

Jah Division

"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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