

The People's Champ

R.A. the Rugged Man

Hear ye, hear ye, yah
In this future of hip hop history
I'm here to bring out the people's champ
R.A. The Rugged Man

Put your hands up, tell 'em wild out
This is how we do it, we here to turn it out
Put your hands up, tell 'em wild out
This is how we do it, we here to turn it out

Yo, my flow reminiscwnt of a prime Grand Puba
My tongue sharper than the sword of the Japanese Yakuza
Beats always slamming like Dilla, like Ali was the man in Manilla
Man or gorilla, I'm a nicer striker than Anderson Silva
I'm conquering like Hannibal on the back of an elephant
I'm the best even if I'm pink and pale and I'm lacking in melanin
I've been a problem since my first birth date
In the delivery room my dick hit the ground
And it caused a earthquake
The school hallways I was pissing in
As a kid I was lacking in discipline
Ignoring authorities and never listening
I come from the slummiest of slum villages, killing evil
You come from a village of disco dancing; Village People
You other rappers I'm obliterating
My flow is the Michelangelo Sistine Chapel
You ain't even fingerpainting
Bitch, I'm swinging nunchucks and hitting you dumb fucks
And making you duck down like Ruck and Ruste Juxx
I'm eyeing you fat bitches and seeing which one fucks
I'm making the gun blust, I'm bringing the blood guts
Come on

I get it done for the (people, people)
I'm the champ, I'm the champ of the (people, people)
I bring home the title to the (people, people)
I'm the motherfucking champ of the (people, people)
I'm the motherfucking champ of the (people, people)

This isn't money and a Grammy and an Academy Award
This a brutal lyrical verbal version of Gatti and Ward
If I bust in your eye, it might blind ya
As a kid I was too hyper
Sniffing pancakes syrup from Aunt Jemima
Sip wine with Jesus, tell him I'm in a drunken stupor
Then I slap box God and sumo wrestle with Buddha
I ain't dumbing it down, I'm murdering and gunning it down
These others artists I'm above them even if I'm under the ground
A rapper with a Maybach or a car that my ass can't afford
I'll rip out the windshield and I'll shit on your dashboard
Don't make me laugh, young blood newcomer
Your mother was a crackhead
You a crack baby fresh out of the dumpster
Smacking ya, hurt ya, I murk ya, massacre mass murder
Blasting your ass, stashing the burner, the trash lurker
I'm worser than Rambo in Bhurma
I'm dumb in the head, I'm not a fast learner

The white boy version of Nat Turner
Come on

Tommy Hearns Marvelous Marvin Hagler with the vernacular
Bullets splattering through your kidney and flying out the back of ya
I'm shining like diamonds in Africa
I'm mathematical, scientific like Benjamin Banneker
Rowdier than riots in Attica
I got identity issues, it's self hatred, a pissed off
Wigga acting like I just stepped off of the slaveship
I kill any beat, murder any track
Mutilate the snare, rape the kick-drum and shit on the hi-hat
Come on

I let it rock for the (people, people)
I'm the champ, I'm the champ of the (people, people)
I really live for the (people, people)
I'll win it all for the (people, people)
That's what we are, we just (people, people)
I'm the champ, I'm the champ of the (people, people)