

Red Cafe

"I Wanna Rock"

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Intro:

Yea ..

Huh?

Izzar.

Know i Does What I Do Right?

Huh?

..Believe That.

East Side Story.

Red Cafe.

Haa, What Else?

Verse 1:

Yea, Strap On Ma Black 4 Fever.

Yank To The Back, You Dont Know Jeter?

Homie Back Dime, Got Me Smokin' Cohibas.

Told Me Keep A Player So I Got The 4 Seater.

See I Ball Hard Like It's Playoff Season.

Doing Ma Scams, Madoff Season.

Shakedown!

Street Fidi-damn!

I Cut Hoes Like I Got Edward Scissor Hands.

Got A Couple More M's I Blame It On Puff.

The Bar Sold Out, Ya Could Blame It On Us.

I Wanna Rock Right Now,

Finish My Flip I Wanna Cop Right Now.

I Come Through Ya Hood Send Em Shot Right Now.

Put The D On The Block.

I Got It Locked Right Now.

Reporting To Ya Live,

Im In A Phantom Right Now.

Tell Puff We In The Club, I Got Him Dancing In The Club
Right Now.

Yea, Still On TOP!

Hottest In The HOODD!

Believe That!

Shakedown.

Ya Tu Sabe! Hahaha

Dimelo!

It's Red Cafe.

You Know What I'm Talking About?

Eastside Story, G Shit. Believe That.

Verse 2:

Huh?

God Damn I'm Balling,

Clean Ass Fuck,

Lick Wit Parmolive.

Dirty Martini, Vodka, and Olive.

Real Spit, How I See It How I Call It.

Realest In The Game I Should Be Awarded.

..I Delivered Every Slab That Was Ordered.

Back In My City I Got It Moving Like Evictions.

I'm Certified In My Hood, No Restrictions.

Yea,It's Like I'm Balling For The Pistons.

Thirty One, Third.

A Nigga Getting Love And Only Had One Serve.

I'm That Shit Bitch, You Aint Heard?!

Ya Tu Sabe!

All My Dominicans..

Columbians..

Puerto Rico..

Believe That.

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