

# Harriet Thugman

Rah Digga

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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