

## Layzie Bone

### "Ghetto Cowboy"

Visit "[Ghetto Cowboy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You better count your money, ghetto cowboy

The name is Krayzie Big Bad Ass Bone  
Wanted up north for all the gold that I stole  
Along with some cash, even took the mayors daughter  
Now, that there's kidnappin' but she was with it, so I  
brought her

Then, got myself into a whole heap of trouble  
Double-crossed by the law, so there's nobody to run to  
Yeah, it's just me and my sawed-off shotgun  
Outlaw call him Leather Face

I'm headed for the West, heard they got  
A couple banks in town that ain't been held up yet  
Well, uh, I oughta make it by sundown  
I figure thats enough time for me to get the whole  
rundown

So, I continue my mission, it's gettin' dark  
So I'm watchin' for them damn Injuns  
They like to catch ya, then they rob and split  
I be a rootin' tootin' shootin' damn fool, protectin' my  
chips

All of a sudden, I heard somebody rumble in the  
bushes  
Stop my horse, whoa, Nellie, who in the bushes?  
You better speak out or I'm a let my shotgun song sing  
out  
Thug Queen, the horse stealer?

Who is this? I hope this ain't the law  
Jump out the bushes with my sawed-off shotgun  
C'mon out, right now I'm gettin' angry  
Took a step back, 'cause it could get dangerous

Please don't shoot, it's just me  
Then, why the hell is you hidin' in them bushes  
I'm wanted in four counties for armed robbery  
Killed to two sheriffs, six of his best men with my hand

Stole two horses

Thought you was the law, that's why I jumped in the bushes  
Goodness now, she was hotter than the barrel on fire  
But I could use her for the job, so I told her to ride,  
c'mon

May I ask you what you headed to the West for  
I got a partner, got a plan for some dough  
And if you're down, you can pick up yourself a pretty penny  
Be in town in a minute, now be sure if yore with it

We out before the sun rise  
Gotta stallion for your partner to ride  
Hit the saloon for the moonshine  
Down for whatever, let's ride, let's ride

These directions say we go to Tucson, Arizona  
When we arrive, we'll cop a place we can bunk  
And meet my boy in the mornin' for details and hook-up  
You better count your money, ghetto cowboy

Rise and shine, good mornin' howdy  
Nine o'clock we meet my boy in the saloon in the valley  
Now, I done came a long way, and I don't wanna be late  
Tell him I make ya, 'cause you know we ain't  
Move out, giddyup, giddyup, giddyup  
(Whip cracks, horses neigh)

You better count your money, ghetto cowboy  
I'm peepin' Krayzies wanted poster in the saloon  
So I assume it'll be trouble around here pretty soon  
Glance across the room

I see this youngster getting ready to fight  
But if he mess up the night  
I think that Krayzie just might take his life  
So, I approach him and I pause

Look, man, I really don't wanna brawl  
But won't you chill before them laws come  
Messin' up this master plan  
Since he already rowdy, I just asked the man

Hey, you want some work?  
Well, partner, put in your bid  
And by the way, now what's your name?  
They call me Layzie the Kid

The names Powder P, can I get a twelve gauge?  
Outlaw, everyday on the front page  
Mister Kid, if you give me the lowdown  
Me and Black Jack be ready for the showdown

With two double-barrels pointed at whatever  
Well stick together, I'm purty clever  
So saddle up, jump on the bandwagon  
Because its all goin' down  
I heard a guy run in the bar screamin' "Krazies in town"

Now when we get to the saloon, you dont worry  
Wait outside and don't be stealin', nobody's damn horses  
Step inside the bar, Lay the Kid, you son of a gun  
Hey, man, I'm glad you made it safely

Now let's go have some fun  
And this my partner Powder  
He's a young gun  
Howdy

Mighty glad to meet ya, son  
Oh yeah, you know I also brought a friend along  
Meet Thug Queen, the horse peddler  
Straggler, just met her

Howdy, partner, already got the horses saddled up  
I hope you good at robbin' banks like you rustle that cattle up  
Now, y'all, it's gon' be gettin' dark real soon  
I think you're right, I say we move

C'mon, let's move out  
Giddyup, giddyup, giddyup, move out  
(Whip cracks, horses neigh)  
You better count your money, ghetto cowboy

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