## Blancmang "Dig a Bigga Ditch"

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eh yo! creep with the t double-e from flint this crazy mother fucker that's always been fuckin' up as i bust shots and lots of clips and, breakin' these niggaz down fo' they shit see, i give a fuck about a bitch, switch

nigga figgaz he's bigga, dig a bigga ditch

which, won't take too much time so this stupid mother fucker can't drop the dime i'm, back to the street (with what nigga) with gangster shit and dope beats t double-e's fin to get my cash on so i get my blast on grab my clip and dash home so it's on in the city where i slide forget about the troubles and get nine to five and get high chillin' with the dfc and i got nineteen niggaz behind me ready to get busy who is he i'm making it plain so you stupid mother fuckers won't forget my name it's like, murder, murder, and movin' up on my hits and always keep a nine up on my side and fuck that bullshit

nigga figgaz he's bigga, dig a bigga ditch (bitch) nigga figgaz he's bigga, dig a bigga ditch (bitch) nigga figgaz he's bigga, dig a bigga ditch (bitch) nigga figgaz he's bigga, dig a bigga ditch

peep, i'm representin' to you, snipin' my nigga tee don't give no fuck about a fight it's the one, two, three, ghetto life sound boom, boom, boom, they all fall down

now here's a little story about a nigga on the run never leaves the pound without packing a gun paranoid, unemployed, but making bank strapped, standing up on the corner slangin' dank

it's the dfc, in the c-i-t, y f-l-i-n-t, i take these niggaz on the warpath poppin' em, stoppin' em, drop em in the bloodbath

niggaz got to clown
so, every since i got back i've been puttin' it down
and straight fuckin' up shit
and it don't quit
now i'm the mother fucker tellin' you to get to dig
beyyatch!!
this is fo the husler's yo
capone with the light skin, tone with the flow
here we go, check one, two with this
dick in yo mouth as we do it like this beyyatch!

straight bumpin' in the '68 chevrolet impala bitches wanna follow, swallow deez mother fucking nuts!!!

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i'm starin' at the corner in my room at night i picks up the pen so i make my shit tight and i write, daily to keep my rhymes dope and big man's think that can hang when i quote choke ho's as i cough those with lots of dick to, let 'em know i'm down fo my shit yo ho, ass i might blast but first i want yo cash then yo bitch, no switch what it is, twitch no i don't want vo bitch cuz bitches ain't shit but mother fucking ho's and tricks roll where the streets meet at where hood meets hood, with bat 'n strap ready to peel a cap and rat tat tat tat goes the nine in the c-i-t-y where i slide i break a mother fucker when i gots to with my glock too many niggaz ball and make it hot to stop, and grab your cock and pop

and do the wok
we cop thirty six and slang dope on our block
and keep a down bitch in yo corner
and if you disrespect then fuck nigga you's a gonna

nigga figgaz he's bigga, dig a bigga ditch (bitch) nigga figgaz he's bigga, dig a bigga ditch nigga figgaz he's bigga, dig a bigga ditch (bitch)

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