

# Welcome (Interlude)

## Redman

[Incomprehensible]

Our phone lines are open for all you high motherfuckers  
At 1800 dick in ya booty, that's 1800 dick in ya booty Aiyyo, this is Mad Duke callin' from Da Bricks  
I'm on the block with Uncle Quilly and Leroy Sweetdick  
Gettin' my smoke on for you onion head motherfuckers Hi this K Spark from the Al Parks damn Welcome to  
another nineteen ninety-six funk Dr. Spock tape  
As we take y'all minds on another journey through the dark side  
We uplift you! Def Squad force comin through with the ruckus  
Jammin for all knotty-headed peasy motherfuckers, ah  
And for funky bitches, we got a funky thing for you I said I gets down like that, who am I?  
Funk Doctor as I kiss the sky  
I said I gets down like that, who am I?  
Funk Doctor as I kiss the sky Bomb troll, funkier than Haitian underarms  
Represent Jersey, the land of firearms  
Hot wired cars, emptying cigars  
Afros, mofo's, on knees with momo's It's nasty as I come, my shit be douche  
I used to be the chief instructor for Bruce  
Choose your weapon, a fatality  
Line your crew up now, babality In nineteen ninety six, bitch ass niggaz all in my mix  
On some rah rah shit, get my rah rah dick  
Nuts alert, first sound the alarm on the expert  
My network operate sharper than a Gillette works Off the corner style Blinds in Knightening Armor  
About more Facts of Life than Tudy or Blair Warner  
Chi Town, where you at? We got your back  
D.C., where you at? We got your back My crew come strapped like MC Eiht with nickel plates  
Gettin' mad, Dead Presidents ask Lorenzo Tate  
Ahh, gettin' loot, rollin' craps in the yard  
Can't be scarred by media, so fuck the media Most MC's are terrible, unbearable  
Couldn't get stupid if you were sliced cerebral  
Ahh, no need to act like he's shittin'  
Man, you're funnier than Ed Griffith It's Red's kitchen  
My infrared's missin', damn, I'm slippin'  
I'm out of ammo, yo Crossbreed, stick the clip in

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