

R.A. The Rugged Man "Casanova"

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[R.A. the Rugged Man]

Yo, yo

I'm the headliner, the first white pornographic rhymer

Banned local bar fighter

Hide your kids, pedophiler

Lowlifer, advise ya

I'm the world's illest rhyme writer

You play the background, like Casanova Rud

I'm a underground legend, slashin blood

TLC was talkin bout me when they wrote No Scrubs

I'm the shit talking rapper all the dirty hoes love

These little white boy MC's tryin to be like me

Whitey, the first white mc to be grimey

Back when Just-Ice was kickin that

fuck shit ass bitch your mother's dick shit

That's when it all started

Walk down the street with a shotgun

Totin' on jackets, trenchcoats

Look like Inspector Gadgets

"Look at that fat fuck over there

A ugly white dude with the big gut and shoulder hair

Look at the clothes he wear, barefoot

No shoes on, you even on ?

Smell the odour over there"

Obvious, he don't care

He's a

[Chorus]

Fly guy, hey oh

A fly guy, oh oh

"Casanova"

Oh, ouee, oh

A fly guy, oh oh "fly... fly"

He's so fly

Fly guy, hey oh

Fly guy, oh oh

"Casanova"

Oh, ouee, oh

A fly guy

Ooh, "fly... fly"

[R.A. the Rugged Man]

It's the Port Jeff, Long Island house party
Open the door, see the White Trash Army
We ? religious, we ? with us
Lizards, rip the bible
Write our own scriptures
Scripts kitsch figures, pussy lickens
Tongue blisters, the ol' school five-one-sixers
Opposite of winners, playin slitchers
Hillbilly shit kickers, dick swing like dirt ?
In case you not feelin me, do you think that I give a
fuck?
You, you, you
Bitch, you can't front on the pussy, guaranteed that I
still get to fuck
You, you, you
You should wise up
Ignorant open your eyes up
Kidnap tied up, gasoline, match, light up
You lied right up
Fuck your life up
Hate us?, You don't like us?
Join the club, sign up
I'm a

[Chorus]

[R.A. the Rugged Man]
I'm a husband known for boastin and braggin
babblin, battle rappin, battle me, imagine
Staggerin, battle in the ?, low blow
Hit your blatterin, hammer in your lips , Mick Jaggerin
Imagine everlastin like Jimmy Dean, Marilyn
Gaggin in your mouth, put the barrell in
Better be swallowin, you're scared to be in died
Or take the bullet and bite it
And write shit to make the whole world recite it
That's my final answer, I do a Cool J
And live my drawers in your hamper
Rugged man's temper
Dirty this, dirty dick shit
Dirty dick you can't piss with
Hit dirty bitch with shit
You get pissed of ? shit
License to ill, Beastie Boys
I' ma autograph on your bitch tit
Yeah, I'm that guy that you hatin on with that bullshit
album
Everybody waitin on, I'm a

[Chorus]

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