

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 marijuana 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

