

Well All Rite Cha

Method Man & Redman

[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*

[Redman]

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.

[Method Man]

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 [Redman]

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![M] Who them niggaz that be rollin them thai, high as a kite?
 Gettin pussy all nite (well all rite cha) yeah yeah
 [R] 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
 [R] Is Funk Doc up in the house? (well all rite cha) yo yo
 [M] Hot Nix up in the house? (well all rite cha)
 [R] Bricks to Stat' hold it down (well all rite cha) yo yo
 [M] Mad dick up in your mouth (hah, all nite cha)[Redman]
 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-on[Method Man]
 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[M] Who them niggaz that be rollin them thai, high as a kite?
 Gettin pussy all nite (well all rite cha) yeah yeah
 [R] 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
 [R] Is Funk Diggy in the house? (well all rite cha) yo yo
 [M] Meth Diggy no doubt! (well all rite cha)
 [R] Bricks to Stat' hold it down (well all rite cha) yo yo

[M] 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.

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