## We All Rite Cha

## Method Man & Redman

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 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 on Uhh-uhh-on, uhh-uhh-on Uh uh-uh uh-uh, uh-uh-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 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 

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