

## R.U.T.S.

Andy Mineo

This is all out of my control, really  
I got one job, make the flow silly  
Serve one God, it's my sole mission  
When I'm out of here, man, I won't miss it  
How that man went and sold fifty?  
Not one blogger even noticed him  
But they don't diss them, they just don't listen  
Oh I get it, they don't get it  
At the shows some blow sticky  
Some ladies even throw Vickie's  
But he stay pure, that's so Disney  
Shout Soulection, my bro's in it  
Out the rappers in this whole city  
Not one of y'all was ever gon' pick me  
So I picked the locks then came through the back doors  
Sold out shows and still got my soul with me, woo!  
Stranger things have happened  
And a white boy like me blackin'  
On a track I'm going bad again  
Got a baddie and she going Randy Savage (oh, yeah)  
All I know is that family matters  
All I know when I came in rappin'  
If you jack somebody else flow and style  
Then you gon get a black eye like "Panda"  
Put up or shut up, so what up, I'm here?  
I don't got nothing to fear  
I don't go one up my peers, I just been pushing myself  
I don't like cussin', but this one I swear  
When I start bustin' they shouldn't be near  
They never been accustomed to hearin' this custom-made flow  
They just copy the stuff that they hear  
Man, they always come up short  
I'm a sneaker connoisseur  
I been readin' Art of War  
Don't they see I got some more? (what else)  
Nuke the beat up for your boy  
I'ma need another four  
Before I leave it at the morgue  
Yeah, we winnin', but who keepin' score?

I'ma run up the score (run it up)  
Yeah, run up the score (run it up)  
I'ma run up the score  
I'ma need a few more  
I ain't talkin' 'bout twenty five, twenty five, twenty five, ay  
Thirty five, thirty five, thirty five, ay  
Can't stop, can't stop, gotta be great  
Ain't nobody safe  
I'ma run up the score (run it up)  
I'ma run up the score (run it up)  
Yeah, run up the score (tell 'em)  
I'ma need a few more  
I ain't talkin' 'bout twenty five, twenty five, twenty five, ay  
Thirty five, thirty five, thirty five, ay  
Can't stop, can't stop, gotta be great, ay  
Ain't nobody safe

I'ma run up the score (who runnin'?)  
I'ma run up the hills (who runnin'?)  
Yeah, in Hollywood (skeesh)  
Still kept it real (okay)  
That's how you feel? (true story)  
Oh, that's how you feel? (true story)  
We out there in the field like Holyfield  
MJ, Magic Johnson  
Michael Jordan, Michael Johnson  
Run the track, walk the score up  
Minor League, chart the border  
Where the tour? South of Florida  
Son of Mary, all glory  
Hail Mary on the fourth of forty  
After parties at the forty forty  
All the teachers wanna told my momma that boy too slow (sorry)  
So I came back around and hit them with the bacon, egg and cheese flow (true story)  
Harlem River, drive all the way back my seat go (skrtrt)  
Take the field, won't take a knee  
Ah, yeah you know

I'ma run up the score (run it up)  
Yeah, run up the score (run it up)  
I'ma run up the score  
I'ma need a few more  
I ain't talkin' 'bout twenty five, twenty five, twenty five, ay  
Thirty five, thirty five, thirty five, ay  
Can't stop, can't stop, let it be great, ay  
Ain't nobody safe  
I'ma run up the score (run it up)  
I'ma run up the score (run it up)  
Yeah run up the score  
I'ma need a few more  
I ain't talkin' 'bout twenty five, twenty five, twenty five, ay  
Thirty five, thirty five, thirty five, ay  
Can't stop, can't stop, let it be great, ay  
Ain't nobody safe  
Might run up the score

That was embarrassing  
No mercy  
He really ran the score up on that one  
Beam did it again  
Too much sauce!