

## **R.A. The Rugged Man "Chains"**

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[Intro: Killah Priest (Masta Killa)]

Let it flow, deh-deh-duh (yeah) it's on (beh-deh-deh-deh)

(Den-e-neh) on... (yo, aiyo)

[Chorus: reggae sample]

Keep on knowin' what you know

Keep on knowin' what you know

End up, up, up, in chains, chains, chains

[Masta Killa]

Back in '88, son was gettin' a little paper

Caught a few stings, rocked the phat rope cables

Pushed the white Mercury Sable, known for holdin' heat

Pharoah garmer marks on his feet, serpents whisper

You can smell the deceit, they greet me like peeps, to blend

And try to befriend, to get up, underneath the skin

My long wind'll blow ya head piece degrees

Murder One Team, Barcelini Noodle had lean

Microphone fiend, step into the rhythm

This is how I'm servin' them, no need for medic attention

I just murder them, murder them... pussy, I just murder them

[Chorus]

[R.A. the Rugged Man]

I'm a dip-dip diverse, socializer

I'm a hoof flat top rule, in eighty niner

They say Rugged, by now, you should of at least blown

It's funny, I'm mad famous for being unknown

I'm just a dirty motherfucker, they hate my guts

All I talk about is bitches, and bustin' nuts

Yeah, I got a foul mouth, yeah, I cuss too much

I'm just so Ricky Ricardo, ri-di-cu-lous

And I ain't got no fly whip, I still ride the bus

I got Mitch Blood Green on the scene with us

Hospitable, hitable, cooler, than Jacob who criminal

Miracle, lyrical, take every syllable literal

Little riddle, profitable, visible, iritibal

Little brittle, pitiful, for so through little, you tickle, you  
typical  
Yeah, I talk shit, I'm cocky with it  
It's hard for you to admit it, but I'm one of the best in it

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

My mind is haunted, filled with the extension of slaves  
that's torment  
Slow down my steps, one foot from the grave to con it  
Our young black males, they lick pon gate  
Son of the morning, roasted souls, tell Minister "come  
pray"  
It's gun trade inside of smokey apartments  
Flow process, one nine, two tech, four revolvers  
Coke overballing kettels, it's like we struck oil in the  
ghetto's  
We supply it to addict's, the devil work  
He practice, he's like a search backwards  
Til they throw that dirt in our casket, and that's it  
I live where the fiends are nothin', just a scene of the  
projects, similar to  
Osama's  
An old man, at the top of the stairs, he just stare  
'cause his mind ain't there, victim of the war  
Polar signs, the times is near  
He drop the jewels, til you buy him a beer  
He said he was a linebacker for the Bears  
Said he did it all back, while he's dryin' his tear  
Yeah, it's that real shit, that made me  
That music from the '80's, the child's of the '70's  
I live long til they bury me...

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