

Bang Boogie

R.A. the Rugged Man

Hand on the Bible, gotta hide though from the five-o
Shut your piehole, get your eyes stole
Ain't no industry devil ever getting my soul
I be the belligerent militant until I die, yo
Be like '88 Bobby smash tender Roni's
I'm a master at mastering ceremonies
Hit the bitch with the bad weave 'til she can't breathe
In the garden of Eden I'm Adam, pimpslap Eve
You should win an award for real when you're rapping
Get a gold statue an Oscar for acting
Your ignorance limitless when you live in abyss
You looking like Cool J when he licking his lips
Lay in a bloody bath water when you're slitting your wrists
If it isn't a diss, bitch, then you get in ya ditch
I'll might put a bullet in the cop; bigot
White boy slam, dance mosh pit-ed
Rob your mama house to lock pick it
Lucked out if you thrown out; slit it
I'm the underdog Cinderella Man James Braddock
A pain addict, it ain't matter til your brain severed
I'll be kicking your dick untill your dick piss puss
I was given a gift like Kringle on Christmas
I'mma live my life, no consequences
Grab the barb wire, hop the fences
Indie rap fans, a lot are pretentious
Talk hip hop, but never got in the trenches
Bitch, ha

Bang, bang, boogie, the boogie, the beat