

# R.A. The Rugged Man, Casanova

[R.A. the Rugged Man]

Yo, yo

I'm the headliner, the first white pornographic rhymer

Banned local bar fighter

Hide your kids, pedophile

Lowlifer, advise ya

I'm the world's illest rhyme writer

You play the background, like Casanova Rud

I'm a underground legend, slashin blood

TLC was talkin bout me when they wrote No Scrubs

I'm the shit talking rapper all the dirty hoes love

These little white boy MC's tryin to be like me

Whitey, the first white mc to be grimey

Back when Just-Ice was kickin that

f\*\*k shit ass bitch your mother's dick shit

That's when it all started

Walk down the street with a shotgun

Totin' on jackets, trenchcoats

Look like Inspector Gadgets

"Look at that fat f\*\*k over there

A ugly white dude with the big gut and shoulder hair

Look at the clothes he wear, barefoot

No shoes on, you even on ?

Smell the odour over there"

Obvious, he don't care

He's a

[Chorus]

Fly guy, hey oh

A fly guy, oh oh

"Casanova"

Oh, ouee, oh

A fly guy, oh oh "fly... fly"

He's so fly

Fly guy, hey oh

Fly guy, oh oh

"Casanova"

Oh, ouee, oh

A fly guy

Ooh, "fly... fly"

[R.A. the Rugged Man]

It's the Port Jeff, Long Island house party

Open the door, see the White Trash Army

We ? religious, we ? with us

Lizards, rip the bible

Write our own scriptures

Scripts kitsch pictures, pussy lickers

Tongue blisters, the ol' school five-one-sixers

Opposite of winners, playin slitchers

Hillbilly shit kickers, dick swing like dirt ?

In case you not feelin me, do you think that I give a f\*\*k?

You, you, you

Bitch, you can't front on the pussy, guaranteed that I still get to f\*\*k

You, you, you

You should wise up

Ignorant open your eyes up

Kidnap tied up, gasoline, match, light up

You lied right up

F\*\*k your life up

Hate us?, You don't like us?

Join the club, sign up

I'm a

[Chorus]

[R.A. the Rugged Man]

I'm a husband known for boastin and braggin  
babblin, battle rappin, battle me, imagine  
Staggerin, battle in the ?, low blow  
Hit your blatterin, hammer in your lips , Mick Jaggerin  
Imagine everlastin like Jimmy Dean, Marilyn  
Gaggin in your mouth, put the barrell in  
Better be swallowin, you're scared to be in died  
Or take the bullet and bite it  
And write shit to make the whole world recite it  
That's my final answer, I do a Cool J  
And live my drawers in your hamper  
Rugged man's temper  
Dirty this, dirty dick shit  
Dirty dick you can't piss with  
Hit dirty bitch with shit  
You get pissed of ? shit  
License to ill, Beastie Boys  
I' ma autograph on your bitch tit  
Yeah, I'm that guy that you hatin on with that bullshit album  
Everybody waitin on, I'm a

[Chorus]