

# The Cowboy Song

Pigeon John

Yeah, this is... Ferrari love. C'mon, Ferrari love.  
Hi ho Silver. Oh yeah, Ferrari love. Everybody. Hi ho Silver. C'mon.

:

Giddy up

:

Y'all niggy's be trippin'  
At the same time  
Pigeon's still rippin'  
Yo, you're lookin' like a chicken  
Head cut off and you're bouncin' and slippin'  
But me I'm like, "What?"  
Five dollars in the pocket, still good luck  
With that I take out my girl  
Show her how not to eat... and the world  
Let's take a trip out to Watts  
Throw up in HP and get shot  
Hangin' out the window and a cop  
Pulls up and rudely asks what drugs we got  
I said, "Hey, I don't smoke weed.  
I don't drink Vodka and I don't need speed."  
It feels good to be me  
O to the G from Hawthorne city  
Oh shoot

:

Giddy up I don't know where to go  
I don't know  
(4x)

:

Oh shoot I'm cute  
I've got to believe that cause no one is really goin' to  
I hang out with my friends  
(Makin' big lucci and would have it no other way)  
Yo  
Who the heck was that?  
I'm Pigeon John baby and this is my rap  
Yo, you need some permission  
(Giddy up giddy up giddy up)  
Hold up on the chorus  
Just listen  
See  
Everything around is so O to the G (ha ha)  
It feels good to be free (la la la la)  
Chillin' with my girl and sippin' coffee  
This is for the hardcore  
And you know that it's real  
And you know I'm packin' steel  
You need to read a book  
Listen to Phil Collins and learn to write a hook

:

Giddy up I don't know where to go  
I don't know  
(4x)

(Oh now?)  
One time  
Niggy's don't even know how to begin and shine  
That don't even know their whole style's genuine  
Created by the only true God Divine  
See  
He created you  
Your whole little style and your weird nose too  
Yo, let's get a tattoo  
Tribal  
Get a clue  
Stop smokin' glue  
I mean sniffin'  
Yo, hold up wait, I'm trippin'  
This is for my peeps  
The skateboarders  
And the dudes who drive in Jeeps  
You're all a bunch of geeks  
I'm just playin' dude (whoa!)  
Switch up your attitude  
Or get smacked in the cheek  
Come on hold my hand and just rock to the beat

:

Giddy up I don't know where to go  
I don't know  
(4x)

Mobb Deep  
De La Soul