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 catYo, yo, reverb
Boom-ba-doom, yo, feel that bassline cat
Yo, yo that's some, that's some like, Stanley Kubrick
Stanley KubrickThe 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 usAiyyo 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 proud to be the lowest, low life losers
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*)

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