Give It Up

R.A. the Rugged Man

(featuring J-Live)"Give it up! But - it's - just - no - use!"[Chorus: sample]
"Give it up! Oh Lord.... give it all to you
I try, but - it's - just - no - use!"[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-fuck, 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]

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