

# Well All Rite Cha

## Redman & Method Man

Featuring method man 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 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...

\* fades in and out before end \*

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.