

Rah Digga, What's Up Wit' That

Ha, once again
First and only female representin, yeah
Rah Digga comin through you know what I'm sayin
Uhh, uhh, uhh, yeah like what, what

Now I'ma tell it like it aint never been told
With the rhyme mechanism that boost me ten-fold
Spend dough in pubs, sayin no to scrubs
With the crisp deep voice I lace with overdubs
Now wassup, if by some haphazard
You see me in Rolling Stone or down the rapmaster
Up in the slot where you used to rock
Your shit suddenly drop and like Wall Street stop

Now, the part that thrill me, what's up with that
Cats that didn't wanna feel me, yo, what's up with that
Ha ha ha ha that's fine, that's funny
Now they ass catching bricks like the fuckin crash dummies

I'm makin hits like the oldies, what's up wit that
Cats be frontin like they know me, yo, what's up wit that
You gon say what's up and I'ma say nothin strangers
My interest strictly record sales and tunnel bangers

Cuz that's how shit be, what's up wit that
The Rah D I G, yo what's up wit that
I'm writin rhymes lovely, what's up wit that
And how I rep Jersey, yo what's up wit that
I wreck shop crazy, what's up wit that
And radio plays me, yo
You gon say what's up and I'ma say nothin strangers
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Verse dentin, worse than armageddon
Worse than them kids runnin around bomb settin
Mind threatenin, like a couple hits of mescaline
Comin up with documents to cover the embezzlin
Educated, rhymes pre-meditated
Over niggas heads while they out percolatin
Spot datin, block money I could take in
Drops on the box like I was ovulatin

Now, for all the cats wildin, what's up wit that
You best better throw your towel in, yo, what's up wit that
Cuz the real rap bitch that step foot on the scene
Will put a rapper on his ass like warm milk and Ovaltine
Yeah, yeah, now what you done lately, what's up wit that
And now you wanna hate me, yo what's up wit that
Sweetest person, and I'm still the grimy queen
Wit a half ounce of goodie stashed in my Tommy Jeans

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In '99 baby hold your stuff
I be that seventh sign wit no more souls in the guff
Focus your attention as I make my mark
Cuz I get the party jumpin like your hoopty won't start

Got a bad attitude and a worse disposition
Corny niggas get the boot, for endangerin the mission
Believe all you rap specimens, need to proofread my rap reference
'Fore you're left hangin from your vest
Definitely, gettin severance pay
While my joint moves 20,000 units every day
Official, ever since an itty bitty youngun
Before the first kiss when I didn't put my tongue in

Now, I'm kickin all type of lingo, what's up wit that
I make the shit into a single, ha, what's up wit that
You gon say what's up and I'ma say nothin papi
Go cop my shit, because you can't get a copy
Cuz that's how shit be, what's up wit that
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And radio plays me, yo what's up wit that
You gon say what's up and I'ma say nothin chico
I hold shit down for all my rhyme writin people
Cuz that's how shit be, the Rah D I G
I'm writin rhymes lovely, and how I rep Jersey