

# Curtains

## Rah Digga

Bust it, from the dick I'm dissin' all y'all punk crews  
Y'all wack and won't even think of punchlines I don't use  
And to the niggas whose LP's I kinda liked  
I'm fresher than that and that new shit you tryin' to write Like mita, mita, name not Rashita  
Battle on the streets so when I'm playin' seniorita  
Spend a few peso on some chili con queso  
Thinkin' how I used to wax rappers back that eso Be in San Juan, on the carriage like I'm Cam'Ron  
Wit a nigga tryin' to chew my tampon with my pants on  
I'm gettin' money off the books like I'm Beatnuts  
Make 'em sign pre-nups, word to my C-cups Fuck with they heads like Kahlua, milk and vodka  
Then tell they punk ass to move on like Silkk the Shocker  
Word to my godfather, who bombs harder  
Be out to get the paper like Inga and Shawn Carter All you MC's better stand your ground  
'Cuz when Digga come around it's curtains  
Curtains, curtains, curtains, curtains, curtains  
(Curtains on all y'all, curtains on all y'all)  
(Curtains on all y'all, curtains on all y'all)  
When Digga come down All you MC's better stand your ground  
'Cuz when Digga come around it's curtains  
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When Digga come down Some people say when I drink I don't act right  
Raisin' my voice, I see some bitch and start a cat fight  
Or in my travels, grabbin' slices from S'Barro's  
Eyein' fake niggas like they intimate apparel 20,000 seaters, heads givin' me pounds  
Even beggin' me for shit I did for Lyricist Lounge  
Like, "How can I be down?", hoes I don't trust ya  
Playin' me close so I can hook you up with Busta Fuck an entourage, I'm the bitch that roll dolo  
More still than mo-mo's and a 4-4 on my polo  
With the toaster, make ya run like Sammy Sosa  
Could take about 50 MC's like Tony Tocca Why you take it there? 'Cuz I'm fruitier than kiwi  
And when I freestyle you ain't gon' hear it on my CD  
Money management 'cuz I'm grown up and older now  
Drinkin' mad low and brow, tell 'em how it's goin' down Bricks, Bricks 'cuz I was born in the Bricks  
Bricks, Bricks and shit is on in the Bricks  
Come at me twisted if ya think you got the heart to  
But you better be careful what you say like Sparkle Bricks, Bricks, you get jacked in the Bricks  
Bricks, Bricks and I'm the mack in the Bricks

Uh, I got niggas that'll run you over backwards  
And bitches that'll milk you, plus give you the packageAll you MC's better stand your ground  
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When Digga come down

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