

Tony Touch, Rock Steady

(feat. Wu-Tang Clan)

[Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Go head..

[Raekwon]

Give me all Gucci colors, my niggaz get real for brothers
We idolize big lines and nines
Jumping out of big joints live, projects
Lot of objects, front if you want, you gon' die
Lex with a sawed off, Killa gonna tax him in the Waldorff
All bloodhounds, pop, show it off
Actin' like that money ain't live
Built it from the getty-up, New York City gonna fry
Aiyo, son, I take mines, rape lines
Yeah, I'm realer than Riker's who orchestrate great crimes
Jump out the Lex', lookin' zesty, real Nestle
What, picture nigga, except bless me
God, I'm high-powered, gun of the hour, crafted Flowers
Give it the blend, double it, and blow like the Towers
All ya'll need to take showers, can't take what's ours, pa..
Been sellin' crack, been sellin' crack
Been sellin' crack, livin' the black
Revealin' how we flip that, strip cats
We write rich raps
Help out the body, me, similar to the Gotti
Story, I'm kinda young, son, a fly forty
The Reverend cold shittin' on shorty, did it to shorty pop
And gave him like ten in his jaw piece
Remember this sayin': "Staten Island Gun Slayers"
It's mayors, all gauges, minimum wage the raises..

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard (RZA reverses and flips voice samples)]

...up the Rock..

[Method Man]

Niggaz be killin' me, actin' like they ain't feelin' me
Knowin' they bustin' them guns with my artillery
Usin' my words as if it's his and hers
That's that shit that make me not wanna pass the herb
The fake artist, I'm coming Razor Sharp regardless
I bump lah, sowed of liquor, light and spark
Make it crunk live, the dirty dirty try and serve me
Like black folks in scary movies: you die early
Tony Toca, Meth Tical, vida loca
Esta loca, if she think I eat the chocha
Ma, toss the, smoke ya, win free (Winfrey) like Oprah
And un-hoast that roast, your meat, for the butcher
Licky lost ya, don't even come a step closer
When I approach a track, I slam like my culture

[RZA]

Chill with the feedback, black, we don't need that

[Method Man]

GZA told you it's a "Cold World", where ya heat at?..

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard (RZA reverses and flips voice samples)]

...up the Rock..

[U-God]

Hots on the shit, just so we can lock horns
Throw a package in the streets, get the block warm
Something happens when we meet, hit the block strong

Get it poppin' in your face, taste the popcorn
Now that we back on track, can't lose
My back gets huge, bitches Moulin Rouge
The way I move, the Cadillac, so smooth
Battle rap improve shit, light the fuse
Bruised off the booze liquor, doozy kicker
The dynamite style, shinin' lights still flicker
Wu-Tang stickers is a nuclear reaction
Tony Touch scratch the table, RZA on the back end
Pure, the talent, yes, yours truly
The brand combination of jazz, class and beauty
Here to do my duty, up another notch
The gospel according to rap is mega watts
Agenda never stop, dead center, mega hot
Go mop it up, go cop it when it drops..

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard (RZA reverses and flips voice samples)]
...up the Rock..

[Outro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]
Haha, they coming over here.