

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

### **"Holla Loo Yuh"**

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(feat.Tech N9ne & Krizz Kaliko)

Hook:

Holla-Holla-Loo-Yuh!

I am rap's big swinging ding-a-ling, make 'em sing

Holla-Holla-Loo-Yuh!

I am everything you ever were afraid of

Holla-Holla-Loo-Yuh!

I am rap's big swinging ding-a-ling, make 'em sing

Holla-Holla-Loo-Yuh!

You rappers bore me, I wanna kill you

Do it for me and I'll holla-holla

I am the pinnacle of sin, it shows when he begin his flows

Timid women show genitals, then it's go when it's presentable

Finish show, women some in this moment diminish whores

Skin it, no gimmicks, rip, pillage, no grim, no limit shows

Yeah, c-c-call it what you want it , middle finger my opponent

Really seem defiant, don't it?

Well mommy, I will demolish niggas with the rawest scriptures

Y'all is just balls of shit and '. this be the hardest pisser

Then a trapper tell me, my piss enhance her belly

But I chose to give her a dirty mouth like Lisa

Lampanelli

Yes, she demanded jelly, but I re-ran the Kelly

I'm springing the' and it's swell because I slammed the'!

I'm a monster, on the mic or when I'm on her

Have a motherfucker somber, 'cause of ill shit that I conjure

Juggernaut, he never conquered, if she wants for me, I haunt her

Wandering, where've we gone, sir?

Are we in.. we're' !

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Yo, it's a brutal system, assume position

You superstition, a Jew or Christian

This fool religion is a cruel depiction

They can't hear, they can mute your vision

When the dirt burns, ' and earth worm

Leave you like MJ with a hit and a burnt perm

Soon to be unity, murder, what could you do to me?

This is foolery, I'm a hooligan

Even when I'm beating you brutally

Slapping your bitch and taking your jewelry

Your momma crying when she reading your eulogy

Let me slow down, put your dough down

I've got enough flow for it to go around

This is profound, you a broke clown

With a coke frown and an old sound

I'm like 'sell 'em the heroin and giving 'em the needle'

I'm in it cerebral, this' is evil

Limit the people, piss in a cathedral

Aborting your mission like a position that's fetal

My impolite stares give 'em nightmares

Burn 'em like the bush, give 'em white hairs

Ripping and shucking your ass, suffering'

I fuck with the gutter trash,

Don't fuck with the upper class!

Sons and buyers, political liars

The drug suppliers, the fake Messiahs

Is it negative energy hiding your identity?

Every enemy wishing they were shooting me like a

Kennedy

I spit at Satan and I kick his face

And make him lick the pavement for misbehaving

Got a vendetta, better be ready to forget it

Bulletins headed to your head and embedded,

The slug met it, I be tripping on my ego like I'm Walter'

Makin' dollars like I'm Parish and Erick

I'm back, bitch!

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