

# R.A. The Rugged Man, Casanova (Fly Guy)

[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 grimy

Back when Just-Ice was kickin that

Fuck 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

&quot;Look at that fat fuck over there

A ugly white dude with the big gut and shoulder hair

Look at the clothes he wear, barefoot

No shoes on, do even own a pair

Smell the odor over there&quot;

Obvious, he don't care

He's a

[Chorus]

Fly guy, hey oh

A fly guy, oh oh

&quot;Casanova&quot;

Oh, ouee, oh

A fly guy, oh oh &quot;fly... fly&quot;

He's so fly

Fly guy, hey oh

Fly guy, oh oh

&quot;Casanova&quot;

Oh, ouee, oh

A fly guy

Ooh, &quot;fly... fly&quot;

[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 fixtures, pussy lickers

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

Opposite of winners, played slitchers

Hillbilly shit kickers, dick swing like Dirk Diggler

In case you not feelin me, do you think that I give a fuck?

You, you, you

Bitch, you can't front on the pussy, guaranteed that I still get to fuck

You, you, you

You should wise up

Ignorant open your eyes up

Kidnap, tied up, gasoline, match, light up

You lied right up

Fuck 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 has-been known for boastin and braggin  
Babblin, battle rappin, battle me, imagine  
Staggerin, batterin the soul  
Low blow, beat your bladder in  
Hammerin your lips, Mick Jaggerin  
Imagine everlastin like Jimmy Dean 'n Marilyn  
Gaggin in your mouth, put the barrel in  
Better be swallowin, when you're scared to be in ???  
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 all hatin on with that bullshit album  
Everybody waitin on, I'm a

[Chorus]