

DAVE TOUGH

PRODUCTIONS

Outrageous Life

She said...

I was the son of Mac Miller n Big Poppa/
Rhyme hits like a double of some vodka/ shot!
Girl got on the bar, not a man said stop/
N she got down like I was down n she was on top/
Life of the crazy, gone n I'm hazy/
At party passing bottles, we're both gone n wasted/
Life of the famous, know my name/
N know I'm on just as soon as my shoes hit the pavement/

Life of the real, writer of the rhyme/
Master of the beat, ill fashion with the time/
Better known for the women I pass in a line/
Pick one out n cover her with fashion designs/
Life of the party, walk into a scene/
like John Gotti with eyes that are looking like Bob Marley/
They come in with a posse, they want on the Chronic/
tell um stay throwing prayers up to Haile Selassie/

Life of the raw, life of the ill/
Life of the man so life needa to chill/
Life to get a deal then life to get a mil/
so I can pay the bills so call that life of the real/

Don't you worry about a thing tonight/
Lay with me, I'll treat you right/
Talking dirty, girl, you talk so nice/
This is an outrageous life/

Mr. Outrageous, flow so sick/
The doctor put his mask on cause I'm contagious/
Call these songs hymns cause I'm not like them/
N everybody around is here to sing my praises/
I am the... witch doctor, flip the script proper/
Life of the man, rapper's Frank Sinatra/
From back in the day keeping the rhymes in my locker/
Between class to spitting it now a show stopper/

Known to cold clock a rapper with no backing/

So think twice if you wanna harass me.../
You think you got it on...but then you ask me/
What you were innovating, I was inventing it last week/
Life of the best, life of the king/
No crown is needed, just the shit I seen/
The shit I say n the tracks I write/
So to the rest of y'all, good luck n good night/

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It's like that...
Life of the young, life of the restless/
Life's a soap opera and I'm the director/
Life's a soap box, stand on it with objectives/
Raise the picket signs n change your direction
Life of the old, life of the tired/
Death before dishonor, death before retire/
Always on my work til I'm there on a gurney/
Or this whole shit stops n the world stops turning/

On it, do it till I'm dead cause/
I can't live as sheep, rather die a shepherd/
Say I'm on the rise, then put it on the record/
Now look into my eyes, no body does it better/
Written with a pen, we share a level of kinship/
Life of a writer, real, none invention/
Never write fiction, maybe just pretentious/
But at least you know the stories not invented/

It's that life of the raw, life of the ill/
It's that life of the man so life needa to chill/
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