

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' senorita
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

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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 package

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