

Well All Rite Cha

Redman

Hydro... indo... (buddha!)
Hah... cocoa... yo, ya-ya-yo!
I need some brown weed (lady) all day
I need some brown weed (jenny)
I need some cut (lady, lady)

Now these doors don't open, til after dark
And it ain't til 12 til the party really starts
(Yo, me and my crew had to be in by ten
Right before the fun was about to begin)
Yo yo, one bitten, jabberjaws, tryin to taste the
paper written, kids be bullshittin, I see they flaws
Too many rebels, not enough cause for me to pause
Them broads love my shitty drawers, the finest
criminal minded put my life behind it, you niggaz
find it hard to swallow poison in the bottle, she too sexy
So I gotta watch you fast bitches, too many tricks
that can give a dick a bad sickness *coughing*

Yo, yo! Yo son excuse me?
(Yo) I'm tryin to earn a million buck or two
The ill MC step in -- (and who the fuck are you?)
Doc start walkin bumpin M.O.P.
To catch a nigga gettin gassed, puttin ten on three
(Da Ruckus!) With the mic I blast men on sight
So off the hook Atlantic Bell had to go on strike
Doc did it, metaphors come AMG kitted
20/20 vision, comes tinted! From being so high..
(So high..) so high.. so high..

Air it out
Iron Lung I be the street soldier, ante up
Pull them panties up, party's over, in the cut
slappin grudges offa niggaz shoulder, bringin ruck
like them Wild-cats at Villanova, hot as fuck!
Duke or sober, suave bowler, soul controller
of the universe, stole-a, colder than cola
Caps grab your hoodie hat, Island of Stat'
keep them cats runnin for they gat, in stormy weather

Gats, right hook, uppercut swollen how I left your eye
Stage dived, made a mistake, kicked F.O.I.
Aiyyo hoe! Doc be keepin a dope show like Marilyn
Manson the handgun be stashed in the panelling
Jersey drop son, watch me whip it like midget
Diggin in that whole plate and, piss on your picnic
(Don't nobody move) Don't nobody start flinchin
Limo driver, roll up the fuckin partition!

Who them niggaz that be rollin them thai, high as a kite?
Gettin pussy all nite (well all rite cha) yeah yeah
Well who them cats you can call on, when you wanna brawl?
(Get drunk as hell) and so on (well all rite cha) yo yo
Is Funk Doc up in the house? (well all rite cha) yo yo
Hot Nix up in the house? (well all rite cha)
Bricks to Stat' hold it down (well all rite cha) yo yo
Mad dick up in your mouth (hah, all nite cha)

Yo Tical's and Doc, did it before, I'll do it again
Snatch spark to the ignition, I'm screwin it in
(Aiyyo we out!) Six drop in ten seconds, what?
I'll be the first one on the floor at your, wedding reception
B-Boys gather around and act p-noid
Bring the Trouble T-Roy, to earlobes, keyloid
(Terminator 2) Doc after Sarah Conn'
for the barrel bonds (Am I on?) Tical, you're on

Uhh-uhh-on, uhh-uhh-on
Uh uh-uh uh-uh, uh-uh-on

Got these slim pickins on my Charles Dickens, I pack a mac
to make your back stiffen, flip the script I act different
The eyeball, keep your distance, warning y'all you don't listen
Bitchin over shit you ain't gettin
So finally, puttin in work, the big hurt
MC, with a social disease, and get it first
Enemies, feel my energies, four centuries of anger
Remember me? (The field nigga!)
Too Ghetto Fabulous, RZA.. Sharp, and hazardous
Figure, with bad habit, can't hold his liquor
Speed like a millipede (Hot Nix-on)
Contemplate the non-fiction on loose leaves
Paragraphs, hundred degrees, my pen bleed (ha!)
Showin you the pain I feel from holdin these
black thoughts, deep rooted, nowadays
they come with batteries included, in wicked ways

Who them niggaz that be rollin them thai, high as a kite?
Gettin pussy all nite (well all rite cha) yeah yeah
Well who them cats you can call on, when you wanna brawl?
(Get drunk as hell) and so on (well all rite cha) yo yo
Is Funk Diggy in the house? (well all rite cha) yo yo
Meth Diggy no doubt! (well all rite cha)
Bricks to Stat' hold it down (well all rite cha) yo yo
Mad dick up in your mouth (all nite cha)

cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha...