

Harriet Thugman

Rah Digga

Rah Digga
The Harriet Thugman of hip hop has returned baby
C'mon

I be that bitch niggas wantin' in the lab
Rhymes comin', rhymes goin' like I was a dollar cab
Fingerin' the man tryin' to tap into his feelings
A misguided soul so ain't checkin' for the lyrics

Many different players, only one hold the ball
Ghetto fabulous chick, go against the protocol
With the grittiest lingo, still such a little sweetheart
Book educated with a whole lotta street smarts

Follow me now, as I build my fanbases
Makin' rappers worry like they got open cases
Harriet Thugman, ya'll can see shit through
Like a whole world of people wait for Episode Two

I be the rap purist, the walking hip hop thesaurus
The innovator, spawned from Libra and Taurus
Do away cats with the same ol' whack
Lead a nation up north where the real party at

A place where we spray when our asses get older
No shots in the choke, no gettin' pulled over
A place where graffiti ain't considered a crime
And your favorite underrated MC's is prime time

A land good and fruitful, where lyrics free people
Black presidents, and all the weed legal
No rich or poor, we break bread and drink merry
Smoke a little Mary for the real visionaries