

## Calling Mr. Welfare

Big Daddy Kane

Well hey, you know that lady on the top floor of my buildin'?  
The heavysset one with about ten children?  
You may remember her as a slim honey  
when her man name was Pimp Daddy Hustler Stack Money  
A big time drug dealer from around the way  
Slingin' rocks, makin' G's everyday  
He drove a big fat Mercedes Benz  
and even bought her a car to perpetrate for her friends  
It was a brand new Jag, with the spoiler and rag  
And the girl was a nag, cause all she did was just brag  
I mean bad we know your coat cost a lot  
You didn't have to leave on the price tag  
And count the times her stomach got plump  
Havin' baby after baby by the same old chump  
And then the day came, he left the dame shamed  
But who's to blame? Y'all know the name of the game  
Pimp Daddy's wanted as he maxes and relaxes  
She can't even sue for money, pushers don't pay taxes  
So what's to do? Oh yeah  
To feed ten mouths, she had to call on Mr. Welfare

What? Mr. Welfare?  
Man they playin high-post with low income  
Check this out when y'all go around to the corner  
y'all gonna check out another episode  
Go like somethin' like this

Hey, if you think that suck, bust this  
Another little story as I reminisce  
about an old friend of mine that was livin' out of order  
Makin' money like water (ill-egal?) Yeah, sorta  
He sold drugs and robbed a lot of people  
But in these days and times, who lives illegal?  
It's all about who knows the trade  
and who am I to knock him? Homeboy was gettin' paid  
He chose his own lifestyle to live it was negative  
but his own prerogative  
Makin' cash to flash and stash in half the trash  
The cops made the dash (sufferin' succotash!)  
Because he had to do ten in the pen  
and then begin again to apprehend, huh  
But what's lost is lost, the reign is over  
(Huh, see ya!) Nice to know ya  
Money, no longer can he collect it  
Can't even get a job cause he got a jail record  
So what's left? No hopes of a career  
So yeah, he's callin' Mr. Welfare!

Mr. Big Daddy Kane  
They don't know what time it is about Mr. Welfare  
Do me a favor open up your book to page fifteen  
at the top and read it off like this

Here's a story of a guy who had to cop out his life  
for bein' a high school dropout  
In the ninth grade he wanted to get paid  
but now the young brother needs government aid

Because in his past he decided to cut class  
and run in the streets to make ends meet  
No shame in the game of his  
but silly rabbit, Trix are for kids!  
So when you sat on the corner with a 40 ounce  
talkin' bout what tup? Can't even pronounce  
your words correct, now in retrospect  
that's a shame but in '89, who gives a heck?  
There's no type of path to follow  
It's all about a dollar, fuck bein' a scholar  
That's why your report card's through  
Like a BizMark beat, it reads eww-eww-eww-eww-eww!  
So now you wanna wake up and smell the coffee?  
Lookin' for a helpin' hand, but get off me!  
I tried to tell you the deal last summer  
Stay in school, and get yourself a diploma  
Now you're on your own, tryin' to make it alone  
No food or home, chewin' on a meaty bone  
So what's to do since the cupboard is bare?  
Brrring brrring! Call on Mr. Welfare

We-eh-el-el-el, el-el-ellllllllfare, c'mon!  
Yeah Mr. Welfare  
He on some new stuff, what what is it?  
He all new and improved?  
Right? Yeah, like that old Bug-Out stuff  
This guy, is he alright or what?  
I think he on a mission with no kind of learnin'  
You know what Big Daddy Kane?  
We gonna have to take care of this matter  
Mister Cee, go ahead, cut it up  
My man Big Daddy Kane gonna see about my man Mr. Welfare alright?  
Places to go, people to see, things to do  
and you know what else to get see ya!  
Yeahs!