

Harriet Thugman

Rah Digga

The Harriet Tubman of hip hop has returned baby
C'mon!

I be that bitch niggas wantin in the lab
Rhymes comin, rhymes goin like I was a dollar cab
Fingerin the man tryin to tap into his feelings
Many different players, only one hold the ball
Ghetto fabulous chick, go against the protocol
With the grittiest lingo, still such a little sweetheart
Book educated with a whole lotta street smarts
Follow me now, as I build my fanbases
Makin rappers worry like they got open cases
Harriet Thugman, y'all can see shit through
Like a whole world of people wait for Episode Two
I be the rap purist, the walking hip hop thesaurus
The innovator, spawned from Libra and Taurus
Do away cats with the same ol' whack
Lead a nation up north where the real party at
A place where we spray when our asses get older
No shots in the choke, no gettin pulled over
A place where graffiti aint considered a crime
And your favorite underrated MC's is primetime
A land good and fruitful, where lyrics free people
Black presidents, and all the weed legal
No rich or poor, we break bread and drink merry
Smoke a little Mary for the real visionaries

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>