

# Imperial

## Rah Digga

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 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 DJ's 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 Flipmode the Imperial  
You know you love it when you hear us on the radio  
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Or in the streets up in your Jeeps or in the disco  
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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 Ay yo yo yo  
Raze and dazzle niggas like y'all  
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  
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 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  
 Aiyo, clap and slap up a nigga for talkin' lotsa wack shit  
 While I roll around with the Harriet Thugman of this rap shit  
 Black chick with intellect, who wanna match wits?  
 Write my own rhymes so can't no nigga tell me jack shit  
 Master shit, Flipmode exclusive across the map and shit  
 Presenting the first lady of the squad so give me dap and shit  
 Sayin' peace when you see me, play the role like Ally Sheedy  
 And I ain't gon' join ya cipher if the weed's too seedy  
 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 underground and gon' always blow the spot for ya  
 Longest runnin' shit since the phantom of the opera  
 Bus-a-Bus, going down as one of the greatest spoken  
 philosophers  
 Holding a 12-shot semi with a little red dot for ya  
 First and only female unmatched by anyone  
 Rip it from old school to the next millenium  
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 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

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