

# Golden Oldies

## R.A. the Rugged Man

[Chorus: Eamon]

I'm tryna show you old is golden  
It might be old but it ain't broken

[Verse 1: R.A. The Rugged Man]

Yo; are these supposed to be poems?  
I got poetry in my bones  
I come from broken homes, the era of rotary phones  
Put on some 80s R&B, with my chick, she's new  
She told me, "that's the same music that my dad would listen to"  
I don't know if I should be laughin' or stressin'  
My girl was born the same year Daddy Kane dropped "Half-Steppin'"  
We fight every day, there gotta be a better way  
I like guns and boxing and Peckinpah to get away  
She said she hates boxing compared to MMA  
She never heard of NWA, she only knows Em and Dre  
She said I'm primitive, politics today are more progressive  
She gets mad when I tell her that men shouldn't wear dresses  
While I'm cherishing my collection of every vinyl LP  
She's in the mirror with duck lips tryna take a selfie  
I'm raised on X Clan, Brand Nubian and Chuck D  
She was raised on Imagine Dragons and Arctic Monkey  
I'm not tryna dance to trap music or dubstep  
I'm the old man in the club with a headache upset  
She said, "your outdated slangs are gonna make me go crazy"  
I'm like, "Girl, I'm outta here, peace, ghost, Swayze!" Ha!

[Chorus]

I'm tryna show you old is golden  
It might be old but it ain't broken  
Lemonade was a popular drink and it still is  
And it still is (say what?)  
Lemonade was a popular drink and it still is  
And it still is

[Verse 2: Slug of Atmosphere]

I laid down for a nap first  
'N then I took the stage  
My back hurt, my skin looked like suede  
Used to get play in an earlier day  
But that was way before my soul patch turned grey  
Wanna live forever like Wu-Tang

And keep coming back like a boomerang  
I need somethin' to reduce the pain  
Repair my shoe game  
And maybe even learn to use the new slang (new slang)  
I'm tryna age like a bottle of grapes  
The vintage, no expiration date  
Just a Rhymesayers stamp on the bottom of the case  
Rinse your mouth with it, swallow the taste  
Ehh, I'm awfully rare, that's why they stop and stare  
And when I'm gone, pop a shot in the air  
But as long as you got me on my rockin' chair  
I'm still droppin' science in each thoughts I share

[Chorus]

I'm tryna show you old is golden  
It might be old but it ain't broken  
Lemonade was a popular drink and it still is  
And it still is (say what?)  
Lemonade was a popular drink and it still is  
And it still is

[Verse 3: R.A. The Rugged Man]  
They say I'm old-fashioned  
I say I'm grown and knowledgeable  
I'm hip-hop 'til I'm dead or rottin' in the hospital  
Rockin' the gospel like the son of God's apostles  
Even if they treat us like dinosaurs or forgotten fossils  
Some say I'm a troll and a grumpy old a-hole  
'Cause I prefer Kool Moe Dee and Melle Mel over J. Cole  
Age ain't a white-rappin' death sentence  
When I'm sixty, I'll have shaved eyebrows  
Wearin' 80s African pendants  
Spazzin' out like epileptics  
In the mirror, doin' the Kid 'n Play Kick Step to Salt-N-Pepa records  
Callin' groupies skeezers, never romantic  
Wearin' a gold rope chain holdin' my old man dick, so  
Don't discredit or disrespect the age  
I'll be the best of every decade 'til I'm dead in the grave, and  
Reagan was the Pres, but I voted for Shirley Chisholm  
Did you understand that lyric?  
You're too young, of course you didn't  
C'mon!