

## Luke

# "Cowards In Compton"

Visit "[Cowards In Compton](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

featuring ) Clayvosie JT Money

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 put a level 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

Visit [Luke](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.