

# Rah Digga, Showdown

(Verse 1)

Knock, knock, who dat, sister from the hilltop  
Wicked, wicked flows, make a nigga grill drop  
Caramel complexion, Feldsburg section  
Ready for whatever 'case I'm dealin with some next shit  
Rhymin type scenario, niggas only fell  
Stay dipped with Nike Airs, Oakleys, and pony tails  
Fuckin up some pizza, overcharge my Visa  
Million dollar videos, crushin with my tiza  
Tell them motherfuckers, I'm tight like Ebenezer  
Scrooge, still look good without ruge  
My lipstick, lil misfit, quick to dish shit  
Little bit conceited, whole lot consistent  
Money, money, money, how we blaze  
Splittin shit three ways with me, Zee and Pace  
Got bitchasses that think I sound like a dude  
Flip rhymes so quick you might think I'm test tube

HOOK:

In the showdown, how it go down  
Get the flow down, watch it go down  
How it go down, in the showdown  
Gettin closed down, watch em go down  
In the showdown, how it go down  
Put your dough down, watch it go down

(Verse 2)

I'm representin bitches 'round the way  
We runnin up his box and we aint gon have to pay  
I'm runnin with my mens, I rock a pair of Timbs  
With rhymin on the brain like scarves and hairpins  
I'm tryin to see a black Benz with my back end  
House on the hill with my publishin deal  
Shows pay the bills, make it all connect  
And do some corporate type shit, with my royalty check  
Now what comes next, grab myself a Bex  
After sex, I tune in to Funkmaster Flex  
Then I pop up at Stretch, freestyle to death  
And give a shout out to my mens like I was D-M-X  
Spit rock type, hot like, jazz or funk now  
Throw a spoken word or we turn into a hoedown  
Tell me now cuz that's how I ball  
'Bout a hundred rhymin niggas up in the U-Haul

HOOK

(Verse 3)

Peace to all my peoples in mission  
Peace to peoples with they license suspended  
Peace goes out to all my hoodrat chicks  
Who aint tryin to hear shit but nicks and fat dicks  
What, I rock hoods and I be good like Foxy  
Then hit the sushi bars eatin akros with Saki  
I'm smokin damn good and chokey black  
Niggas know the pokey fat, now all my ex-boyfriends want me back  
I rip shows, and sip Tequila Rose  
And always be around like I was afros  
Y'all motherfuckers crazy, can never outblaze me  
Risn to the top cuz that's how momma raised me  
Now that the message is embedded  
The R-A, D-I, G-G, A gon set it  
Hold up baby cuz that's when you lost  
Whole prop is our respect don't get caught up in the cross

HOOK