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## Eightball & MJG "Coffee Shoppe"

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Redman kick through your door Liquidated then I come through your pores Think the track is bleedin' get at the gauze Mix, fidget, '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 8Ball, hit the marijuana

Yeah, yeah, 8Ball 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'

Get y'all shit together Coffee shoppe we with whatever 8Ball 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

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

Head rush and green stinky Feelin' like a nigga 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

Yo, I'm [Incomprehensible] 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 cattles learn to speak Cross examine me, I'm straight up framed

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