

# Rah Digga, Clap Your Hands

Yo Yo Yo Yo  
Everybody  
Everybody  
Everybody

Now tell everybody how you came up with your name  
What was it like try'na get up in the game  
Dirty Harriet's the name saying anything goes  
Acting like you never seen a tomboy in dress clothes  
Like you run around splurging, deepen the excursion  
TV people pissed cause I spit the dirty version  
Now tell everybody what be going through your mind  
Up on the stage when you bout to bust a rhyme  
Seein' people on my left, seein' people on my right  
Every now and then you come across a fucked up mic  
Make sure they got water stay steady with the light  
And I rock it so tight, make the bitches start a fight  
Now tell everybody bout niggas in your camp  
How we be rolling, when we work and we lam  
Got Rock Sham Bus Ramp Spliff me six  
And another set of caps double that in the Bricks  
Some smoke, some drink, some battle just for kicks  
Some'll give your ass a Duffy just for try'na take flicks  
Now tell everybody what be going through your brains  
Celeb chick up in the rap game  
Smoke a rogie in a store getting tipsy on a plane  
Take a whole lot of money  
Fuck around and ride the train  
Say my voice too maley, can't understand me  
No album out superbitch won a Grammy

Chorus:

All the ladies in the place clap your hands  
All the fellas in the house clap your hands  
Everybody (Everybody)  
Everybody (Everybody)  
Say "Come on, bounce, come on, bounce" (Everybo-dy)  
Everybody (Everybody)  
Everybody (Everybody)  
Say "Come on, bounce, come on, bounce" (Everybo-dy)

Now tell everybody bout niggas on your block  
In New Jerus where the crime don't stop  
See a bunch of little niggas wearing scuffed up Tim's  
If his stash been tapped it was probably Juanes Mins  
Some like to shoot dice fuck around lose friends  
Some'll blow your brains out get you for your rims  
Now tell everybody bout bitches 'round the way  
Who like to hustle  
Lose scams everyday  
Type of chicks hit first  
Even let they kids curse  
Get a check every month  
Day job as a nurse  
I'm bumping out the crib playing scratch card numbers  
So I'ma get slick  
Evict they own man running  
Now tell everybody how we dipping in the stash  
Or with the swerve don't be spending no cash  
Drinking all type of goodies  
Sending heads on a run  
Everytime I pass a L

Here comes another one  
Now bitch got the munchies  
Making heads front me  
Dipping in the dro  
Niggas fuck around and jump me  
Now tell everybody how we keep it on lock  
Now where we headed when the block get hot  
Now we speeding on the Ave.  
Puffing on lots of gandas  
Pumping Jay shit  
Somebody got Nastradamus  
Kicking one-liners  
Car full of rhymers  
Dipping down the block when the cops get behind us  
Now tell everybody where you heard it all first  
Type of shit going into Digga verse  
Say intellect punch lines  
Kill 'em all one time  
Voice still crazy  
Even when I kick my fun rhymes  
Digga supreme  
Clientele like ghost faces  
Niggas have to go rewrite in most cases

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