

# 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  
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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, scientifical 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)