

# Well All Rite Cha

## Redman & Method Man

Featuring method manHydro... 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 onUhh-uhh-on, uhh-uhh-on  
 Uh uh-uh uh-uh, uh-uh-onGot 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 wayswho 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...  
 \* fades in and out before end \*  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.