

Tight

Rah Digga

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 koko

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

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