

Well All Rite Cha

Redman

Now these doors don't open til after dark
And it ain't til twelve '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 sicknessYo, 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 highAir 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 weatherGats, right hook, uppercut swollen how I left your eye
Stage dived, made a mistake, kicked F.O.I.
Ayo hoe! Doc be keepin' a dope show like Marilyn
Manson the handgun be stashed in the paneling
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 night (well all right cha) yeah yeah
Well who them cats you can call on, when you want to brawl?
(Get drunk as hell) and so on (well all right cha) yo yo

Is Funk Doc up in the house? (well all right cha) yo yo
 Hot Nix up in the house? (well all right cha)
 Bricks to Stat' hold it down (well all right cha) yo yo
 Mad dick up in your mouth (hah, all night cha) Yo Tical's and Doc, did it before, I'll do it again
 Snatch spark to the ignition, I'm screwin' it in
 (Ayo 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 on Uhh-uhh-on, uhh-uhh-on 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 Who them niggaz that be rollin' them thai, high as a kite?
 Gettin' pussy all night (well all right cha) yeah yeah
 Well who them cats you can call on, when you want to brawl?
 (Get drunk as hell) and so on (well all right cha) yo yo
 Is Funk Diggy in the house? (well all right cha) yo yo
 Meth Diggy no doubt! (well all right cha)
 Bricks to Stat' hold it down (well all right cha) yo yo
 Mad dick up in your mouth (all night cha) Cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha

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