

# Harriet Thugman

## Rah Digga

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The Harriet Thugman of hip hop has returned baby  
C'monI 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 lyricsMany 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 smartsFollow 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 TwoI 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 atA 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 timeA 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

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