

R.A. The Rugged Man, Chains

(feat. Killah Priest & Masta Killa)

[Intro: Killah Priest (Masta Killa)]

Let it flow, deh-deh-duh (yeah) it's on (beh-deh-deh-deh)
(Den-e-neh) on... (yo, aiyo)

[Chorus: reggae sample]

Keep on knowin' what you know
Keep on knowin' what you know
End up, up, up, in chains, chains, chains

[Masta Killa]

Back in '88, son was gettin' a little paper
Caught a few stings, rocked the phat rope cables
Pushed the white Mercury Sable, known for holdin' heat
Pharoah garmer marks on his feet, serpents whisper
You can smell the deceit, they greet me like peeps, to blend
And try to befriend, to get up, underneath the skin
My long wind'll blow ya head piece degrees
Murder One Team, Barcelini Noodle had lean
Microphone fiend, step into the rhythm
This is how I'm servin' them, no need for medic attention
I just murder them, murder them... pussy, I just murder them

[Chorus]

[R.A. the Rugged Man]

I'm a dip-dip diverse, socializer
I'm a hoof flat top rule, in eighty niner
They say Rugged, by now, you should of at least blown
It's funny, I'm mad famous for being unknown
I'm just a dirty motherfucker, they hate my guts
All I talk about is bitches, and bustin' nuts
Yeah, I got a foul mouth, yeah, I cuss too much
I'm just so Ricky Ricardo, ri-di-cu-lous
And I ain't got no fly whip, I still ride the bus
I got Mitch Blood Green on the scene with us
Hospitable, hitable, cooler, than Jacob who criminal
Miracle, lyrical, take every syllable literal
Little riddle, profitable, visible, iritibal
Little brittle, pitiful, for so through little, you tickle, you typical
Yeah, I talk shit, I'm cocky with it
It's hard for you to admit it, but I'm one of the best in it

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

My mind is haunted, filled with the extension of slaves that's torment
Slow down my steps, one foot from the grave to con it
Our young black males, they lick pon gate
Son of the morning, roasted souls, tell Minister "come pray"
It's gun trade inside of smokey apartments
Flow process, one nine, two tech, four revolvers
Coke overballing kettels, it's like we struck oil in the ghetto's
We supply it to addict's, the devil work
He practice, he's like a search backwards
Til they throw that dirt in our casket, and that's it
I live where the fiends are nothin', just a scene of the projects, similar to
Osama's
An old man, at the top of the stairs, he just stare
Cuz his mind ain't there, victim of the war
Polar signs, the times is near
He drop the jewels, til you buy him a beer
He said he was a linebacker for the Bears

Said he did it all back, while he's dryin' his tear
Yeah, it's that real shit, that made me
That music from the '80's, the child's of the '70's
I live long til they bury me...