

The Fugees

"Cowboys"

Visit "[Cowboys](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This is the Fugees, outsiders up in here

Everyone wants to be a cowboy
Grab your guns boy
Forty-five by my side
No the nigger dies

Zen, zen, zen, zen, zen, zen, zen
You shot your bullet, but the bullet when [unverified]
Desperado, do work for new boy
I pull out my gun and plug two like Trugoy

Wyclef, Pace 1, yo, this was how the West was won
Our motto, a true Desperado, rappers want to be actors
So they play the Jesse James character
And get they bones fractured

You ain't got no guns, you off to the precinct
Inside tuff guys are feminine like Sheena Easton
Woman cry, woman cry, son still dies

Thrown off the building like the Fall Guy
Caved in the grave 'cause you didn't know how to
behave
Playin' cowboy, now you sleep with the slaves

Who's the desperado, sellin' bottles in the alley
On some villain shit, wearin' a mask like Jim Carrey
With his gat cocked, stinkin' up the crack spot
Pace 1 dies with both eyes on the jackpot

The town that I'm from beggars eat cat chowder
Sundance Kid is the everyday purse snatcher
If you see him coming, you better start running
Like a terrorist, I guarantee you he'll be humming

Dynamite, dynamite, Clef I got the cash
Yo, let's skip town like Harlem nights

We make moves in stage coaches
Ra Digga likes the roaches if anyone approaches
We be like noches, buenos

And I compose a poem for the many gun-slingers
R&B singers, perpetrating guns with two fingers

My style is perhaps one of the foulest
I inhale large clouds of smoke through my chalice
Buckin' at stars and write rhymes for hours
The ghetto missy, drinkin' whiskey sours

Bust this scenario, can't no other niggers in the barrio
From Newark to Ontario, bust us when we in stereo
'Cause me and Rashida rock the battles
It's apparent, your no talent, 'cause you're blazin' in
your saddle

Watch these rap bitches get all up in your pockets
Then bounce with accountants that give me good stock
tips
Cause props is up, Digga's through the roof
Burnin' niggers like I'm 90 proof

And for all you head beaters
The lead eaters, the cheaters soon to be retreaters
While Mamasitas carry real heaters

I rock the Dooby
And L rocks the Nubian twists 96
Muthafuckas gettin' dissed

Everyone wants to be a cowboy
Grab your guns boy
Forty-five by my side
No, the nigger dies

Yeah, when the out's hooked up with the Refugees
It be more niggas than the N.A.A.C.P.
Comin' up on weed of all type
Smokin' home-grown out tobacco pipes

(You've got to know when to hold them, know when to
fold them)
I can take the sunshine, piss in your wine
Steal your concubine, walk away with your gold mine
So ooh, aah, achiga, Mamase Mamasa Mamakusa

Fuck the sheriff, I shot John Wayne
Push him off the runaway train in the movie Shane
Yeah, me and that kid, um, what's his name?

That would be me, Young Zee from No Brain
Smokin' pure from the health food store
While my whore slaps cops like Zsa Zsa Gabor

Fuck with out's it's like those Islam brothers

We march through your hood with a million
muthafuckas
So let's get high off the Fu-Gee-La
When the east is in the house, like I'm Blahzay-blah

When pandemonium strikes at midnight
Full moon splits soft niggas in a lunatic on some
absurd shit
You talk back, hustlin' crack don't make you bigger
Niggas who take your measurements quick, don't
make it quicker

Stick and slide with vigor, city streets hot like liquor
21 gun salutin', shootin' niggas from the roof
And got nerve to mouth about it and the weight you
claim you movin'
Your whole style is loose and we gon' sew it like it's
cotton

You fail to recognize that everybody could get gotten
The bounty on your head, says your dead by manana
Pop babies whisperin' that there's a body dropped,
behind the lot
Police blew up the spot and locked the whole block

Medina is the east side of town lounge never till we
yawnin'
Gun players regular front page is the bonus
Life will keep existing while I'm shittin' on opponents
Life will keep existing while I'm shitin' on opponents

Everyone wants to be a cowboy
Grab your guns boy
Forty-five by my side
No, the nigger dies

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