

Entombed

"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.

