

Shyheim

"The Rugged Onez"

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F/ June Lova, Prophet, Quasi

"Here comes the rugged one" --> CL Smooth 4X

[Prophet]

Well I'm that I'll shitty kid
They call the Prof Nitty kid
I'm one muthafuckin I'll crazy inner city kid
(What!) Step the fuck back then relax
Rough is on a full scale attack black
Huh, I'm packin a full metal jacket
A bat, 21 guns and a hatchet
What's that? Some I'll shit kid you can't match it
Don't even try to meet it cause you can't fuckin catch it
(Aww fuck!) Baby you're shit outta luck
Cause I'm crazy, maybe it's best that you duck
Got the shit I can't hide, some call it animos
It burns deep inside and that's how I get heated
When I see the likes of you that's the only time I need it
Remember last meetin, I left my knuckles bleedin
Now my palms are bloody cause I'm countin blood
money
That I rob from your man in the land of milk and honey
You can't do me none son when I smoke my Meth
I feel no pain, no death, so what the fuck is left
You see me meditate well then you see me in my home
Way deep inside my dome that's the place where I
roam
Where knowledge and the wisdom, understandin of
the lord
Is stored, if you're lured everybody grab your sword
If I live by the sword then I die by the sword
I'll die by the sword I swear to the fuckin lord
Cause I'm takin niggas out like you never saw
See my sword is my tongue that's how I get the job
done
I still grab my gun cause I'm a fuckin rugged one

Chorus 2X:

We came to rock (What)

We came to rip (What)

And with the rugged styles yo bust the way we flip it

[Shyheim]

Now here we go again another brother catchin heart
Ain't that some shit I gotta rip him apart
Too many MCs fake funk claimin raw
You better hit floors soon as I declare war
Comin straight at cha, better run quick from a click
That's sick with a bunch of lunatics
For those who slept I want your rep wanna bet
Today'll be your day of regret
Cause the Rugged Child is comin to town
To find a whole ground that can get beat down
Huh, how you like me now I get down for my crown
With a fat sound that shakes from the underground

[June Lova]

Bringin ruckus to a nigga, quick to pull the trigger real
fast
Try to test me, buck buck buck on that ass
I don't fake none
When I pull out I'm down to take one's life
I'm trife so watch what you say son
Just came from up north catchin flashbacks
Brothers doin that same old shit
I planned on chillin when I got home
But now it's like I'm all alone cause everybody's playin
Al Capone
No one to stay positive with
Everybody's sellin drugs and all that good shit
So I parlay on the forcin tip
The studio is where you'll find me just like back in 1990
But Joe, everywhere I go is like June how you been
Sorry I couldn't come to see you when you were in
Yeah, my man save all that bullshit
Cause if you really cared you wouldn'ta came to see a
nigga quit
Word is bond, that's how I kicked it
No disrespect intended, don't get offended
I had to learn the hard way that there is no friends
How many of us have them
When shit gets real everybody's on the run
So niggas watch a back, here I come, here I come

Chorus 4X

[Quasi]

It was a cold day in hell when they all heard the word
Everybody's eyes swelled and all the heads turned
It went "The I'll killer and the shitty Prof Nitty
Was fuckin blowin up spots all over the city"
And everybody cheered "There a party over here!"

Tryin to get our attention, but really need I mention
That my mind was set upon a most highest intention
For me to praise his name that's the reason why I came
That's the muthafuckin name so don't ask the same
question twice
Like who's the muthafuckin real Christ
I already told ya once I'm too fuckin nice
So I'll tell you again, it's Allah see who descend
From the root of David to the line of Solomon
All the way down to the muthafuckin end so uhh
You and your friends just get on down
I ain't talkin about dancin, face the fuckin ground
Hands upon your head kid do as I said
Kid it's too late you're dead, good fuckin riddance
And if I get bagged I'ma do the life sentence
So I'm out on a lam, don't tell em where I am
Even though I got the hearts and the smarts
To rip the shit to shambles
Just like the Huns and the vandals
Yo I'm the one more souped up than Campbells
Why? Cause I got the gats good and plenty
For the 1-2-2 you and the 120
So go and bring your crew if you wanna get done
By the true and the Wu, cause here come the rugged
onez

Chorus 4X

Sample 4X

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