

## Little Brother "Welcome To Durham"

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[Big Pooh:]

I'd like to welcome all of you...

[Big Daddy Kane:]

Uh huh, yeah...

[Big Pooh:]

To the Bull City...

Better known as Durham (uh huh)

Right now we in the heart of it...

[Big Daddy Kane:]

Got the Butta Team...

[Big Pooh:]

The Butta Team...

[Big Daddy Kane:]

Uhh, Little Brother...

[Big Pooh:]

9th Wonder, y'all...

[Big Daddy Kane:]

... and y'all's truly, BDK style...

[Phonte:]

... Big Daddy Kane in the house

[Big Daddy Kane:]

Feel me out...

Staring in the face of death, and I'm lookin in the mouth

Like, goddamn, I found Brooklyn in the South

Comin up inside the hood is due to curse you

But comin up inside the hood is universal

The shells from the ratchet, they spit the same

As well when they clap it, they hit the same

The Dutch and the Backwoods get spit the same

You ask me why I'm down here, I'm like, "Shit the same"

Folks be mostly movin low key

Tryin to make the dough be grossly OT  
Who surely, be out handlin shit right  
And let off more rounds than a championship fight  
Them die against me  
And we can take it from NY to NC  
It's simply, that anywhere you at you can still be hood  
My niggaz in the dirty dirty, what's really good?

[Chorus x2: Big Daddy Kane]

These streets out here take a lot to run  
When you claim gangsta, if you're not, you're done  
On your grind, can't nobody stop you, son  
Lick a shot up in the air (blaow)  
What block you from?

[Big Pooh:]

Uhh...  
Durham, NC, the place where I reside at  
The Eastside is the place where they ride at  
Any vice to get high, well you can buy that  
Test them country boys? Wouldn't try that  
Cause niggaz (niggaz) is off the chain right here  
Just cause it's the South, don't get the wrong idea  
You can get stained like on walls at Ikea  
I declare, niggaz have the wrong idea  
From ego, pride to where colors collide  
Fam, vills, streets fiends brought the cracks for hire  
Older folk down here look hard to work sire  
Call my nigga Tramp, what's the haps on that?  
Is that a bus you get around in, and fours get clapped  
at?  
Go down on Brother Spree where they shakin like craps  
Hustlers reminisce, what's the god who's back?  
"Medicine City, " how funny is that?

[Interlude: Phonte, Big Pooh, the Butta Team]

Yellin your name in every hood out there  
No you cain't, cause it ain't such a good idea  
Little Brother, and we puttin it down tonight  
Big Daddy Kane, comin back for the crown tonight

Yellin your name in every hood out there  
No you cain't, cause it ain't such a good idea  
Dirty Durham, they ain't playin around tonight  
The Butta Team, them boys layin it down tonight

[Phonte:]

I only been here for six years but the city is in me  
I can feel it when I walk or when I whisper somethin  
And every time I spit, I drive you to your death  
-tination, like I got a lisp or somethin

And if your gums get to bumpin  
Them boys hit the button  
For room service to come give you the toast  
Dirty Durham Â– we got niggaz with scholarships  
And niggaz with hollow tips  
And I know niggaz with both  
That'll shoot until the block is drama-free  
From niggaz like you actin up like they Oscar nominees  
You mighta been in the club and popped that wallet  
Hit the gym for a month, and maybe got rock solid  
But in the Bull City they will send dudes to you  
Just to prove to you, you are not that brolic, not  
And they ain't askin for God's permission  
They askin for God's forgiveness for bein poverty-  
stricken  
Stressed out and scarred from livin, better guard your  
business  
You ain't earnin bars, nigga, stop drawin attention  
It's evident that this is as real as it gets  
In the City of Medicine, them Durham niggaz is sick!

[Chorus x2: Big Daddy Kane]

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