

Eight Fingers Down "Coffee Shoppe"

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Featuring Redman]

[Redman Talking]

You are now witnessing the effects of the BUDDHA!

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo

[Redman]

Redman kick through your door

Liquidated then I come through your pores

Think the track is bleedin' get at the gauze

Mix fidgit 'fore I rip it in four's

Look at my face you can tell that I'm slick

The blunt excersize 10 in the clip

Y'all niggaz ready for the un conterfit?

D-O, dot, bee-bo, tuck in your shit

That bogus holder of the sticky dolja

Got me appearing on the wanted poster

It's like when your body get caught on rotor's

When I snap like strings through boat motors

My kitchen fridge look like Jeffery Dahmer's

Boys screamin' for mama from the drama

My hunger for hip-hop got my gun up

Yo EightBall, hit the marijuana

[EightBall]

Yeah, yeah

EightBall blazin' the hay

And hella pound almost everyday

Real playas run the game that they play

That's why I'm doin' it the playa way

I say, dope rhyme's, potent and real

Showin' skills all my homies can feel

Smile at you see the name on my grill

Cut the track up let me show you the deal

I be twisted with that Redman

We get it all, cookin' dope makin' bread man

I got the Eagle full of hollow tipped lead man

Hear what I said man?

Can all that weak noise

I write, busta go and get your little weak boys

You know what bring a player joy?

Playin' with them glock toys

See I avoid all suckas trippin'

Full of liquor, actin' like a bunch of women lippin'

Interested in what I be grippin'
Dippin' in the Benz zippin'
Pass all you haters fakin'
Runnin' round seein' real players imitatin'
Breakin' concentration, all up in my situation
Hay blazin'
Chorus:
Get y'all shit together
Coffee Shoppe we with whatever
EightBall stay high forever
Yo Doc, keep it tucked under my lever
We here to keep the party live
Smoke hay till we chinky eyed
Wanna brawl?
We can meet outside
Red and Ball be down to ride
[Redman Talkin]
Yo, yo, look around you mothafuckers
It's a hip-hop holocaust
Yeah, you just found the right superheroes to take care
of that shit
Mothafucker
[EightBall]
Head rush and green stinky
Feelin' like a niga dropped a mickey
Drink up the Hen and watch me get tipsy
Who wanna ride with me, 160
Up and down 48 trackin'
Ski mask, kick in doors in, straight beat jackin'
Ball battin' rhymes all in your skull crackin'
Actin' like I got a problem that's heavy to me
Smokin' brothers like a dooby in a gangsta movie
MC's turn stank like a old lady coochie
Ball and Red be all up in your shit
So deep that it be damn near permanent
So authentic you can tell it from conterfit
Who wanna hit of the purest Coffee Shoppe crop
Guaranteed to be bomb to the last drop
Ball and Red keep it stone like Bedrock
We keep it hot
[Redman]
Yo
I'm ? the blackout mode
I snatch cheese that your mousetrap hold
Yo, who fucks ya baby?
Hey Kojack knows my flows, Kodak
Couldn't hold that pose
Wow
Goofy playin' tough on the streets
Blue collar MC's suffer the heat
Until I reach the isosoles heat

Right angle better, double your sleeve
I'm just a black nation wide singer
Cops lookin' for Red, but can't arraign us
You need more than lion trainers to tame us
Famous for cuffin' mics with 5 fingers
That's why I walk so distorted
Any form of harsh aborted
Word so superb it'll turn to herb if you snort it
50 sack and a nick can vouch for it
We keep it critical
If you hard core spit it out, out, out, out
Doc who be arousin' police
My underground funk be plowin' the streets
So if you claimin' you the best MC
Bring your arm over here and handcuff me
We battle till the cattle learn to speak
Cross examine me, I'm straight up framed!
Chorus X2

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