Suffolk's Most Wanted (feat. R.A. The Rugged Man)

Diabolic

Calling all cars

We have an all-points bulletin out for two Caucasian males

The first, R.A. The Rugged Man

The second being, Diabolic

Wanted in connection with a series of bar fights

With outstanding warrants for: Public intoxication,

public urination, disorderly conduct

and generally just fucking up

Over

Yo, better than the best, making a head burst to the best experts
My worst verse is better than your best verse
Compared to me? I'm Rakim and you're Fred Durst
You're a snitch and betrayer, I'm the clip-sprayer
You're a bitch licking popsicles that are dick flavor
I've got a vengeance, I'll murder, leaving you dead and beheaded
I'm leaving more bodies than the 1918 influenza epidemic
Thought you was believing atheism and hating religion
And replacing 'religion' with 'patriotism'
I'm murdering and I'm mutilating any peg and a Mason
It's living, it's black, steal our chaos when I break into prison
The bloody ape is arisen I'm the creation of freebase
And in the streets when the police chasing
The track lubricated in Vaseline I'm beat-raping

Filthy rapper that's rapping in pack in the mid when I'm packing the pen
I'm massacring men, I'm hated by Buddhists, Baptists and Catholics and the pope of the Vatican
Hated by Satanist Hindus, hated by Madonna while she's following Kabbalah
I'll slap you up and slam you like Hogan versus Kamala whether Bush or Obama
It's a soap opera, I'm the embodiment of Cold Crush and Bambaataa

You dudes is feminine girly rappers, spitting bitch bars
That ain't spitting, that's your mouth having a vaginal discharge
I'm on a mission like Moses when he was headed to Pharaoh
And I'm more deadly than the murderous hands of Edwin Valero, come on
No one gives a fuck about these scumbags
In Suffolk County and we wear these colors proudly

Coppers need to up the bounty

If these suckers run their mouth we snap and act too fucking rowdy

(Suffolk County that's the place we live)

(Ain't nobody stopping this here)

(Suffolk County that's the place we live)

(You'll get your snotbox bust you press up on this)

Here's the plan, steal my brother's van and Drive it from the motherland with guns in hand And buck the fans it's summer jam, understand? But Rugged Man's up in there in a bathrobe and Underwear, chugging beer grabbing A fat bitch by her fucking hair yeah yeah Yeah yeah, we'll have them all running scared Jumping chairs till they trample every motherfucker there From the jungle where there's lions, tigers and a bunch of bears Oh my, most die but he's so high he doesn't care Was it fair? Probably not, Papi that's just poppycock I'm lifted like I'm Ivan Drago, Rocky's throwing body shots (Bah!) Karate chop some hottie's twat till it's Mollywhop Punani popping models running trains like a hobby shop (Choo choo) No lollipop, candy coating shit for cutie pies Groupie thighs are spread like GYNs and checking UTIs (Ew) I'll make a movie like Sun Doobie if the booty's fly

Suffolk's Most Wanted smoking loosies in a hoopy high Stupid, yours truly flying over the cuckoo's nest

Hungry like I'm out in Budapest chewing human flesh (Yum)

Moving through your set with the same Suffolk squad

Hustle hard, smack a juice head and jack his muscle car (Bitch)

Getting drunk in bars, breaking jaws where trouble starts

My train of thoughts stays on course, L-I double R A couple stars from Stony Brook to Huntington

Running in the spotlight, don't let these motherfuckers in

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Officer needs assistance, officer down!

Suspects last seen fleeing south on Route 110 in a stolen police cruiser with their middle fingers out the window screaming, "Fuck the police!"

Uh, uh, we- we lost them Uh, awh shit, we lost them Whereabouts unknown Ahhh, fuck

Lyrics provided by https://www.omusic.in/