

## En Vouge

### "Cowards in Compton"

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Intro: Luke

UH! Yo, fuck-ass niggas,  
let me tell y'all one thing, right now I just don't give a fuck!  
I'ma let niggas just RIP y'all motherfuckin' throwdown,  
y'all  
gay-ass motherfuckers! Snoop-ass, hoe-ass, dog-ass  
nigga!  
Dre, you ain't nothin' but my bitch, I'ma make you my  
bitch!  
You look like you could suck a nigga' dick, hoe-ass  
motherfucker!!

Verse 1: JT Money

I know niggas ain't tryin' to diss comin' with that wack  
shit  
Keep tryin' to front, get your motherfuckin' back split  
And yo' ass kicked! Your shit is drastic!  
Run up on my nigga, get your punk ass blasted!  
Real niggas don't talk that gay shit  
Talk about, let another nigga suck ya dick  
Only punks talk like that  
I won't even bust ya; I'll slap you with my gat!  
Frontin' like a gangsta, but you's a faggot  
See if you can act it, but you can't back it  
A nigga like me won't play wit' ya  
I'ma BUCK BUCK BUCK when I get ya!  
Fuck it, I'm Goin' All Out  
Step on Death Row and spray up ya house, nigga!  
Dumb motherfucker tryin' to talk bad  
Fuck around, get a missile launched in yo' ass  
And for your homies talkin' fly shit,  
If we was locked up together I'd have made 'em MY  
bitches!  
'Cause I know y'all pranksters  
Y'all niggas still Fakin' Like Gangsters! Fuck y'all!!

Verse 2: Clayvosie

It's about time for me to tear the roof off the

motherfucker

I grab the gat to make you fuck-niggas run for cover  
You can fool a groupie, but you can't fool a gangsta  
1985, you used to be a fuckin' prankster  
Down with (?) and the World Wreckin' Cru  
Turnin' off the lights and dressin' like bitches too  
Every nigga on Death Row must be a joke  
I pull the lever to the chair and watch you niggas smoke  
Real niggas don't follow punks down here  
I guess your nigga Snoopie Dogg must be a queer  
So who the fuck you gonna blast here in Miami?  
Fuck with me and I'll kill your whol' family!  
And I do mean hoe', you think I'm playin', son?  
I got my glock to your head, now where you gonna run?  
Before you diss my nigga Luke, you better think twice  
I'll pull a trigger, nigga, and turn off your life!

Luke:

Yeah, fuck-ass nigga, you just don't know! A nigga  
know about yo'  
motherfuckin' ass with them "Turn Off the Lights"  
days! Nigga,  
when you was sittin' on them album covers with the  
motherfuckin'  
lip gloss, and them sequins outfits on, nigga, I know  
what a nigga want  
you to do right now! Nigga, you know what I want you to  
do for me  
right now? I want you to just, \*music stops\*  
Take off that g-string, ba-by,  
'Cause you know you look real cra-zy,  
And you gon' be my hoe - maybe -  
I just don't like this nigga.  
Yo, Mike Fresh, let's just take these fuck-niggas' beat!!  
\*The opening of the instrumental track from "Fuck Wit  
Dre Day"\*  
Yeah, this is how we do, we take fuck-niggas' beat!  
Yo, better yet, fuck that shit, my nigga, fuck that shit!  
\*The record needle is dragged off\*  
Yo, my nigga, bring the real shit in!  
Get that ol' coochie shit outta here!!  
\*The "Cowards" track comes back on\*

Verse 3: JT Money

Verse two, motherfucker, I still hit you with the ill shit  
Fuck with my nigga and yo' ass'll get killed quick  
Pussy nigga, you ain't shit!!  
Did a whole album of other niggas pullin' your dick  
I'll wreck your whole staff  
Bust shots at they ass, you niggas can't last!

So don't try to flip the script, money grip  
Got a tech on my hip, plus I'm in the mood to trip  
And I'll take your 4-4  
Take a walk down Death Row, them niggas get Petrol  
'Cause that shit ain't nothin' but soft-town  
Play bad, get knocked the fuck off, clown  
I'll be on the D.L. scopin'  
Catch you slippin', leave your motherfuckin' chest open  
That nigga changed gears like a 10-speed  
Last album, that nigga was against weed  
Now he's mister Chronic-man  
Get high, nigga, try to play bionic man  
Act like you wanna be tough  
And we gon' see who'll really get fucked, ya fuck!!

Luke: Yeah, fuck-ass nigga, lemme tell you somethin'!  
What you gon'  
be? You gon' be a real nigga or you gon' be a flaunt,  
nigga? You gon'  
be on weed, or you ain't gon' be on weed? You gon' be  
a bruise next  
year! Aaight, what you gon' be on this motherfuckin'  
year? Let me  
tell you somethin' 'bout a nigga, right? All real niggas -  
I mean, you  
lookin' at a real nigga, nigga, now lemme tell you  
somethin', have you  
ever got head on stage, then? I'll get head from yo'  
motherfuckin' hoe  
on stage! You let the bitch be in the audience, 'cause  
I'ma take that  
pussy! You a pussy-ass, cock-ass nigga! Lemme tell  
you somethin'!  
Cowards in Compton get sprayed in dank! Cowards in  
Compton get  
sprayed in dank, pussy!! Cowards in Compton get  
sprayed in  
motherfuckin' dank!! You hoe-ass nigga, you my bitch,  
bitch!!  
JT (in the manner of Dre): HELL yeah!

Announcer (talking rapidly):  
Luke Records would like to acknowledge that all  
references made in the  
previous work towards homosexuals is not reflecting  
anti-homosexual  
position on our part. Our problem was just homosexuals  
by the name of  
Dr. Dre and Snoop Dogg.

