

# Stanley Kubrick

## brains9

Yo, yo, reverb  
Boom-ba-doom, yo, feel that bassline cat  
Yo, yo, reverb  
Boom-ba-doom, yo, feel that bassline cat  
Yo, yo, reverb  
Boom-ba-doom, yo, feel that bassline cat  
Reverb, boom-ba-doom, yo, feel that bassline cat  
Reverb, boom-ba-doom, yo, feel that bassline cat  
Reverb, boom-ba-doom, yo, feel that bassline cat Yo, yo, reverb  
Boom-ba-doom, yo, feel that bassline cat  
Yo, yo that's some, that's some like, Stanley Kubrick  
Stanley Kubrick The track bouncy, no-body, get more rowdy  
than Suffolk County, peace to Crackhead Crowley  
Honky Thomas, Keb McGlocklin the whole crew  
Cab Morada, what you gon' do we roll through  
Fuck that, Big Dirt, the midget face drop 'em  
Bring em to the Port Jeff house stayed on top 'em  
Nobody move this, I don't give a fuck, we untouched  
Strictly lust for papers and live life to bust nuts  
We're God killers, let's be realistic;  
we probably gon' be punished - we fuckin bitches by the 100's  
Why me? Wanna fight me? Try me  
Why these people don't know me - don't like me  
Society, they wanna see me dead I stick out  
You see me in the public, I probably pull my dick out  
Smack the fuck out of women, see me knock your bitch out  
Do somethin tough guy, who the fuck wanna die?  
Clash of the Titans, broken bottles, bar fight  
You wanna battle I'ma freestyle you can start writin  
I can do that, tip the bouncers, make sure we get  
our gats in the club just in case the action  
Everybody want it, try to take my title  
Let's see, left your chest messy, test me  
Stanley Kubrick, don't stress me  
R.A. the Rugged Man, remember the name - Rugged Man! Ride with us (Rug y'know the bitch beater)  
Ride with us (Suffolk County, Long Island)  
Ride with us (Dead broke black people)  
Ride with us (Dead broke white people)  
Ride with us (My man Smoothe Da Hustler)

Ride with us (Rest in peace Jason Edmands)  
Ride with us (Gordon Heights, ghostland)  
Ride with us Aiyyo the R-to-da, A-to-da, Rugged.. \*echoes\*  
Now think about this, who diss us? Suffolk County  
cops frisk us, they handcuffs never fit us  
Our wrists turn purple, that's why we act vicious  
Plus if we die tomorrow, won't nobody miss us  
Get half a page in The Source maybe, if that  
It's a whole town of people actin shady, where I live at  
We spit lyrically releasin, you don't stop  
Ain't nobody ceasin til your heartbeat stop beatin, bring it  
You know where to find me; actin like you lookin for me  
You saw me you walked right by me  
A true test, the Rugged Man, the tru-est  
The most violent, in the U.S., we see you stressed  
Now take it easy, Fat Man greasy, sloppy  
Peace to Khadafi, I'ma do this  
They tried to stop me, way back in nine-four  
You look into my future, I'ma probably die for it  
We flip your car over like Long Island steroid abusers  
When they 'roid ragin, white boy caning  
Let me do some explain, misbehaving  
Rugged Man, hairy fat slob, unshaven

The Ten Commandments, we constantly disobeyinRide with us (Dirty crusty asses)

Ride with us (The whole Infamous Mobb)  
Ride with us (My main man Akinyele)  
Ride with us (The whole white trash nation)  
Ride with us (All the Stony Brook kids)  
Ride with us (All the Port Jeff kids)  
Ride with us (My man Ev Casuchi)  
Ride with us (Capital of Crime Lords)  
Ride with us (Miguel the cop in the house)  
Ride with us (Sho' nuff, Dave Greenberg)  
Ride with us (All the starvin artists)  
Ride with us (All the starvin artists)  
Ride with us (All the starvin artists)  
Ride with us (Rugged \*echoes\*)