

# Tony Touch, Freestyle

(feat. Noreaga)

[Noreaga]

Tony Touch, Iraq, Iraq, 50 MC's...  
A little bit a thugs is all it takes  
to make this industry just brake \*repeat\*  
What, what, what poison arrows  
Swords and lords, yo, but really  
My Mac-milly, spray niggaz, lay niggaz  
Yo the Cognac, make you feel unbeatable  
Yo, especially, when that ass drunk too much  
I call up Tony Touch, Tony Touch bring the next dutch  
Yo I'm all fucked up, bent and can't think  
While you both stink, don't even care that you sink  
Yo impulsive, exclusive, high explosive  
Can't even get with, shit I dealt wit  
I'm on some other shit, my main script describe the foulness  
Panama Canalness, what, yo, I, don't even talk so I'm far from the loudest  
Kid, nigga, can't touch this, rush this, yo what  
[talking: yo, switch the beat, now, bless it]  
What, I'm bout to fuck shit up, what  
Fuck it up \*repeat 3\*  
FUCK IT UP FUCK IT UP FUCK IT UP, what what?!  
We on the lines like the internet  
Many will come but few was chosen  
Against my set, there ain't a nigga yet  
Smoke so much niggaz say I need Nicorette  
You say bogie, but you used to say cigarette  
Now I know, a new religion, a new beginning  
I own women, three-fourths rock and linen  
This Middle East shit, father beat shit  
Release this, the only place in the world, that pull out cracks pieces  
We rock camels, split that ass in text  
Yo we bag bitches after we fuck em and say thanks  
Yo thanks for havin me, next week your straight grabbin me  
Swearin they homeless, sayin that the havin me  
I don't, wanna crawl at all  
You wanna be a thug, you used to play ball  
Runs the play for Seton Hall  
Now, outta the blue, you got thug in you too  
Yo I knew you, your size shoe was ?due in voodoo?  
Always, smell like shit, used to call you doo-doo  
Never came outside, in the crib you hide  
Scared to death  
While we played manhunt, to our last breath  
I never chose this life, it chose me  
What, LFC, heavy amount with jewelry  
Crime Syndicate, nigga livin this  
Never mention miss ?  
Smoke rain bodies, you had to saw before, before  
Yo, you on my dick, I had the lime green on  
With the string on, with fatigue on  
Fresh Avirex's, cockpit, now from the outlet  
Jose Luis Emperor, two shots I blow ta Dillinger  
No real Kings like John Dillinger, the politic  
What, I'm on some ides in the militant  
You either with me or against me  
That in between shit make the money stop too intensely  
So what the deal is, the generals what the deal is  
What the deal is, the devilish thought you can't kill this  
[Tony Touch:] Till Capone comes home  
What niggaz, Iraq...realize that...