

Rah Digga, Just For You

(feat. Flipmode Squad)

1-

All my niggas y'all, Flipmode y'all
Flipmode y'all, hardcore y'all, raw shit y'all
Hardcore y'all, Flipmode y'all
For my bitches y'all, all my bitches y'all
Flipmode y'all, Flipmode y'all
Hardcore y'all, raw shit y'all
Hardcore y'all, Flipmode y'all

(Spliff Star)

Never judge a nigga like the cover of a book
Fuck around and get shot back of the foot
Nigga fall, stumble and look, nervous and shook
Dragged in the alley and book and beat down to a pulp

(Rocky Marciano)

Shot up my cops, Dirty Harry
You stickin me is like niggas fuckin the virgin Mary

(Busta Rhymes)

Shit we carry, will have you found layin down somewhere damp and muddy
Split your tummy, puncture your kidney and make you piss bloody
So now I leave your body to rott
Where bitches sell they pussy for rock
Cook they coke in steamin water boil in a pot

(Baby Sham)

Do you know niggas like us that clutter they watch
Invest in yo' block, like it or not, involvin your pops

(Rampage)

You messin wit a rhyme surgeon
Trade the GS for the Excursion, heads is turning
Flipmode we still mergin

(Rah Digga)

Now we splurgin in Suburbans
Dirty Harriet rock the camouflage turbans
Said one for the money and two for mic check
And spit a million rhymin words in 240 seconds

(Lord Have Mercy)

Get three to get your bitch neck, and four to even the score
Graveyard shift it's best that y'all believe in the law

(Rocky Marciano)

Flipmode like Mary Lou Retton
Suede ballie, shoe steppin do the best that I can can
Like Pointer Sisters, who could join the wizard?

(Busta Rhymes)

Talkin outta place I pick the knife up and cut the tongue
Right outta your mouth and fuck your life up

1- repeats in background

HOOK:

This for my niggas, y'all come get wit us
More raw hardcore shit just for you
YOU, you, YOU, you, YOU, you, YOU
This for my sistas, we know y'all miss us
Flipmode got raw shit just for you
YOU, you, YOU, you, YOU, you, YOU

(Rampage)

Before all the plaques and the source awards
Y'all niggas wanna dick ride so jump aboard
It's a first class ass whippin, Rampage, I aint trippin
Check all the magazine clippins

(Spliff Star)

Yo I pluck pigeons, get brains in Expeditions
Cause friction, every chick I stick my dick in
I'm not trustworthy like midnight I'm pickin
Spliff keep it warm like wool caps to mittens

(Lord Have Mercy)

Watch for me in a new milli, kick up dust with my shoe shitty
New Jack City, wicked ways move wit me
Holla mine, any violent times crooks bear malice
White collar crime, Columbine, weak clear classes

(Rocky Marciano)

Burn a nigga into ashes, how I mashes ass like Cassius
Finger jabs, I got it mastered, fantastic
Writin half ass shit, splash kids
Poke em with the bassonet in the neck, graphic

(Baby Sham)

Can't tell I'm from QB the way that I talk
Speakin in tongue, with six blocks callin my dun
Bogie collapsed lung, big and small gats we brung
Bangin your drums with hot shit and more to come

(Busta Rhymes)

But then we manifest the truth
The niggas like predictions from the Bible
Betrayal for niggas is suicidal

(Rah Digga)

Kick swift shit niggas rock harder than Limp Bizkit
Dirty Harriet floodin all through your district

1- repeats in background
HOOK 2X