

# R.A. The Rugged Man, Flipside

[R.A. the Rugged Man]

Yo, yo, they asked me where the fuck I been for all this time  
I been fuckin' poor out of my fuckin' ass  
Eatin' fuckin' shit, fuckin' ugly bitches  
Cause everybody knows that pretty bitches ain't down to fuck nobody poor and shit  
But that shit don't even matter  
It's all about you faggot-ass motherfuckin' rappers  
Thinkin' y'all dope, drivin' Lexuses and shit like that  
&quot;Every Record Label Sucks Dick&quot;  
But yo, yo, but but but you be suckin' on your record label's dick  
Word up! This is just a little somethin'  
For motherfuckers to let them know I didn't fall off the earth  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
At 5, 4, 3, 2 in the morning, losing my fuckin' mind about to murder people  
(Fuck them motherfuckers)  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, check it out, yo yo yo yo yo, like this

They snakes in this rap field, fuck the fat deal  
Cap peeled, how does chokin' on the smoke from the gat feel?  
The Rugged Man, record label suicide, move aside  
(RA calm down) Who the fuck you think you are?  
I smack that bitch who works the front desk  
That strictly be there for high school credit  
But sucks dicks of all the rap stars  
Put me behind bars, cause Mister A&R Man's  
Bout to get fucked in his asshole and brother I'm not even gay  
Shay, shay, shay! The president of the company  
Don't care if I'm dead or if I'm bleeding  
I'm not succeeding, they turned my mindstate into evil  
Cause I want everyone dead on this fuckin' earth  
It really hurts, cause if music doesn't work  
I got nothing left to live for except dyin' in the poorhouse  
And bitches hate my fuckin' guts  
Those sluts loved me more than Patrick Swayze  
When I had my steady income  
I need a spot that I can sin from  
Suicide, never, but I got plots of taking out the other people  
And I ain't doin' jail time, that shit is wack  
Ain't no comin' back, once I lose control my shit is finished  
So don't get in this, you record label people gonna die  
And your family gonna die too, motherfuckers!

Hahahaha, yo, yo  
Yo, that's just a verse, one verse  
You can't buy this shit, this shit is not for sale  
That's for the real rap fans  
But see, real nowadays is just a fuckin' gimmick anyway  
I'm keepin it real, I'm stayin' real, all this bullshit  
Yo, yo, how the fuck is you supposed to be real  
If you can't rap for real or can't flow for real?  
You got your hip-hop styles on and you readin' them fuckin' rap magazines...