

## Ragnarok

### "Tight"

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Intro:

Ah damn, Digga gone done and did a remix. What you gonna do now partner?

(laughs)

(Monch)

Yes it the selectable messages, hard,  
Mammary glands, necklaces, breasts'es, large  
Camrys, Lands, Lexuses  
Executive suits, forget about the exodus  
Consecutive beats, narrated without the negative  
??? cracking, cause we can make it, happen  
We're gone quick, tell a friend "ohhh shit"  
Intelligent rap fiend with relevant rhyme flow,  
Benevolent, from beneath the sediment  
With no speech impediment  
Impeach the President?  
I don't know, I'm hesitant  
When I step through, you know I rep the medicine  
Perfect poetry, peddling word flows, you meddling  
In my business? That's when I got to jettison  
The nigga with the big balls  
Girls wanna maul me  
Drop jewels like you was jewelers with cerebral palsy  
My road dogs explode on, Flipmode flip men  
Spit in a nigga water like, Ms. Jane Pittman.

(Rah Digga)

Now, who we be writing rhymes all night?

(Monch)

Pharoahe Moch in the house and my plans is tight!

(Rah Digga)

Now, who we got next on the mic?

Rah Digga in the house and my plans is tight!

(Rah Digga)

A black queen

You best believe I stack cream for the nine-niggy-nine

Everytime Diggy rhyme

Like a thousand motherfuckers going "yes yes y'all"

Make em scramble like a stabbing up in the mess hall

Tighter than pumps on fat ladies  
Flows like the liquid in the IVs stuck in crack babies  
Preproduction, stay booming in my tenant  
On your radio tighter than the sweats on Richard  
Simmons  
Rah-D-I, going for dolo like I'm Coko  
One the lo-lo, spending my show dough in Soho  
Tight, lyrical pro yo, verbal style linguist  
Like Q or the Genius, speak a little broken english  
Get Backstreet money, tax free money  
Clak-clak any fool try to jack me money  
Lick proper, ain't no other chick hotter  
Voice alone scare your ass to death like Stigmata

(Rah Digga)

Now, who be writing rhymes all night?  
Rah Digga in the house and my plans is tight!  
Who we got next on the mic?  
(Lord Have Mercy)  
Lord Have in the house and my plans is tight!

(Lord Have Mercy)

King of my castle  
Shanghai, swinging my lasso  
In each hood, and stay unforgiven  
Like Eastwood  
Quick shooter, long clip, Ruger  
Villain in trench coats  
Walk the evil that men spoke  
Creep on your kin-folk  
Invent flows that sweep the streets often  
Stone cold like Steve Austin indeed, also  
The all city, the raw, gritty  
Landlord banned from TV in large cities, nigga slay a  
squad  
Pray to God I'm just Rated R  
When I pickle hearts in labeled jars  
Spit fatal bars  
Tally-ho, tally-ho I murder a cameo  
Rapid fire like a callico, scatter foes  
Trapped and dying, Federale homes, battle zones  
Shined in alleys, chromed, East Coast to Cali homes  
Laying down 'fore them federals get me  
Got hits while you cath bricks like I'm Reginald Deny

(Rah Digga)

Now, who be writing rhymes all night?  
Rah Digga in the house and my plans is tight!  
Peace to the ones that don't bite!  
Lord Have in the house in the plans is tight!  
Now, who be writing rhymes all night?

Pharoahe Moch in the house and the plans is tight!  
Peace to the ones that don't bite!  
Flipmode in the house in the plans is tight!

(Outro)

That's right ya'll, Tight Remix. Featuring Ph-ph-ph-ph-  
pharoahe  
M-m-m-m-monch, Lord Have Mercy, and the first and  
only female of the Flipmode  
Squad, Rah Digga. Everytime I learn the words to a  
song, somebody make a  
Remix...

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