

Rah Digga f/ Ghostface Killah

"Album Intro"

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[Intro: Rah Digga] Whoo, Yes Ladies and gentlemen, (D-I) Yall know my name, (Dirty Harriet) Digga Digga, (How serious) I'd like (D-I) to shout out my manager Ace Lentz, (This album is) Let's do this, Megahertz, (2000, D-I) Flipmode Squad, Busta Rhymes Outsidadz reppin the bricks Nobody on the track. (D-I) [Rah Digga] Yo, When I step in the booth, Flip ugly and I loose all couth Dig-ga be-have Maintained the streets, Next journey still with the same peeps Dig-ga be brave Ima do this son, Dirty Harriet number one, (Come on) Dig-ga we straight Got somethin for you and you and you, Man what's my name yo, (D-I) G-G-A As we start round two, Next rhyme might be about you Hope you never see the light, Like Juwana Man 2 I'm still makin sure, All my rhymes is tight Tell you that from day one like they tell us God is white Imperial chick from Brick City, Doin a buck fifty Rollin around in trucks strictly When it's time to break fools, My rhyme styles dagger Tare you down worse then the O'Riley factor Do it for my sake, I dare yall to try me Burn yall up the ass like cancer in the prostate Best in the tri-state, Perhaps in the country Headline with no album, That's how bad niggas want me Might be a little raw, For the average broad Don't worry baby girl, I got somethin for yall as well Do tell, Cause everything's a story It's your favorite little grimey, But my name aint NORE [Ghostface Killah] It wasn't the way she rapped, It was a talent God gave it a she brought it back Tell Bust I said peace Flipmode flip dough, Zip codes, Go back home on skid row Niggas don't like Tone Or you digga, Handle they bitch and I'll get the nigga Develop that into a real picture, Click Niggas get that shit, I don't play that shit I concentrate on hits, Not that BET Nigga bodies or an ill album, Or a song for them ill mommies I swear I will dot theses niggas the fuck out Get to cussin and cuttin, These corny cocksuckers better stop frontin Word, Blow yall niggas for damn near nothin We-Got, Yo let them things pop, We got the mean darts Cheese-Blocks, We the welfare babies with the dark brown birth marks Don't get your assed up, Fuck that Ghost and Rah Digga, Taxin niggas, We aint cuttin back so Please-

Stop, Theodore and Flipmode will invade your whole spot

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