

Chains (feat. Masta Killa & Killah Priest)

R.A. the Rugged Man

Keep on knowing what you know
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End up, up, up, in chains, chains, chains
Back in '88, son was getting a little paper
Caught a few stings, rocked the phat rope cables
Pushed the white Mercury Sable, known for holding heat
Ferragamo moc's 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 serving them, no need for medic attention
I just murder them, murder them, pussy, I just murder them
I'm a dip-dip diver, socializer
I'm a who flat top rule, in eighty niner
They say "Rugged, by now you should have 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 busting nuts
Yeah, I got a foul mouth, yeah, I cuss too much
I'm just so Ricky Ricardo, ridiculous
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 digable, criminal
Miracle, lyrical, take every syllable literal
It'll riddle, profitable, visible, iritibal
Little brittle pitiful fists will do little but 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
Sun of the morning roasted souls, tell Minister "come pray"
It's gun trade inside of smoky apartments
Flow process, one nine, two tech, four revolvers
Coke overboiling kettles, it's like we struck oil in the ghettos
We supply it to addicts, 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 nothing, just a scene of the projects, similar to
Osama's
An old man, at the top of the stairs, he just stare

Cuz 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 drying 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 me2 Follow Embed

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