

## **Rah Digga "Untitled (2)"**

Visit "[Untitled \(2\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus:

I got what you want  
I got what you need  
Rep chicks on the strip  
Rep thugs on the street  
I got what you want  
I got what you need  
Rep chicks on the strip  
Rep thugs on the street

Verse 1:

Digga Digga  
First name Rashia  
Rock the mic crazy  
Wouldn't wanna be ya  
Had a nice wing since my early teens  
Now I'm grown rocking microphones  
Sin! Sin!  
Said I learned new ways  
Gotta thank God for my chance to blaze  
Next album gonna see a fat healthy raise  
And he make mistakes  
Say That's The Brakes (That's The Brakes)  
True  
Hit 'em with the (Wooo!)  
Fine young woman now  
Long time coming now (Coming now)  
Thank the fans for they love and affection  
Heard me with the Fugees  
Still ain't making a connection  
Fulfill my destiny wasn't nothing y'all could tell me  
Ripping down the stage with a baby in my belly  
Adding up to math  
Applying everything I learned  
While a dummy kept going on tour and get burned  
See

Chorus:

I got what you want  
I got what you need  
Rep chicks on the strength  
Rep thugs on the street  
East Coast y'all  
Handle your B.I.

West Coast y'all  
Handle your B.I.  
Dirty South y'all  
Handle B.I.  
Up top y'all  
Handle your B.I.  
Verse 2:  
Now make way for a sister little feisty foul mouth  
Say what's that all about (bout bout)  
It's about one two three four five for the rating  
A penny for the hating  
Y'all know my ways  
Staying up in the game of this MC craze  
Kind of wonder what if I'd of dropped back in the days  
Say  
Rhymes I toss it  
Taking no losses  
Let management tell you who your new boss is  
People stay repping up on the West Coast  
Word is bond to my flow  
Y'all got the best 'dro  
Ain't seen nothing like it  
Ain't bring nothing like it  
If my rhymes strike a nerve  
Ain't mean nothing by it  
Dirty Harriet!  
And I be stepping to the left  
You bust for Diablo  
I still bust for UCEF  
Try'na see me on the MC tip  
Now child please  
Vocab for years  
And freak enough stylees  
Swing!  
Rep the thing for my Hip-Hop brothers  
Take care of them before I take care of others  
Juice Crew, Rakim, Prince  
Big influence  
You saying I'm the dopest  
But I already knew this  
Say one check two check  
Everywhere check check  
Check for me  
We haven't ever even met yet  
Gotta thank God  
I said I gotta thank God I could look this fly and rock it  
this hard  
Chorus:  
I got what you want  
I got what you need  
Rep chicks on the strength

Rep thugs on the street  
East Coast y'all  
Handle your B.I.  
West Coast y'all  
Handle your B.I.  
Dirty South y'all  
Handle B.I.  
Up top y'all  
Handle your B.I.  
I got what you want  
I got what you need  
Rep chicks on the strength  
Rep thugs on the street  
East Coast y'all  
Handle your B.I.  
West Coast y'all  
Handle your B.I.  
Dirty South y'all  
Handle B.I.  
Up top y'all  
Handle your B.I.

Visit [Rah Digga](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.