

# Rude Bastard

M.O.P.

BAOW! Yup, yup yup  
Y-yo, y-yup yup yup...  
Gotta get it nigga  
Ay!... Yeah!  
You a legend nigga  
Nigga you are a LEGEND nigga, C'MON!

I know the pain, I know about hard times and all the sorrow  
I know the strip, I know the bricks, I know the hits  
That's the B.K. motto, been fly since a young boy  
Fresh to death on the resoups and lottos  
At the block party, Doug E. Fresh, "All the Way to Heaven"  
Gettin my weap-on (THEN) lead popped off  
Niggaz took flight like a 747 (and now)  
The block's locked off (if) a head's popped off  
Before I fuck around and get one slammed in my dome  
And they record it on a camera phone  
(FUCK THE WORLD!) Cause when y'all come for Fizzy  
I'm a tell his ass to holla back at me cause I'm busy (OH!)  
Done with all the hard times and fucked up livin  
I see the money bags and I'm on my way to get 'em  
Can't nuttin stop that from powder sale to prison  
Is you still down nigga? (HELL YEAH!) Then fuck with us

[Chorus: Lil' Fame]

They say that I'm a rude bastard, I left my manners at home  
You fucked up and left your hammers at home  
Ain't nobody stoppin my shine, we hit 'em like BRRRAP  
If niggaz get out of line, we hit 'em like BRRRAP  
So... so, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you  
You too, you too, fuck you, fuck... you

[Billy Danze:]

Damn, look they done stuck me in the Brown section, permanently  
Sayin that WE are the niggaz most likely to fail  
They had the whole shit (mapped out) they wanted me to (act out)  
Put obstacles in front of me hopin I wouldn't branch out  
Raised me in a crack house, persuaded me to back out  
Lash out, spaz out and blackout for nothin  
And lame fucks with stains with a pair of dirty vials  
Servin ass serpents with them devilish smiles  
I'm on to you; c'mon dawg, I'm hostile on a good day  
My only conversation is done in a HOOD way  
HOOD play HOOD pray to a whole different God  
While standin behind gates we got whole different odds  
Try to focus on your cards, a spade ain't a spade  
Now put your faith on your ace dependin on when it's played  
And when you come face to face, with homey with the blade  
You shoul'da cased the place, cause homey ain't afraid  
Old cutthroat-ass nigga, you need to be rewarded  
And when I say rewarded, I mean slaughtered and ordered to die  
Where you stand... can't do it your owns, well I'm here for you homes  
FUCK YOU

[Lil' Fame:]

So... so, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you  
You too, you too, fuck you, fuck... you

[Chorus]

["It's hurting me" repeats to fade]