

## Gilligan's Island

### "Coffee Shoppe"

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[Redman Talking]

You are now, witnessing, the effects of the BUDDHA!

Yo, 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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