

Casanova (Fly Guy)

R.A. the Rugged Man

Yo, yo
I'm the headliner, the first white pornographic rhymer
Banned local bar fighter
Hide your kids, pedophiler
Lowlifer, advise ya
I'm the world's illest rhyme writer
You play the background, like Casanova Rud
I'm a underground legend, slashing blood
TLC was talking bout me when they wrote No Scrubs
I'm the shit talking rapper all the dirty hoes love
These little white boy MC's trying to be like me
Whitey, the first white MC to be grimy
Back when Just-Ice was kicking that
Fuck shit ass bitch your mother's dick shit
That's when it all started
Walk down the street with a shotgun
Tucked in our jackets, trenchcoats
Look like Inspector Gadgets
"Look at that fat fuck over there
A ugly white dude with the big gut and shoulder hair
Look at the clothes he wear, barefoot
No shoes on, do even own a pair
Smell the odour over there"
Obvious, he don't care
He's a

Fly guy, hey oh
A fly guy, oh oh
(Casanova)
Oh, ouee, oh
A fly guy, oh oh (fly, fly)
He's so fly

It's the Port Jeff, Long Island house party
Open the door, see the White Trash Army
We sacrilegious, we port cap widows
Lizards, rip the bible
Write our own scriptures
Scripts kitsch fixtures, pussy lickers
Tongue blisters, the old school five-one-sixers
Opposite of winners, played slitchers
Hillbilly shit kickers, dick swing like Dirk Diggler
In case you not feeling me, do you think that I give a fuck?
You, you, you
Bitch, you can't front on the pussy, guaranteed that I still get to fuck
You, you, you
You should wise up
You're ignorant open your eyes up
Kidnap, tied up, gasoline, match, light up
You lied right up
Fuck your life up
Hate us?, You don't like us?
Join the club, sign up
I'm a

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I'm a has-been known for boasting and bragging
Babbling, battle rapping, battle me, imagine
Staggering, battering the soul
Low blow, beat your bladder in
Hammering your lips, Mick Jaggering
Imagine everlasting like Jimmy Dean 'n Marilyn
Gagging in your mouth, put the barrel in
Better be swallowing, when you're scared to be indicted
Or take the bullet and bite it
And write shit to make the whole world recite it
That's my final answer, I do a Cool J
And leave my drawers in your hamper
Rugged man stand for dirtiness
Dirty this, dirty dick shit
Dirty dick you can't piss with
Hit dirty bitch with shit
You get pistol whipped with spit shit
Licensed to ill, Beastie Boys
I'mma autograph on your bitch tit
Yeah, I'm that guy that you all hating on with that bullshit album
Everybody waiting on, I'm a

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