

# Tony Touch, Guru Freestyle

(feat. Guru)

[Guru]

Yeah, Gurizzi up in the house, Gang Starr forever  
(Gang Starr) New York City. Mm-hmm  
Fuck the fame and the bright lights and all that  
(Yeah them fuckin chicken-head bitches) I'ma do this here

I come off, like my sweatshirt when I'm workin out  
MC's be workin out, no doubt  
You shouldn't come around cause I'll beat you down  
To the ground with this lyrical four-pound  
Yo, I'm right in your streets, like Urban Outreach  
Rhyme perfection, injectin like the doctor  
Rocked ya, and then shot ya, blao-blaol  
Whatever you've got, I got more  
You're insecure, motherfucker!  
And now your facin, yes, your ultimate challenger  
The Avenger, your fate is on my calendar  
Notice this spirit I posess is more than holy  
I'm Gifted Unlimited... fuck the rest you niggaz know me  
My mic illuminates your whole spectrum  
Crush your dome section, punks I wreck em, mics I bless em  
I don't why, MC's would come and test the INI  
Master of self, my wealth, is just my state of mind  
I stack my loot, just for the rainy day  
And you can pull out your forty, for rappers I slay  
I bring the BOUNTY BACK!  
And then I give my thanks, for just being black  
I got the knack, the rap format, to bust your corpuscles  
Piecin through your fuckin snorkel  
Even if its goosed-down, you get run out of town  
The apparatus gets blessed, suckers get put to rest  
No more of the impure I got the cure for this mess  
The wackness is spreadin like the plague  
MC's they wanna get paid, but they can't make the fuckin grade  
How many times are wanna be's gonna try?  
Yo, they must wanna die cause they can't touch the knowledge I personify  
I travel through the darkness, carrying my torch  
The illest soldier, when I'm holdin down the fort  
For some time now, I held the scrolls and manuscripts  
When I start to go all out, you be like, "damn, he flipped"  
Now I'm sick, and fed up with bullshit  
I got that lyrical Full Clip, givin the verbal ass-whip  
so don't trip, Its the Gifted one, spliff-ted one  
Alias Bald Head Slick, why is niggaz on my di-dick?  
Cause I be iller than a komakazie pilot, don't try it  
I'm about to start more than a fuckin riot  
Styles unsurpassable, and knuckers thats suckers  
Yo, the motherfuckers is harassable  
For I be speakin from my parables and carry you beyond  
The mic's either a magic wand  
or it gets tragic like the havoc of a nuclear bomb  
And I read your palm, no pulse your dead