

# Rah Digga, Imperial

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

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 their teeth and cock the hammer up inside the dance hall  
Thugs, here's another sample for niggas like ya'll  
Or for the ones who pass and light a roman candle for niggas like y'all  
Fight for niggas like y'all  
Grad the mic from motherfuckers like y'all  
Blow the spot in the night for all my niggas like y'all  
My get high niggas, I blaze for niggas like y'all  
Stink the spot up with 'dro now spray the fuckin Lysol  
You know we be the ultimate  
We fuckin with some other shit  
And when we hit y'all  
Yes, we sit and watch ya'll niggas ride the dick

Chorus

(Busta Rhymes)

A'yo, clap and slap up a nigga for talkin lotsa wack shit  
While I roll around with the Harriet Thugman of this rap shit

(Rah Digga)

Black chick, with intellect, who wanna match wits?  
Write my own rhymes so can't no nigga tell me jack shit

(Busta Rhymes)  
Master shit, Flipmode exclusive across the map and shit  
Presenting the first lady of the squad so give me dap and shit

(Rah Digga)  
Sayin' peace when you see me, play the role like Ally Sheedy  
And I ain't gon' join ya ciphers if the weed's too seedy

(Busta Rhymes)  
Yo, make sure you see what we doing now, put on your binoculars  
Then I gas ya like a paid latino down at Banco Popular

(Rah Digga)  
Rah Digga underground and gon' always blow the spot for ya  
Longest runnin shit since the phantom of the opera

(Busta Rhymes)  
Bus-a-Bus, going down as one of the greatest spoken philosophers  
Holding a 12-shot semi with a little red dot for ya

(Rah Digga)  
First and only female unmatched by anyone  
Rip it from old school to the next millenium

Chorus