

Straight Spittin', Part 2

Rah Digga

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This is what I'm dealin', 'bout to make a killin' off illin, off a hydro

Put it on a rapper like they work in El Tambo

Here to make a statement, not on your game

You're gon' catch it like the pavement'Cause all that blazhay, blaz-ay-hay-hay

And so from this point on we straight spittin', yeah, whatMy shit is tight, if not the damn tightest

My stats stay bubblin', how Pepsi and Sprite is

I make a bitch jealous to the point, she wanna slice this

I fuck a nigga's head up like the ex-girl turned dyke bitchThe nicest, on one like unicyclist

With pussy running deeper than stab wounds from ice-picks

Now where you 'bout to take it? Baby I done took it

Some more Digga Digga shit man, look in here

Folks are spittin' rhymes unruly

M.C's for real might catch a hach-tuey'Cause all that blazhay, blaz-ay-hay-hay

And so from this point on we straight spittin', yeah, whatI push the range on my Pop's beauant-regal

Hang wit' cats, who known for making drug money legal

Dislike you, spit on purpose just to spite you

Heard you like to use your voice, ride on motorcyclesI spit clean versions for under aged rug rats

I spit for Bricks city, where all my real thugs at

I spit shot cause I'm in a bad mood

For when my life wasn't shit but bad weed and fast food

I spit, spit, spit and make executive decisions

I spit some shit for all the scrubs and the pigeonsAnd best believe where I'm goin' you're a gonner

I spit more rhymes than silicone in California

I spit, spit, spit, for all them jokers at the pool hall

Carrying my daughter on my back just to fool y'allI meditate, say a prayer with my sensi

I spit on MTV all the way down to your mix tape

Like that, I'm the illest with the mouthpiece

Crazy like South Park and hotter than South Beach'Cause all that blazhay, blaz-ay-hay-hay

And so, from this point on we straight spittin', yeah, whatI spit shit and leave you scarred like a face lift

I spit for the underground, Hot 97 be the Matrix

One, two, I hit 'em with the basics

Who gon' stay hittin'? Who be straight spittin'?I take the mic and rock it like what

I make you write, get wrecked tonight, what
'Cause you never heard a honey spit rhymes like
Said you never heard a honey spit rhymes like
In a million years, and a million beers

Said you never heard a honey spit rhymes like'Cause all that blazhay, blaz-ay-hay-hay
And so from this point on we straight spittin', yeah, whatWhen you hear a bitch rhyme, raise your lighters
Spittin' on behalf of Flipmode and Outsidaz

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