

# R.A. The Rugged Man, Give It Up

(featuring J-Live)

&quot;Give it up! But - it's - just - no - use!&quot;

[Chorus: sample]

&quot;Give it up! Oh Lord.... give it all to you  
I try, but - it's - just - no - use!&quot;

[R.A. the Rugged Man]

Aiyo, give it up, rush you up, no fuss, blood rush  
Cuss much, what's mine? You bust nuts, crunch crunch  
Spark the bud, what's what, the white King Tut  
Out in so-f\*\*k, look who they dug up, yup, it's the Rugged  
On the record with J-Live, I could hardly believe this  
I never thought I'd be rapping on no record with school teachers  
Hair flinch from the eighties, library, lies bury  
TV, tell lies visually, kid you wit me, hostility  
Humility, hillbilly, gorilla, he mentally illy  
Still is he, actually, really killed me, billy  
All that stuff you heard about me, is probably true  
Heard I got the AIDS virus, I probably do  
Ammunition spitting is him, is it, you listening  
Littering written, it's in slippers, get the rebel in him  
Sticking it with sinners, sizzlin' rhythm, verbally hit him  
Did he did it, or did he didn't, admit it  
Pretend he ain't offended, the men and women  
Every minute they in it, don't be  
Every illiterate ignorant critical dissed it  
Every idiot that ain't live it, they talking shit  
I'm R.A. the Rugged Man, get off, my dick

[Chorus]

[J-Live]

Give it up, for the Gods & the Earths, ladies and gentleman  
All the human families, the wicked can't stand me  
The righteous man hands me the mic, it's uncanny how  
One man's penalty's, is another man's boo-whore  
The label pun's ironic, courtesy of this sport  
Still can't stop a grown man, from pressing report  
A free man can either be freedom or free label  
When you spent, what you make, to keep making, you can't save  
A damn thing, no savings, that's how life'll enslave ya  
That's why I strive daily; to be my own savior  
I know when shine glows and reflects in my behavior  
So caught in between checks, I spilled it in respect  
So give it up, if your mission's belittling my position  
As a microphone physician, making you listen  
Me and Rugged Man relate, through a previous poem  
Like he said, I'm mad famous, for being unknown  
On records for ten years, I can hardly believe it  
Never thought I'd be perceived, as just some rapping school teacher  
Just some dude, that can cut and rhyme, same time  
Just some conscious kid, that's try'nna save the world through rhyme  
Just another underground, hand-to-mouth microphonist  
Stop your mirror rap, just to stop you in your tracks  
This will stomp you on your track, justice is not just  
Another ordinary rapper, I'm the crown royal block  
With a velvet bag, matter of fact, and since the swagger is back  
And backed by, a whole nation of millions  
You can't hold me, my new floor is my old ceiling  
That's why I'm guaranteed, to leave you with something you lack, so just

[Chorus]

