

Imperial

Rah Digga

Chorus: Rah Digga

Flipmode the Imperial

You know you love it when you hear us on the radio
Go cop the joint and play the shit up in your stereo
Or in the streets up in your Jeeps or in the disco
And if you want the fly shit, my nigga here we go
You know it's Digga lookin pretty in the video
With Bus-a-Bus up in the cut but you don't hear me though
Just when you think we done we hit y'all we got plenty mo'
Blow!

(Rah Digga)

It be's the little mama, lip gloss and eyeliner
The only shit poppin like White Castle or the Donna
Rah Digga make the joints that the DJs blast
Ghetto diva in the Source with the 3 page ad
Watch as the hood rat messiah climb swiftly
Labels scarred to death to let their artist bomb with me
Cause you can send your thuggest MC and watch me son 'em
The ruggedest bitch, don't even rhyme about gunnin
Got joints circulating like them old karate flicks
Buncha Rah Digga shirts on some big body chicks
Throw my shit in your hoopty or your luxury trucks
And make the quickest turn around like 'dro for 20 bucks
And I'll still be the greatest if this rap shit fail me
Back to jackin bootleg flicks from out the deli
Livin off the interest
Sippin on Tequila with my logo on the side of fuckin 18 wheelers

Chorus

(Busta Rhymes)

Ay yo yo yo

Raze and dazzle niggas like ya'll
Spread niggas like you and dismantle niggas like y'all
I got the thing that'll majorly handle niggas like y'all
Fight y'all, bust a semi and cancel niggas like y'all
I know some joke niggas who love to hassle niggas like y'all
Talk, and fix and simply dance on niggas like y'all
Trample niggas like y'all
Make examples outta niggas like y'all

Grit

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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