

# What They Call Me

Rah Digga

"One two" "Rah Digga"  
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[Rah Digga]

For starters, peace to all the martyrs, and all the pioneers  
Cheers!

Here's to a new breed of broad, yeah we like it raw!  
Comin to the floor, I be next to rep like Al Gore  
(Look) Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane  
Nope, honey from the Bricks, ya'll familiar wit the name  
I be worse than any Alien, Predator or Relic  
Witch from the east nigga, tell em how to spell it

[Chorus] 4x

The R-the A-the H-the D-the I-the G-the G-the A (Come again!)

[Rah Digga]

I'm primetime, you a local on cable  
I battle you on yo' shit and then waste your label  
Hit you wit heat sweeter than vanilla candy  
Flip it type wicked like Cinderella family  
(For what) For tryin to step to a Rah situation  
Less rhyming years, less formal education  
Gettin less spins than a BBS  
Less hype in the streets and you writin even less  
(Now you ain't fresh) MC's goin crazy  
(Nah, you ain't a fresh) Ya'll could never out-blaze me  
Less knowhow, more hoe now  
Stay up out of grown folks biz 'fore I show you what broke is  
Yappin all day bout who crew the best  
Take a few deep breaths, puff the buddha cess  
Continue to bless any track that come this way  
Nine nigga nine nigga, I'm that itchbe

Chorus 4x

"Niggas" "Do you think" [Rah Digga]  
"Flipmode" [Busta Rhymes]  
"Digga on the track" [Rah]  
"Words worth a million" [Jay-Z]  
"Represent" [Biggie] "Yo" [Prodigy]  
"Strike-strike hard" [Canibus]

[Rah Digga]

Peace to my peeps, from Jerz to Manhattan  
Bitches on the threeway chit-chattin in pig Latin  
Heads is vexed now, all the 'dro gone  
Waitin and debatin for some niggas to roll on  
(Come on) The kind of heads take the ghetto approach  
Hard foul the opposition or strangle the coach  
I be stashin marijuanna in my Dolce & Gabana  
Dead em like gamma, if they don't have no manners  
Call the dopest MC my little junior  
Playin the game and be a coach like Tuna  
Mad, what I say go, B-girl original

Boy Wonder, Chocolate latte (Hooo!)  
What the chicks say, hoes might oppose  
But most chicks happy I can rock without takin off my clothes  
And all the niggas say "Damn, this bitch is tight  
Ain't heard a broad rip like that since MC Lyte" (Come on)

Chorus 8x