

What's Up Wit That

Rah Digga

Ha, once again
First and only female representin', yeah
Rah Digga comin' through you know what I'm sayin'
Uhh, uhh, uhh, yeah like what, what

Now I'ma tell it like it ain't never been told
With the rhyme mechanism that boost me ten-fold
Spend dough in pubs, sayin' no to scrubs
With the crisp deep voice I lace with overdubs

Now wassup, if by some haphazard
You see me in Rolling Stone or down the rapmaster
Up in the slot where you used to rock
Your shit suddenly drop and like Wall Street stop

Now, the part that thrill me, what's up with that
Cats that didn't wanna feel me, yo, what's up with that
Ha, ha, ha, ha that's fine, that's funny
Now they ass catching bricks like the f**kin' crash dummies

I'm makin' hits like the oldies, what's up wit that
Cats be frontin' like they know me, yo, what's up wit that
You gon say what's up and I'ma say nothin' strangers
My interest strictly record sales and tunnel bangers

'Cuz that's how shit be, what's up wit that
The Rah D I G, yo what's up wit that
I'm writin' rhymes lovely, what's up wit that
And how I rep Jersey, yo what's up wit that

I wreck shop crazy, what's up wit that
And radio plays me, yo
You gon say what's up and I'ma say nothin' strangers
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Verse dentin', worse than armageddon
Worse than them kids runnin' around bomb settin'
Mind threatenin', like a couple hits of mescaline
Comin' up with documents to cover the embezzlin'

Educated, rhymes pre-meditated
Over niggas heads while they out percolatin'
Spot datin', block money I could take in
Drops on the box like I was ovulatin'

Now, for all the cats wildin', what's up wit that
You best better throw your towel in, yo, what's up wit that
'Cuz the real rap bitch that step foot on the scene
Will put a rapper on his ass like warm milk and Ovaltine

Yeah, yeah, now what you done lately, what's up wit that
And now you wanna hate me, yo what's up wit that
Sweetest person and I'm still the grimy queen
Wit a half ounce of goodie stashed in my Tommy Jeans

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In '99 baby hold your stuff
I be that seventh sign wit no more souls in the guff
Focus your attention as I make my mark
'Cuz I get the party jumpin' like your hoopty won't start

Got a bad attitude and a worse disposition'
Corny niggas get the boot, for endangerin' the mission
Believe all you rap specimens, need to proofread my rap reference
'Fore you're left hangin' from your vest

Definitely, gettin' severance pay
While my joint moves 20,000 units every day
Official, ever since an itty bitty youngun
Before the first kiss when I didn't put my tongue in

Now, I'm kickin' all type of lingo, what's up wit that
I make the shit into a single, ha, what's up wit that
You gon say what's up and I'ma say nothin' papi
Go cop my shit, because you can't get a copy

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And radio plays me, yo what's up wit that
You gon say what's up and I'ma say nothin' chico
I hold shit down for all my rhyme writin' people

'Cuz that's how shit be, the Rah D I G
I'm writin' rhymes lovely, and how I rep Jersey