

## Redman

### "Coffee Shoppe"

Visit "[Coffee Shoppe](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

You are now, witnessing  
The effects of the Buddha

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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