

Tom Thum

R.A. the Rugged Man

I got a big head and a fat ego
I got the starving and hungry poverty superiority flow
My pistol is old school class, I'm peeling your ass fast
Yo, I'm uncontrollably gifted, I totally ripped it
I'm vocally vicious
Naming the best ever, I'm supposed to be listed
Even if I'm emotionally and overly twisted and socially timid
And every chick had left with a broken ovary when I hit it
The fans follow me like disciples, I'm Charlton Heston
Not the Moses version, I'm the gun toting version with the rifles
Don't let them crabs gash you
When I'm jacking a rapper and ripping the jacket
And patching your ass and using a machete to smash you
I'll rob anyone, anywhere, under the jacket, get the flame up
Pull the gun out at your wedding while your grandma do the macarana
All these feminine rappers wanna see me dead and buried
Too many rappers is drag-queened out; Tyler Perry
Sick of the similar imitating
I did it already to pitifully paint 'em
The bigger the better, debate 'em
You biting what I'm spitting, you already verbatim
I don't need to breathe when I rap, I got gills, fuck lungs
I'm like a superhero out of the toilet of the slums
Come on

Every verse like a firearm
Blasting ya
I'm the greatest!
You ain't shit
Compared to me.

Shacking up for the night at the crib with a B-movie actress
Shocking next to the bed and the wad of cash under the mattress
As a kid I wasn't into theatrics
After school my daddy used to teach me combative Green Beret tactics
My flow natural, you artificial, beefed up Barry Bonds at BALCO
Dope or dog food? I spit heroin, your rhymes are alpo
I ain't into the tight jeans
I'm into bar brawls, brass knuckles, and bloody fight scenes
The mainstream pussies ever give me props? No, nada
That's like the Fox News giving props to Obama
Wait, I teach the children and the world the word hate
I eat pussy 'til every dyke on the Earth turn straight
I'm disturbing with the grammar
I'm more disturbing than bombing the baptist church of Birmingham, Alabama
I've been repping
I'll put a hit on any paper that my pen blessing
I'm nice with the hands, each fist is a registered weapon
I'll leave you forever rested
I don't care if you're beefed up on steroids or what you bench pressing
I'm at the Best Western and tossing your girl salad with some French dressin
g
Hit you with a batter of hatchets in the back of a ratchet
My flow, ain't a rapper that match it
Too much lyricism too digest, I do it on purpose
Two of my bars is more lyrical than two of your verses
Come on

Every verse like a firearm
Blasting ya
I'm the greatest!
You ain't shit
Compared to me.

I tour the world
You're at home with your momma
I get ass
Every night you get no ass
Suck my balls, and choke on my dick you bitch
You ain't shit
Compared to me.