

Showdown

Rah Digga

[Verse 1]

Knock, knock, who dat, sister from the hilltop
Wicked, wicked flows, make a nigga grill drop
Caramel complexion, Feldsburg section
Ready for whatever 'case I'm dealin with some next shit
Rhymin type scenario, niggas only fell
Stay dipped with Nike Airs, Oakleys, and pony tails
Fuckin up some pizza, overcharge my Visa
Million dollar videos, crushin with my tiza
Tell them motherf**kers, I'm tight like Ebenezer
Scrooge, still look good without ruge
My lipstick, lil misfit, quick to dish shit
Little bit conceited, whole lot consistent
Money, money, money, how we blaze
Splittin shit three ways with me, Zee and Pace
Got bitchasses that think I sound like a dude
Flip rhymes so quick you might think I'm test tube

HOOK:

In the showdown, how it go down
Get the flow down, watch it go down
How it go down, in the showdown
Gettin closed down, watch em go down
In the showdown, how it go down
Put your dough down, watch it go down

[Verse 2]

I'm representin bitches 'round the way
We runnin up his box and we aint gon have to pay
I'm runnin with my mens, I rock a pair of Timbs
With rhymin on the brain like scarves and hairpins
I'm tryin to see a black Benz with my back end
House on the hill with my publishin deal
Shows pay the bills, make it all connect
And do some corporate type shit, with my royalty check
Now what comes next, grab myself a Bex
After sex, I tune in to Funkmaster Flex
Then I pop up at Stretch, freestyle to death
And give a shout out to my mens like I was D-M-X
Spit rock type, hot like, jazz or funk now
Throw a spoken word or we turn into a hoedown
Tell me now 'cause that's how I ball
'Bout a hundred rhymin niggas up in the U-Haul

HOOK

[Verse 3]

Peace to all my peoples in mission
Peace to peoples with they license suspended
Peace goes out to all my hoodrat chicks
Who aint tryin to hear shit but nicks and fat dicks
What, I rock hoods and I be good like Foxy
Then hit the sushi bars eatin akros with Saki
I'm smokin damn good and chokey black
Niggas know the pokey fat, now all my ex-boyfriends want me back
I rip shows, and sip Tequila Rose
And always be around like I was afros

Y'all motherf**kers crazy, can never outblaze me
Risin to the top 'cause that's how momma raised me
Now that the message is embedded
The R-A, D-I, G-G, A gon set it
Hold up baby 'cause that's when you lost
Whole prop is our respect don't get caught up in the cross

HOOK