

Welfare Love

Dr. Doom

Hey baby, this the one Dr. Doom
I still love you 'cause you ain't plastic
Makin' them peanut butter sandwiches
Babies cryin', runnin' around with dirty diapers
The way you used to make the Kool-Aid
With the weave all in your hair
Even some droppin' down in my soup
I could excuse that
It's welfare love, section eight
It's welfare love, section eight
It's welfare love, section eight
Girl we been through a lot
Every season I used to bug you out on the couch
For different reasons, you thought I was crazy
Catchin' a Greyhound bus down South
Collectin' lightning bugs
And bring a dead mouse in the house
Holdin a fortune with a jar of termites
I used to blast the Delphonics
In a glowing room with black lights
Colt 45 had me sportin' a wig like Billy Dee
I was a Melle Mel fan, always bumpin' Run DMC
We stuck together when one of my parakeets died
You broke down and cried for the love of animals
I used to always cut the legs off a roach
See if he'll stay there on a piece of tissue
And give him a piece of toast
That morning, he would wake up and be gone
What the insect had a ambulance?
As a little boy eatin' ice cream in the cold project apartment
I used to see rats dance, my aunt used to lay down the poison
And say, "Y'all makin' too much noise"
(Too much noise, oh, too much)
It's welfare love, section eight
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It's welfare love, section eight
Grabbing crackers out the 'frigerator
I was a terrible masturbator
I was looking at Black Tail and Penthouse
Since I was in a incubator
With Similak aimin' my bottle
At a fine nurse's ass-crack
It was a pleasure to collect ants
Havin' 'em in my Billy the Kid pants
Allergic to chocolate, chewin' Oreo's and I couldn't stop it
I remember the days when King Vitamin was in the supermarket
Kool-Aid was syrupy, my mom used to make it real slurpy
Don't believe in Santa Claus
They had a dope pea coat filled with mothballs

Lint everywhere with UTZ chips livin' debonair
Fly girls with onion rings on the staircase I had Pro-Keds with Lee suits
Always used to stare in your face
Take you on the roof, check out my pigeon coop
Dressed up like Dracula Eatin' a slice of pizza on your stoop
Neighbors knew I was a nerdy
On the Bronx streets I was seven thirty
Girls you was infatuated with my quarter fill
(Hey baby, check this out) It's welfare love, section eight
It's welfare love, section eight
It's welfare love, section eight
It's welfare love, section eight Yeah
(It's welfare love)
You look so beautiful baby
(Welfare love) With your long hair
(Welfare love)
The way you got it done, sewed in
(Welfare love) Babies walkin' around cryin'
(Section eight, section eight)
Food all over the floor
The kitchen sink messed up
(Welfare love) It's that old ghetto smell in the house
People comin' over to borrow sugar
That's the way I like it
Cereal all over the floor

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