

Welcome To Durham

Little Brother

I'd like to welcome all of you...
Uh huh, yeah...
To the Bull City...
Better known as Durham (uh huh)
Right now we in the heart of it...

Got the Butta Team...

The Butta Team
Uhh, Little Brother
9th Wonder, y'all
and y'all's truly, BDK style...
Big Daddy Kane in the house

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?

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?

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?

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

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 - 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!

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?