

Rah Digga, Harriet Thugman

Rah Digga

The Harriet Tubman of hip hop has returned baby
C'mon!

(Verse 1)

I be that bitch niggas wantin in the lab
Rhymes comin, rhymes goin like I was a dollar cab
Fingerin the man tryin to tap into his feelings
A misguided soul so aint checkin for the lyrics
Many different players, only one hold the ball
Ghetto fabulous chick, go against the protocol
With the grittiest lingo, still such a little sweetheart
Book educated with a whole lotta street smarts
Follow me now, as I build my fanbases
Makin rappers worry like they got open cases
Harriet Thugman, y'all can see shit through
Like a whole world of people wait for Episode Two
I be the rap purist, the walking hip hop thesaurus
The innovator, spawned from Libra and Taurus
Do away cats with the same ol' whack
Lead a nation up north where the real party at
A place where we spray when our asses get older
No shots in the choke, no gettin pulled over
A place where graffiti aint considered a crime
And your favorite underrated MC's is primetime
A land good and fruitful, where lyrics free people
Black presidents, and all the weed legal
No rich or poor, we break bread and drink merry
Smoke a little Mary for the real visionaries