sellin some of New York's finer  
Marshal Cooper say he want me, Marshal Cooper gotta  
get me  
Marshal Cooper say beat me, Marshal Cooper better  
wet me  
I gather alla y'all, all of my trusted men  
All of my baddest niggaz, niggaz that's quickest with  
the triggers  
There's distrubin news on the wire  
That my dome piece is done sent to piece out for hire  
I ain't goin down over no money exchange  
You late for say I, who reigns as King of the Range?

In this land of wildness  
Yo you better pack your vest  
In the streets there's nothin but crime

So you best to watch your behind...

Meanwhile saloon settin is back to full swing  
Bar's gettin money people doin they thing  
There's strictly Boss Players with this kid named  
Minnesota  
As women start to fill up, turn the notch on the grill up  
And add mo' stakes to the house banks for gamblers  
Half-pipes to scramblers, and free for Wild Cowboys  
You never bring decoys if you wanna make real nouse  
The bigger the stick, the bigger the fire  
I never hit a man in the back, a coward acts like that  
Lay out my black hat cause I feel like the bad man  
Who on the rise, the D's to Manhattan  
Let's walk the thirty paces on the Now Rule races  
Oh it's the Marshal Cooper, and I love how he doin this  
Women sayin don't get hurt, and I ain't plannin on it  
Ten steps taken as I hit the blam factor  
His dick to act up, was death the benefactor  
Leave him twitchin in the dirt like Cousin Harold from  
the Menace  
I'm in this to win this on the great wide trail  
I'm ten times as bad as John Wayne, could ever be  
Plus I'm down with the Indian, and need high to get the  
shit again  
I'm responsible for that body in the alley  
I'll Louisiana Purchase that ass with with Remi's spurs  
and hard shots of Tequila, where the dancin girls  
Let's get right as the story unfurls  
Piano man keep playin, keep them keys bangin  
Single man get three graves there's gonna be a hangin  
Now this right here ain't for the youth to see  
A grown man assed out swingin from a tree

In this land of wildness  
Yo you better pack your vest  
In the streets there's nothin but crime  
So you best to watch your behind

Joe Tex was the biggest hombre from the projects  
Had all the work locked down, so he thought  
But he drank and got loose lipped, let a lot of news slip  
Stripped of his game and got his self murdered  
Thoughts of him are passin like the buffalo  
Got his self rocked in the ninety-six brand new Acura  
Niggaz said it was lightning BLAOW blew out the back  
mirror  
Hah, youknowwhat!msayin? Dig, check it out  
They say that Cowboys never die they just ride off into  
the sun  
A little tale from Sadat X of how the WORLD was won

Check it out, remember this  
Gun-slingers, dead-ringers with presidents  
Is found tied with no explanation of how they died  
Yo the great Sadat X, the High Plains Drifter  
No question

In this land of wildness  
Yo you better pack a vest  
In the streets there's nothin but crime  
So you best to watch your behind  
(repeat to fade)

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