

Coffee

Tonedeff

Have a cup of coffee, sit back and open up your mind
Now this type of rhyme was designed to keep writers above the line
Cause I'll guide us above the swine, and keep the gate up for traitors
While beats cater to cut-creators and fader operators
From Decatur to Kendall, the terminator to pencils and pens
More to the P than the Rentals were friends
But that be dated like them leaders of cheers be under beers
I've contracted calendars to number your years
I put pressure on motherfuckers like 300 lb. Peers
Like a captain on blank pages, I'm steering clear
Whether weather's ever severe, I'll bring ya to mass with the classics
Stopping the wack shit just like naked bitches in traffic
I'm graphic by design, Illustrated like sports without the swimwear
Between her wet thighs is where your bitch be feeling my chin hair
You know I had to go there cause I've been there
I'll Spice your Girl up, that's what I really really want
Now, we can talk coffee like Linda Richman
I'll fold your style, and I'll switch then
Take your picture just like I'm Pitman
Throw in Danny Glover to Crispin, it's all related
Sank-a titanic crew now their records be inundated
It's all correlated, everything that I've stated
I speed up Metabolisms while you be decaffeinated
Known for leaving ya satiated, I'm delegated
Representatives in my House ain't thirsty cause I'm Irrigated
Niggas get irritated, Hate it when I'm elated
They're pained cause I pull em down more than windows get shaded
Cause they've evaded the sun and concentrated on the gun
But if I crack em open-if they're see through, I'll breeze through
Adversaries that's even tinted. I've got a penance for pennants
So if you dirty seconds, I'ma clean a minute
Even though, I'd cream the senate, I still don't PUFF laws
Or blow out judiciary committees within the city
And I'm pretty confident, that with these pronouns and consonants
I'll rapture the heavens and all the seven global continents
And I'm in this, Breaking up the plates just like some Greeks in Pangea
Even if they're dubs for the clubs
And I'm off a level that I even out on my own
But, I've been known to take it over the top, like Stallone
So, when the road be getting Rocky and I'm hanging from cliffs
I'm locking out the daylight, and then I hit 'em with this
I keep it on and on and, you, it don't stop
You'd better protect your 7-UP because I'm blowing up the spot
So, I keep it bubbling, so da niggas'll know the half between the boring and
me
It's cause I got the pep, see?
If these kids is rhyming 'bout Coke, then I'ma keep my Tab on 'em
They can't Dye-it Right, that's why all of the skags want 'em
I'm icing more niggas at their peaks than a mountain do
Maintenance at the Fontainebleau's all they're amounting to
Rip ya to bits for the sake of counting you, leave ya wound in two
Bounding your throat and make guesstimations about the sound of you
Doggin', but never hounding you, that's just too easy
That threatening style of rhyme never appeased me
So I prefer to squeeze the
Last drop out of metaphors and similes Like they was a squeegee
I've got more game than E3, I never saw E.T

But you I still phone home- Don't fuck around within the Tonedeff zone
Because you bound to get your whole set thrown, Hoes get stoned
I'll repossess your shit and then your clothes get loaned
Cause no army can salvage you when you push me
I'd lay you out Quick, but that's a bigger turn off than bushy pussy
So, I spread the fly vibe like eagles with butterknives
Now you can dissect that line, and three definitions you'll find
With some repetitions and time, you're bound to catch on
But those who don't are getting beat by the beast like Gaston
And lyrically that's the beauty of it... I pull back heads like Pez
Cause I was hand-picked by Juan Valdez
Not the number, but the name you call, and I'll be coming when
You need another cup of joe from the Cuban/Colombian