

Marc Nelson**"Roughest Rude Boy"**

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A lyrical style that transcends boundaries,
Crossing over 'cause I found these styles and sounds
free
Of mainstream taming
There's no one else for blaming so I took responsibility
For the same thing as the sucker in the white hood,
The brother in the hoodie killed the white supremacist
goodie-goodie
A battered brother's blood is on my hands
'Cause the man in the grandstand tried to rub it off
when he
Snubbed a soft follower that followed his or her
commands
And got beat like a bitch in heat -- Goddamn
Now that my pitch fell what the hell?
The style's too complex to be vexed by a simple
minded sucker
Can you tell? I doubt it so you'll catch an enema
Hose running through your head cleaning out your
dreads
Or cleaning out your wallet the scheming sex fiend
You ain't jack shit and never amounted to a hill of
beans

You're running around in circles and I'm lurking in the
dark
You're more oblivious to my lyrics than Lois is to Clark
Wake up to the show like Sway and Tech in California
If your album flops, no excuses 'cause I warned ya:
Using the same style throughout every record
Will burn your fans out you gots to come unexpected
Come with the new flavor for they ears
Cause they'll buy more records if they like what they
hear
Simple economics: it's the bomb, it'll sell
It's weak as shit, freaking send the shit to hell
Sign yourself to Warner Brothers and sign your life
away
Major label deals appeal to those like Dr. Dre
Motherfuckers with the same sorry ass sound
High pitch synth squeals and cheesy drum pounds

I'll call you Barbie 'cause you're like a nude toy
Messin' with the Laze: the roughest rude boy

Draw the battle lines 'cause the battle rhymes are
coming
We'll rhyme, pour a drink, and eat dinner while we
humming
Check out the jazz beat that's flowing down the Music
River
I'm about to give an enema to the public
They dub this and bootleg it many times
But many rhymes are stored and if not I'll freestyle
Meanwhile, others be searching for a meaning
Me defeated? Please... pinch yourself you must be
dreaming
Huh, I'll never be taken down by any fool
'Cause any fool would know that many ladies drool
Over the Laze 'cause the praise I deserve
Can't be expressed by a predicate, noun, or verb
A master of the English language and the linguists
Say "this thing can't be from here"
Cause I'm cunning and I be running for office,
Rhymes out the orifice, time to pass off this mic (check
it)

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