

Tony Touch, Class Of '87

(feat. Big Daddy Kane, Kool G. Rap, KRS-One)

[Big Daddy Kane]

Uh uh.. what? Uh-huh
Just put it down baby
What? Uh, yo, yo..

Somebody let the lion out the den, I come flyin out to win
Whatever you tryin bout to end - Kane's comin
Let me explain somethin - we rules the place
You couldn't shine around me wearin a suit from Mase
And that, gruesome face - G, cock the hammer
Let's test his stamina
or make him smile like he on Candid Camera
I'm wreckin jaws with extra force just because
I have no respect for yours against the boss
Nigga, check your drawers
Don't let it get to where I have to sun ya
And goin back you wonder
Put holes inside your chest like accupuncture
Give me a reason to flip I'll put deez in your lip
Be laid up without deez in your wrist
and you bleed when you piss
Presence alone make the hardest cats soften
Put niggaz in the coffin
Play Daddy to a female orphan
I keeps it heated while so many get deleted
And you close to bein the next one to meet it,
now beat it!

[Kool G. Rap]

Chandeliers glare, mahogany floors, house on the shore
with the balcony doors, marble walls like it's Carnegie Hall
Armies of whores walk around in they drawers
Mountains of raw, water fountains pour - take a tour
?? in the floor, draped in velour, paper galore
Master suite dinner table for four
Sittin on four acres or more
Bracin my jaw, scrapin the floor
Home of Capone, gold phone take me to war
Sip the Henny-Rock straight with a straw, lovin the cabbage
Money stashes up in the mattress, fuckin the actress
Bless her finger with ten carats, leather giraffe it
my suit fabrics, silk smooth shoes jurassic
Rip everything from new to classic
Bulletproof jackets that move drastic
Package the her-on in blue plastic
Who blew the racket? G. Luciano with the drug traffic
Homicide's a thug habit let your crew have it

[KRS-One]

Word, word.. feel that! Feel that! Word up
Tony Touch, in the cluth, word up
Word up.. it's KRS-One
Comin through Big Daddy Kane, Kool G. Rap
YouknowhatI'msayin?
Givin you a moment to, to feel this
Feel it up!
My man Tony Touch, came to me in the clutch
and he said, "Yo KRS-One man
I want you to get on this record and,
to just represent for the Latin Quarter crew y'know,
y'know the Class of '87"
So I said uhh, ha hah, I said,

"What's your name again?" He said, "Tony!"
So I took his name and I reversed it
and when Tony's reversed it spells - Y NOT?
So Y NOT?

It's irrefutable my facts are usable
They might be new to you
but they suitable to the street entrepreneural
Mentally unmovable
When I move it's your beautiful brutal funeral
in your face or the bodega mural
I can cure all, or kill all, which do you prefer it y'all?
I throw up lyrics like cats chokin on furballs
Herbal remedies and vocal melodies be changin up my identity
from Kool G. to K-A-N-E
Movin em up, movin em up, breakin em all the way down
Takin em up, shakin em up, takin away they sound
You better be ready when I be comin around, layin it down
Divine speech for each, what you think I'm playin around?
I flash right on em, and rock mics for em
but they can't see this MC cause I'm too bright for em
The unraveller, world traveller, philosopher
Timeless, K-R-S, now you rewind this!