

Rah Digga

"Do the Ladies Run This"

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Do the ladies run this motherfucker?

(Hell yeah)

Do the ladies run this motherfucker?

(Hell yeah)

Put it down for the bitches all across the map

All the real live bitches all across the map

Go ahead, go ahead, go ahead, go ahead

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, I'm on the roll like butter

Flow gutter, fuck what a bitch going through

Do or die is what you gon' do

I warn you it's gonna get you and your guys killed

With my skills stay on your toes like high heels

And handle bars like bikes 'bout to blow like innertubes

See me in the tube in the views to interludes

Never see me in the nude, Blade gon' bend the rules

Lock the street coming through with more rocks than

Pete

I'm into jewels I will not repeat

Y'all obsolete, Sonya Blade y'all

It's murder when they drop the beat

I spit it once, I'm hungry spit at lunch

One take, I hate boxes so I don't punch

I got a hunch, y'all figure, y'all gon' stop my figgas

Get on some rah-rah with Eve and Rah Digga

But these my niggas so please my niggas

Stop the Blade from where you don't know nann nigga

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Yo, yo now why y'all wanna make me get raw

This bitch gon' split ya, get tha picture

Call yourselves emcees, titles don't even fit ya

How they gonna stop us Digga?

Tryna shine, the rest of them bitches
Is past tense and out of time
'Cause my time line consists of many dreams
shattered
Trying to run up with two ryders deep as if it mattered

When real bitches get to rockin', heads knockin'
All dem chickens in their coupe gon do is get to
squawkin'
All the hating do is feed my temper, let me live
Ice grillin' eyein' my clothes, I'm eyein' the crib
E V E spell it out when you speak about her
The only one out the bunch to hate
The rest gon' crowd around her

Majority rules, it's our time, back the fuck up
'Cause the shit you sayin' out your mouth
Make me crack the fuck up
Laugh hard 'cause we pass y'all so dash broad
Lay my shit by myself in the booth
While y'all need flash cards

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Yeah, check it out now, like that y'all
Watch me sink three points
Smash your whole LP with just my lead joint
It's the rhyme super bitch gon' stay forever wildin'
Smooth with the pen, Shakespeare, Edgar Allen
Hot chick, catastrophic, blast the hot shit

Your whole verse whack and bare no facts or logic
Smash your clique in, y'all niggas only heard tidbits
I put that on Gabana every rhyme I done spitted
One two, one two, your whole crew I dismantle
Rock fly gear and stay clear of sex scandals
With drogues to spark wait for shows to start

My put my niggas down if they know their parts
Caramel give 'em hell from Bricks to Anadel
Rappers tryna compete get ate like Samuel
By a sister who twist a few L's rip it dually
The song say It Ain't My Fault like Mystikal

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