

Rah Digga, What They Call Me

"One two" "Rah Digga"
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(Rah Digga)

For starters, peace to all the martyrs, and all the pioneers
Cheers!

Here's to a new breed of broad, yeah we like it raw!

Comin to the floor, I be next to rep like Al Gore

(Look) Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane

Nope, honey from the Bricks, ya'll familiar wit the name

I be worse than any Alien, Predator or Relic

Witch from the east nigga, tell em how to spell it

(Chorus) 4x

The R-the A-the H-the D-the I-the G-the G-the A (Come again!)

(Rah Digga)

I'm primetime, you a local on cable

I battle you on yo' shit and then waste your label

Hit you wit heat sweeter than vanilla candy

Flip it type wicked like Cinderella family

(For what) For tryin to step to a Rah situation

Less rhymin years, less formal education

Gettin less spins than a BBS

Less hype in the streets and you writin even less

(Now you ain't fresh) MC's goin crazy

(Nah, you ain't a fresh) Ya'll could never out-blaze me

Less knowhow, more hoe now

Stay up out of grown folks biz 'fore I show you what broke is

Yappin all day bout who crew the best

Take a few deep breaths, puff the buddha cess

Continue to bless any track that come this way

Nine nigga nine nigga, I'm that itchbe

Chorus 4x

"Niggas" "Do you think" (Rah Digga)

"Flipmode" (Busta Rhymes)

"Digga on the track" (Rah)

"Words worth a million" (Jay-Z)

"Represent" (Biggie) "Yo" (Prodigy)

"Strike-strike hard" (Canibus)

(Rah Digga)

Peace to my peeps, from Jerz to Manhattan

Bitches on the threeway chit-chattin in pig Latin

Heads is vexed now, all the 'dro gone

Waitin and debatin for some niggas to roll on

(Come on) The kind of heads take the ghetto approach

Hard foul the opposition or strangle the coach

I be stashin marijuanna in my Dolce & Gabana

Dead em like gamma, if they don't have no manners

Call the dopest MC my little junior

Playin the game and be a coach like Tuna

Mad, what I say go, B-girl original

Boy Wonder, Chocolate latte (Hooo!)

What the chicks say, hoes might oppose

But most chicks happy I can rock without takin off my clothes

And all the niggas say "Damn, this bitch is tight

Ain't heard a broad rip like that since MC Lyte" (Come on)

Chorus 8x

