

The Slayers Club

R.A. the Rugged Man

Yeah, when the devil come boy
The devil devil gon' come come smiling
Yo, what the f*ck these niggas talking about, man?
Yo R.A., love you brother, yeah

Same script, who come up outta the fold for ya?
Liveness, still outta control for ya
We home team, we gon' roll for ya
Marksmen, put 'em in a hole for ya
Yeah, yeah, put 'em in a hole for ya
Yeah, yeah, creep up on 'em slow for ya
Long range, boom! Let it go for ya
M.O.P., we put 'em in a hole for ya

This official pistol gang, Philly where we bang at
Pull up in the Bugatti and hit 'em where they hang at
There was no consideration where them bullets rang at
You was gettin' popped if you was hangin' where they slang at
Rugged Man is always wildin' out, boy trippin'
That's what you get for thinkin' you live like an audition
Bullets coming out of the blue like they called Griffin
Fuel injector, funeral director, the mortician

Y'all better fall back or get jaws cracked
All facts, I go to your skull, y'all softer than ballsacks
Pause, but say my force is the Fourth Horsemen, I'm all that
Splatter your organs, spread it on walls and call it a Rorschach
Guess the image is a butterfly, my fist is lightning, rain and thunder
I can snuff a guy and make him wish his mother died
And break anatomy, chemically causing casualties
Endlessly blow your brains out or shatter your memories

The living god that is held at the highest regard
With more sick entries than Whitney Houston's toxicology report
Who got top chart position in an image that's tricking the children
With a little litter that's some other bitter imbecile has written
But I'm spittin' raw voodoo
I saw through you like a woman in a wooden box
And I'm a magician, give you a face peel
Not the type you get from an aesthetician
I stomp your skull 'til it breaks with an ice skate
If y'all niggas is lit, then Chino's burned at the stake

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Strap the f*ck up, I just came out a coma
You better buckle up, we running niggas over
If I ain't throwin' shots, then I must've been sober

You ain't smoking sticky-icky, one hit'll choke ya

I'm sick with it, a mental patient psyche would admit it
Where crimes get committed and niggas get drug addicted
When niggas on Rikers be biddin', razors be getting spit in
Cut his face up, now he need stitches

I snatch purses, I piss in churches, I work the burners
In Lucifer's furnace, sip the blood of a virgin out of a thermos
I gun buck 'em, f*ck a fist, the Razor Ruddock cut a wrist
I cut 'em, gut 'em like a fish and let 'em lay in gutter piss
The bats, gats, battle ax make a back collapse
Slap a Democrat, pack a rat, smack crackers in MAGA hats
I rewind the time, put you in a dumpster aborted
I crush your skull into dust, chop it to powder and snort it

Bran-Br-Br-Brand Nubian (Once again!)
Br-Brand Nubian

Punks jump up to get beat down
I'll throw you in a f*ckin' trunk with your feet bound
Niggas want beef? Get your meat ground
NYC, this not a sweet town
Hear the crack of the bones and let the streets run red
Have you shackled in your home with the gun to your head
This is personal, it ain't shit about bread
Reversible skull when I'm splittin' that head

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Yeah, Iceberg, nigga
The Rugged Man made the call, I'm here
My niggas ain't Bloods, they straight Crippin'
My niggas ain't cool, they set trippin'
Thought it was a game, 'til you felt that hot lead
My gats ain't semi, they belt fed
Pop up at ya motherf*ckin' crib like god damn
Found out where you lived on your Instagram
25 cops at the crime scene
My niggas crash your pad like a SEAL Team
Burn motherf*cker, one syllable Ice
More whips than The Passion of Christ

Blam-bong, blam-bong, blood lies and alibis
Tell his mama reply before this turn into a homicide
Nigga, ante up the ransom (Come on!)
Tell that bitch to hurry up before I blam son
(Cause we) Do it all day (We) do it the hard way
(We) Do it the Brook-nam way, I'm talkin' broad day
(We) We be the M.O. (M.O.) MO-Ps
You already know my M.O. (M.O.) OGs
Bong!