

## T.G. Sheppard

### "Coast II Coast"

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Intro:

From city to city, coast II coast  
Friday night is the night they like to party the most  
(We came, to rock, for everybody)  
From city to city, coast II coast  
Friday night is the night they like to party the most  
From city to city, coast II coast (all night y'all)  
Friday night is the night they like to party the most

Verse One: Tash

(From city to city, coast II coast)  
I make rappers see more stars than Space Ghost  
Cause my fiver I kick lyrics make em sound like [walkie talkies]  
So the poet cracks the Moet while they drink the Old Milwaukee  
Off the hook with (droppin visions) so the Leo of the trio  
(Without the sexy voice) scoops more hoes than Theo  
So I dedicate this rap to all my ghetto spokesmodels  
Dressin like y'all paid, redeemin Coke bottles  
So nod to the oddness as the story gets told  
While I burn these MC's like Rotisierrie Gold  
Cause you know the reputation of the L-I-K-Ses  
The crew that wets you with they beer until somebody undresses  
I bust my shit and peel! Grab my wheels of steel  
If y'all niggaz can't feel me than y'all niggaz ain't real  
I hit so hard the WBC  
Called to ask me could the champ come and train with me  
Cause my liquidatin flows transpose on niggaroles  
Individuals, close they eyes, cause I blurred they visuals  
And I'm about to be as large as Houdini in a minute  
(Now the party didn't start) Till the Liks walked in it  
Chorus:  
From city to city, coast II coast  
Friday night is the night they like to party the most  
All night y'all (city to city) all night y'all  
When the Liks is (coast II coast) in the house get hype y'all  
From city to city, coast II coast

Friday night is the night they like to party the most  
All night y'all (city to city) all night y'all  
(from coast ll coast) The Liks is in the house to make it  
right y'all

Verse Two: J-Ro

Yeah... check out my Ro-gram  
Since I was a kid I got darker  
I write rhymes so phat I need a marker  
My style gets bit like Peter Parker  
If imitation is the greatest form of flattery...  
...punk don't flatter me  
I slam you like a pogue on my dog with no fleas and  
ticks  
Chicks love them light-skinned rap niggaz called the  
Liks  
Youse a wizard, with no tricks, the J-R-O got the spells  
You never even heard Rock the Bells  
My cash flows, like a bloody nose  
It stains all your clothes, and your pill-ows  
I come from the home of the Rodney King beatin  
Pacoma CA, Riff Rack is where I'm eatin  
Your style is like \*do Do DOO\* out of service  
The Liks walk in the jam the punk MC's be gettin  
nervous  
I never take falls, I got more balls than pre-hauls  
I flow without flaws to scrape all you sucka paws  
Never ever find the fool that stole my brew  
(I'ma do mean, terrible, nasty things to you)  
Don't lose me, I make a rude bwoy say excuse me  
If you choose the real shit you can't refuse me  
Ask your grandpap I bust the dandy rap  
I be posted in the bar like Andy Capp  
And I, could, just, go, all, the, way  
On Friday

Interlude:

Yo whassup baby!!!  
Yo wasn't that your nigga there performin?  
Nah nah that wasn't him  
Yo it was mad niggaz in that piece yo  
What? What was they mad about?  
...Yo kid  
Kid?!! I'm old enough to be your uncle, heh  
Anyway, where the BUD at?  
Sorry we do not drink!  
What the hell you talkin bout we don't drink  
I mean the chronic  
Oh you wanna smoke a L or sumthin?  
An L? Fuck is that?  
Man, word  
Nathin  
Who the fuck is Nate, tell him

It's Iesha, Farrah, and Kath true...

Chorus:

From city to city, coast II coast

Friday night is the night they like to party the most

And there's so many niggaz on the planet left to rock  
yo

don't be surprised when we rappin on your block

From city to city, coast II coast

Friday night is the night they like to party the most

To all the hoses and all the third-leggers

We comin old school like biscuits and Kreggers

Verse Three: J-Ro, E-Swift, Tash

Yo, first they didn't know me now the hoes be on my  
Moby

But I'm just a nigga kickin me shit like Reggie Roby

My name ain't Toby call me J-to the

Talk on my cellular telly got a belly like Buddah

I ain't Barry Gordy's son but I Rock(s)well

When I eat Jamaican food I get the ox tail

Get in the bushes with your punk style, you bore us

I should kick my foot through your windshield like

Chuck Norris

I jump out the bushes and ambush your crew

Push you and moosh you like a bitch, what you wanna  
do

It's round two nigga I'm showin no love

It's like a heavyweight match, but without the gloves

You just can't rock a show, you're too quick to fatigue

I think you ain't busy since Red was in seas

You need to put a little more thought into your writin

Your style is Virginia Slim, while mine is Phillie

tightened

So stop biting what your mouth can't chew

A nova eat you but my DJ flow better than you

But when I go to set it call the closest paramedic

Cause you faker than that motherfuckin jewelry that's  
cosmetic

So hold on to your seats while I rock these beats

Cause these are just the repeats of our amazing feats

Cause even Kurtis Blow knows we break beats like

world records

So my style'll hurt you worsen than a cut that's infected

And we O... W... T

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