

# R.A. The Rugged Man, A Star Is Born

Radio speaker : Yeah baby, it's Phil ? live at Night Talk  
we're talkin' about musical genius R.A. The Rugged Man  
let's take some calls, find out what you guys think

- # 1 Caller: Yo, R' s definitely one of the illest lyricist I've ever heard, that's real
- # 2 Caller: R.A. man, he's comin' out, guns blazin' baby, BOOM, watch out
- # 3 Caller: He's very intelligent, he's a positive model in rap
- # 4 Caller: I went to a show last week, he was the bomb... He was better than Michael Jackson
- # 5 Caller: He's so sexy, My girl said he has an 11 inch cock, couldn't walk ?
- # 6 Caller: Yo R.A. is worldwide man, he's goin platinum, quadruple, and big time
- # 7 Caller: First time I saw him, I knew he had a star quality, he's a superstar

[Verse 1]

Ayyo, here's the whole story, the whole true, &&quot;He's retarded&&quot;  
Here's how my whole bullshit career started  
Back in '88 it was about battle rappin' and shootin' guns off  
at house parties, say &&quot;HO&&quot; (BANG! BANG!BANG!) ? before rhymin'  
No complainin' , no money, no fame, still maintainin'  
1991, now my whole career started bustin'  
You see in on stage shows, guess the crowd jump in  
Let the kids come on  
Tommy Boy, Mercury, Priority wanted me  
Russell Simmons, and 9 other record companies  
Sendin limousines out to pick up my broke ass  
Feedin' me stakes, buyin' me hookers, I hope that shit last  
I was used to have no cash, I got gats  
White trash, why they wanna sign my ass ?  
'92 the whole industry was on my dick  
I signed to Jive Records, and fucked up the whole shit

[Chorus]

You're a shinin' star  
You're a superstar  
Ooohhh..  
Large star  
But you gonna be large  
You're a shinin' star  
You're a superstar  
Ooohhh..  
Yeah, right

[Verse 2]

Now I'm stuck on a wack label  
They say, &&quot;You see the way you behave  
Now wonder why the label hate you&&quot;  
They say &&quot;He's a beast, he's a creature  
Keep him in the other room, don't let him see Aaliyah&&quot;  
Banned from the building, I don't wanna see ?  
&&quot;He just don't know how to play the game right  
He could be large than life&&quot;  
They try to turn the label caucasian  
They signed me, Whitey Don and the Insane Clown Posse  
And they signed the Backstreet Boys and Britney  
It's a pop label, what the fuck they want with me  
Forget R. Kelly, I' ma do that rippin' out your cunt shit  
I flipped the fuck out and did some dumb shit  
? looked at me, I got a gun shit  
I ain't gonna give that commercial run hit  
Instead I gave your label suck dick  
Try to press charges against me  
Suited me, blackballed me  
My lawyer wouldn't even call me

[Chorus]

You're a shinin' star

You're a superstar  
Ooohhh..  
Large star  
But you gonna be large  
You're a shinin' star  
You're a superstar  
Ooohhh..  
Large star

You're a shinin' star  
You're a superstar  
Ooohhh..  
Large star  
But you gonna be large  
You're a shinin' star  
You're a superstar  
Ooohhh..  
Yeah right

[Verse 3]

'95, I'm broke out the ass, no doe  
Watchin' everybody else around me blow  
Trackmasters, Mobb Deep, Keith Murray  
Biggie and Puff, I'll admit it, I was jealous as fuck  
I was so pathetic  
No doe under ugly chick  
With a no doe fetish, all my old hoes jetted  
Went from hearin' &&quot;You're a star kid&&quot;  
To hearin' &&quot;He ain't talented, he's garbage&&quot;  
? shitty ? there's no market  
'96, I got a gun now  
I remember I was bout to kill Jeff Henster  
Moved back in with pop duke  
and my handicapped brothers and sisters, and we had no loot  
That's when the Feds came by  
And surrounded the house  
They had automatic weapons, and was pullin' em out  
And the moral of the story is  
all that glamour and glitz shit (what?)  
Fuck that shit, I don't need it

[Chorus]

You're a shinin' star  
You're a superstar  
Ooohhh..  
Large star  
But you gonna be large  
You're a shinin' star  
You're a superstar  
Ooohhh..  
Yeah right

Radio speaker: Yeah baby, it's Phil ?, we're back live at Night Talk  
The subject: R.A. the Rugged Man... What happened to that guy? We're takin' calls  
# 1 Caller: Yo, R's the true definition of a wack ass, bitch ass, punk ass MC, 'na mean  
# 2 Caller: R.A., You're goin' down boy like a piece of shit, BOOM!  
# 3 Caller: I see him at the mall, he grab my ass and ? on my tits  
# 4 Caller: I went to a show last week, it sucked so bad  
he was in it underwear, spittin' underwear, he's so disgusting  
# 5 Caller: Yeah, my girl fucked him, she sad he had a little 2 inch dick, and couldn't keep it hard  
# 6 Caller: R.A. ? Mmm... ? Heard his label drop him, guy's a loser  
# 7 Caller: Yo anybody seen that guy R.A. around, heard he's fuckin broke  
# 8 Caller: Yeah, I don't think R.A. is that bad guy  
nd everything just cause he's losing and shit, and I, before..  
Radio speaker: I think we might have R.A. the Rugged Man on the line now, R.A, is that you ?

# 8 Caller: Uuhh... NO!