

# Cowboys

## Fugees

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 n\*\*\*er dies.

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

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.

PACE1: Dynamite, dynamite, Clef I got the cash

Yo let's skip town like Harlem nights.

We make moves in stage coaches  
Rah 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 n\*\*\*ers in the barrio  
(From Newark to Ontario), bust us when we in stereo.  
Cause me and Rashida rock the battles  
It's apparent, you're no talent, cause your blazin' in your saddle.

Watch these rap b\*\*\*hes 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' n\*\*\*ers 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  
Muthaf\*\*\*as gettin' dissed

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Yeah, when the OUT's hooked up with the Refugees  
It be more n\*\*\*as than the NAACP  
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 goldmine.  
Young Zee: So ooh aaah achiga, Mamase Mamasa Mamakusa

F\*\*\* 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 fodd store,  
While my whore slaps cops like Zsa Zsa Gabor  
F\*\*k with OUT's it's like those Islam brothers,  
We march through your hood with a million muthaf\*\*\*as.  
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 s\*\*t  
You talk back, hustlin' crack don't make you bigger  
N\*\*\*as 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 s\*\*\*tin' on the corners  
Life will keep existing while I'm s\*\*\*tin' on the corners

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