

Wild Cowboy

Clipse

Look - you ain't dealin wit no child's toy
I'm a wild cowboy (yo I'm a wild cowboy)
Yet you walk around town with them real aisle toys
Your best bet, recognize my style boy
Cause I'll tap your back (and let that be that)

If I had a nine or a twenty-two, it wouldn't make a difference
Close range or up on the roof at long distance
Using a scope, tie up your family using a rope
Dump you in the river with weights, you won't float
Abusing your folks, one of the methods
You get the message, probably take about a week before they find the records
So pay up or it's a, beef forever
Till I get the dough it's gon' be like we we're glued together
So what you think it can't happen to you?
Cause I'm a broad? till I start clapping at you
Pull out the sword take a couple steps turn around like a western
Spin one-eighty degrees, squeeze off, blow your chest in
Weigh shots by the units, bang this opportunist
You want war, I'm quick on draw, like cartoonists
It's two kinds of people, the haves and have nots
The ones that punch clocks or those wit stash spots
See I got the cash locked when I spit the hot verse
The rules of the game, is to get the drop first
Oh, you don't get it? well you will when I spit it
Divine exquisite, connected like consitics
I eat, sleep and shit it, surprise the critics
Wit a flow that defies all the laws of physics
Wages of sin, give me a shank and two cases of gin
My patience is thin, wild gals think the places of men

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I told them like this, give it up and don't resist
The name Malicious and my aim don't miss
A hollow tip in the clip with his name on it
Thought he had a parade till we rained on it
Now it's the final lap, move to slow
Tried to react, my final tap a spinal tap ball in his back
We never chance em, get the ransom, ambulance em
All or Nothing, my motto and anthem
I gotta watch my back, cause these niggaz is hungry
Got the good, bad and ugly wantin to slug me
We roll out and tear the city up
Wild cowboys moving along, giddy up, what's up
And we can buck til the sunset
Pick em off one by one, havin fun yet?
We got money to get and there's hoes to lust
Ain't enough room in this town for the both of us, fuck

You see we pulling toasters, out the holsters
Wanted dead or alive, my face on posters
We come to collect debts, roll wit twin tees
All the chrome fours spinning on my index

And for all niggaz that study
Neptunes beats till they go nutty
Make you say what the fucky
Gonna do what my glock busty
Make the cops wonder where the older went like Tussy

You're gonna need your best five to tangle with suicide
Boy, you vs I, however it's do or die
Who are you to question my presence like who am I
Name Terrar, now the new question is who's to try
No one, put two up in em the slow gun
Turn his face so our eyes don't meet, he know something
That nigga flow something, his money it grow something
But come at him sideways in the street, he'll blow something
Fuck your temple, I gotta make my mark, that's too simple
I'd rather hit him once in each cheek, leave him with dimples
So if the bitch live, he'll walk around with my stencil
And if the bitch die, outline him in chalk pencil
Everything flooded, we star-studded celestial
Space Ghost flow, extra-terrestrial
If ya'll can't hear me, increase the decibel
When we talk money, exclude the decimal bitch!