

# Give It Up (feat. J-Live)

## R.A. the Rugged Man

(featuring J-Live)"Give it up! But - it's - just - no - use!"[Chorus: sample]

"Give it up! Oh Lord... give it all to you

I try, but - it's - just - no - use!"

[R.A. the Rugged Man]

Aiyo, give it up, rush you up, no fuss, blood rush

Cuss much, what's mine? You bust nuts, crunch crunch

Spark the bud, what's what, the white King Tut

Out in so-f\*\*k, look who they dug up, yup, it's the Rugged

On the record with J-Live, I could hardly believe this

I never thought I'd be rapping on no record with school teachers

Hair flinch from the eighties, library, lies bury

TV, tell lies visually, kid you wit me, hostility

Humility, hillbilly, gorilla, he mentally illy

Still is he, actually, really killed me, billy

All that stuff you heard about me, is probably true

Heard I got the AIDS virus, I probably do

Ammunition spitting is him, is it, you listening

Littering written, it's in slippers, get the rebel in him

Sticking it with sinners, sizzlin' rhythm, verbally hit him

Did he did it, or did he didn't, admit it

Pretend he ain't offended, the men and women

Every minute they in it, don't be

Every illiterate ignorant critical dissed it

Every idiot that ain't live it, they talking shit

I'm R.A. the Rugged Man, get off, my dick

[Chorus][J-Live]

Give it up, for the Gods & the Earths, ladies and gentleman

All the human families, the wicked can't stand me

The righteous man hands me the mic, it's uncanny how

One man's penalty's, is another man's boo-whore

The label pun's ironic, courtesy of this sport

Still can't stop a grown man, from pressing report

A free man can either be freedom or free label

When you spent, what you make, to keep making, you can't save

A damn thing, no savings, that's how life'll enslave ya

That's why I strive daily; to be my own savior

I know when shine glows and reflects in my behavior

So caught in between checks, I spilled it in respect

So give it up, if your mission's belittling my position

As a microphone physician, making you listen

Me and Rugged Man relate, through a previous poem

Like he said, I'm mad famous, for being unknown

On records for ten years, I can hardly believe it  
Never thought I'd be perceived, as just some rapping school teacher  
Just some dude, that can cut and rhyme, same time  
Just some conscious kid, that's try'nna save the world through rhyme  
Just another underground, hand-to-mouth microphonist  
Stop your mirror rap, just to stop you in your tracks  
This will stomp you on your track, justice is not just  
Another ordinary rapper, I'm the crown royal block  
With a velvet bag, matter of fact, and since the swagger is back  
And backed by, a whole nation of millions  
You can't hold me, my new floor is my old ceiling  
That's why I'm guaranteed, to leave you with something you lack, so just[Chorus]

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