

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Lessons Of Today

Par Rah Digga

Album : DJ LRM - Instrumental World Vol. 39 (DJ Premier Edition)

Rah-rah-rah Digga

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Check it out now uh

Dirty Harriet!

Dirty Harriet!

Dirty Harriet! Yeah!

Where's my sisters?

Where's my sisters?

This one's for the brothers

The brothers, the brothers

Said I be rappin' for da ladies

What's up ladies?

But this one's for da brothers

The brothers, the brothers

Yeah check it out now

Now I'm the baby in the family

And I got three siblings

Three older brothers and we trying to make a living

So we hustle and we bubble

And we coming up fast

Ain't gon' never be the same

Since mom and pops past

The oldest one, child prodigy no doubt

Every since he was a kid used to ride a bitch out

All grown up now

Nice job, nice clout

Nice wife, nice house, try-na take the right route

Treat sis like a queen brother gave me everything

Any time I got in trouble he could probably pull some strings

Walk daddy's footsteps and career same speed

Made the greatest big brother and a father to his own seed

(Uh-oh) But something happened on the job, he started snappin'

Problems with the wifey, winging out and started cappin'

Tried to turn himself in just to make things right

Ended up taking flight cause he's not the jail type

The lesson of today

You have to listen to each and every single word I have to say

Because...

Rah Digga... remains raw

(Follow the rules)

(Ya hear me, huh?)

The lesson of today

You have to listen to each and every single word I have to say

Because...

Rah Digga... remains raw

(Follow the rules)

(Ya hear me, huh?)

Now I got a second brother me and this one was closer

Made me a little tom boy like he was supposed to

Tearing up the place blowing weed in my face

Irresponsible to death parents stayed on his case

Probably cause he wanted to be the baby in the family

Drinking with his friends, macking up

Mommy carried me, look half way crook getting crazy on the mic

Wasn't really into rap but the shit sound tight

He used to tell me all the time

Don't wet none sis

By this time next year we gon' be dumb rich

That's when I heard the ill

My physical got killed

Just a couple of weeks after signing a record deal

Now somebody gots to bust and have to get a little tough

And on the block round the clock

Niggas ain't seen nothing

Yeah right

Never seen a brother more determined or eager

Moms and pops couldn't see it

Now we not gonna see it either

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Because...

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(Follow the rules)

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You have to listen to each and every single word I have to say

Because...

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(Follow the rules)

(Ya hear me, huh?)

Now my last and final brother, kinda something out the norm

Some say part depressed some say part deformed

Record unclean since his early teens

In and out the youth house

Playing all the crime scenes

Early hangin' with fiends smoking all types of things

He used to chase a basketball now he chasing pipe dreams

From the door, shit was wrong undetected too long

Bugged out when he was little

Now he big that was wrong

Little too early had to kick him out the house

He just wanted some attention that's what dad was all about

He used to bust down the door

Moms cry, pops fight

Even family counseling couldn't make this shit right

Word on the street every body wanna do him

From his so-called boys to all the chickens he was screwin'

Anybody get the chance, who will probably unload?

How much longer sis got before the last brother gone

OH NO!

The lesson of today

You have to listen to each and every single word I have to say

Because...

Rah Digga... remains raw

(Follow the rules)

(Ya hear me, huh?)

The lesson of today

You have to listen to each and every single word I have to say

Because...

Rah Digga... remains raw

(Follow the rules)

(Ya hear me, huh?)

Rah Digga, rah digga

Peace y'all this is the first lady of the Flipmode Squad

Rah Digga (Uh-huh)

I wanna take this time out to say thanks to everybody

Who went out and copped my shit

For those of y'all who's listening and didn't go cop your own copy

I suggest you go handle your BI

Now I'm about to take this time out to plug the next

Flipmode Squad album (Okay) the Rulership album (Okay)

I wanna plug the next Busta Rhymes solo LP... Anarchy

And I'm pluggin' the Outsidaz (Hey-dey-dey)

Ya know what I mean? Bricks City all day (Night Life)

Now for those of y'all who think I purposely make my voice deep

Try-na sound like some extra hard core, whatever, whatever

Fuck all y'all alright cause

This is me, this is who I be

This is my voice and you got no choice

And on that note I just wanted to say

Cheers to another thousand years

Of shit poppin' dope emceein' and I write my own rhymes y'all

Dirty Harriet!

But before I forget don't touch that dial y'all

Make sure y'all stay tune to check out

These next couple of bonus tracks I left y'all with