

# Black Cowboy

## Jeru the Damaja

I heard some MC's wanna bring it  
But a female is one of their strongest men  
When I step to you, don't seek refuge  
Make it happen, fuck the rappin' Because I know I got that sewed  
The first time I ever touched the microphone it glowed  
Now I explode, eruptin' like a nigga that drunk too much  
But not intoxicated As mental stress increase, you'll need to be sedated  
Sick and tired of the izm schism  
This time's a warning, after this we take it to pugilism  
Mash out the beedies, dreads spark up the corn I flow muddy like the gutter after the rainstorm  
My mission to seek, build or destroy  
Like Deadwood Dick, I be the Black Cowboy  
And this is the showdown I got the wild style  
Black Cowboy  
I got the wild style After this MC's will wish to do battle with me  
For their sake I hope that they apply the proper strategy  
In any case, worst comes to worst, I'll be the best  
Storms will come, this we know for sure  
But can you stand the crash test? There's no vest or no way you can get suited up  
For what's about to happen, you might as well get zooted  
I heard that ignorance is bliss, so I guess you're all blistered  
The wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto  
Your cap is quickly twisted And just in case the first time you missed it  
The wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto  
Your cap is quickly twisted  
Livin' on a diet of flesh and Mistic I kicks the ballistics and keep it realistic  
We shoot shit up like the Hatfields and McCoys  
Perverted monks, the Black Cowboys  
And this is the showdown I got the wild style  
Black Cowboy  
I got the wild style  
Black Cowboy I got the wild style  
Black Cowboy  
I got the wild style It's a cryin' shame what some niggas'll do for fame  
When they think they know the game  
But I switch up the rules of the game  
Drops jewels in the game The fluid is quite fatal, like water on the brain  
I be the Sheriff and I got MC's on the chain gang  
Continuous hard labor until the day that they hang

One outlaw tried to escape but I murdered his gang  
Right back at ya, bitch-ass just like a boomerang  
Or a bolo, you couldn't knock me out with Apollo  
The God is never chillin', hot like a volcano  
Once I met up with this bandolero  
Why'd he make me bust him in his head with his banjo?  
I put MC's on the ceiling like Michelangelo did the Sistine Chapel  
Known to kick and grapple, so you couldn't test the Real McCoy  
The Black Cowboys, and this is the showdown  
I got the wild style  
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