

Redman, Welcome (Interlude)

(DJ SAYWHAT???)

Our phone are open for all you high motherfuckers
At 1-800-DIKINYABOOTY

[Redman] Welcome

That's 1-800-dick-in-ya-boo-tay!!

[Redman] Welcome

[ringing phone is answered]

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 onionhead motherfuckers

Yo this PaceWon from the Outsidaz, dammmn!

Welcome to another nineteen ninety-six Funk Doctor Spock tape
As we take y'all minds on another journey, through the darkside
We uplift you! Def Squad force comin through with the ruckus
Jammin for all knotty-headed peasy motherfuckers, ahh
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 traum', funkier than Haitian underarms
Represent Jersey, the land of firearms
Hotwired cars, emptying cigars
Afros, mofo's, Omni's 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 de alarm on de 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
I'm, 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 Griffin, it's Red's kitchen
My infrared's missin, damn I'm slippin
I'm out of ammo, yo Crossbreed, stick the clip in