Cowboys

Reivers

This is the Fugees, Outsiders up in here:

[(CHORUS) CLEF:]
Everyone wants to be a cowboy
Grab your guns boy
Forty-five by my side,
No the n***er dies.

[PACE1:]
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

[WYCLEF:] Wyclef

[PACE1:] [PACE 1]

[WYCLEF:] Yo this was how the West was won,

[PACE1:] Our motto, a true Desperado.

[WYCLEF:]
Rappers want to be actors
So they play the Jesse James Character

[PACE1:] And get they bones fractured.

[PACE1:]
You ain't got no guns, you off to the precinct
Inside tuff guys are feminine like Sheena Easton

[WYCLEF:]
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

[PACE1:]

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

[WYCLEF:]
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

[WYCLEF:] Yo let's skip town like Harlem nights.

[LAURYN:]
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.

[RAH DIGGA:]
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.

[LAURYN:]
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.

[RAH DIGGA:]
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.

[LAURYN:]
And for all you head beaters
The lead eaters, the cheaters soon to be retreaters
While mamasitas carry real heaters.

[RAH DIGGA:]

I rock the Dooby and
L rocks the Nubian twists
96
Muthaf***as gettin' dissed

[CLEF: (Chorus)]
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[Young Zee:]
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.

[PRAZ:]
(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

[PRAZ:]
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?"

[Young Zee:]
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

[FORTE:]
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

[CHORUS: (Clef)]
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