

# Chains

## R.A. the Rugged Man

Let it flow, deh-deh-duh (yeah) it's on (beh-deh-deh-deh)  
(Den-e-neh) on... (yo, aiyo)

Keep on knowin' what you know  
Keep on knowin' what you know  
End up, up, up, in chains, chains, chains

Back in '88, son was gettin' a little paper  
Caught a few stings, rocked the phat rope cables  
Pushed the white Mercury Sable, known for holdin' heat  
Pharoah garmer marks on his feet, serpents whisper  
You can smell the deceit, they greet me like peeps, to blend  
And try to befriend, to get up, underneath the skin  
My long wind'll blow ya head piece degrees  
Murder One Team, Barcelini Noodle had lean  
Microphone fiend, step into the rhythm  
This is how I'm servin' them, no need for medic attention  
I just murder them, murder them... pussy, I just murder them

I'm a dip-dip diverse, socializer  
I'm a hoof flat top rule, in eighty niner  
They say Rugged, by now, you should of at least blown  
It's funny, I'm mad famous for being unknown  
I'm just a dirty motherfucker, they hate my guts  
All I talk about is bitches, and bustin' nuts  
Yeah, I got a foul mouth, yeah, I cuss too much  
I'm just so Ricky Ricardo, ri-di-cu-lous  
And I ain't got no fly whip, I still ride the bus  
I got Mitch Blood Green on the scene with us  
Hospitable, hitable, cooler, than Jacob who criminal  
Miracle, lyrical, take every syllable literal  
Little riddle, profitable, visible, iritibal  
Little brittle, pitiful, for so through little, you tickle, you typical  
Yeah, I talk shit, I'm cocky with it  
It's hard for you to admit it, but I'm one of the best in it

My mind is haunted, filled with the extension of slaves that's torment  
Slow down my steps, one foot from the grave to con it  
Our young black males, they lick pon gate  
Son of the morning, roasted souls, tell Minister "come pray"  
It's gun trade inside of smokey apartments  
Flow process, one nine, two tech, four revolvers  
Coke overballing kettels, it's like we struck oil in the ghetto's  
We supply it to addict's, the devil work  
He practice, he's like a search backwards  
Til they throw that dirt in our casket, and that's it  
I live where the fiends are nothin', just a scene of the projects, similar t  
o  
Osama's  
An old man, at the top of the stairs, he just stare  
'cause his mind ain't there, victim of the war  
Polar signs, the times is near  
He drop the jewels, til you buy him a beer  
He said he was a linebacker for the Bears  
Said he did it all back, while he's dryin' his tear  
Yeah, it's that real shit, that made me  
That music from the '80's, the child's of the '70's

I live long til they bury me...