

Thugcore Cowboy

Necro

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro:]

My life depends upon my gun and my gun spells hope in the land where the rope and the Colt are king*

[Verse 1:]

My deluxe bullets lift you fucks up like a pull-up
Carve you with a Phillip schmuck, Gemstar your grill up
Im not a law-abiding citizen, Im a rider I get it in
Ill get acquitted fast after I smash your fitted in
I almost got trapped in jail cause youre a turncoat tattletale
Battle snake rat, your legal battle failed
Ive broken all the rules, old-school gangster
Provoke me and Ill smoke you with the tools, choke you with your jewels
Like a molar rips through, my whole crew flips you
Money you try to son me and Ill solar eclipse you
Fuck you up like a polar shift, steal your skins
Hardcore pimp, hat with the brim, Fillmore Slim
Youre too stupid to work a gun son, it exploded
Cause youre the type to clean a gun out while its loaded
I capitalize slapping you guys, you could be the best rapper
Im the best clapper alive

[Chorus:]

My life depends upon my gun and my gun spells hope in the land where the rope and the Colt are king
Thugcore cowboy, somebody gets beat
Somebody fucked up boy
I'll catch you for duffing the street, yeah Ill do that
Beef handling myself, true that

My life depends upon my gun and my gun spells hope in the land where the rope and the Colt are king

[Verse 2:]

Youll never be victorious, youll forever lose
Youre the sorriest excuse of a warrior the hoods ever produced
Im vain glorious, I remain the goriest
Pop a tourist with a Taurus, the slug tore through the chest
Ghetto like a dollar cab, catch you solitaire

Grab you by your collar, holler scared wallow down the stairs
Trying to vic me shorty? You think you slick? Im WD-40
Slicker than the oil of a Saudi
Youre still breastfed in your nest, your father molests you
Test-tube baby, you look like your mother dressed you
Backslap you, bitch-smack you, cop pleas, screaming, Stop please!
Baseball bat pop knees
Im the shiznit while you got bad kismet
You do bad business, your futures cataclysmic
Shoot you with the gat quick, orbit my fat prick
Like the satellite Sputnikll suck a dick
[Chorus]

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