

Tony Touch, What's That? (?Que Eso?)

(feat. De La Soul, Mos Def)

[Mos Def]

Took spanish one for four years, just so you know
Spit my shit right here

Ógame, malo muchacho
Mos Def con Tony Flaco, el idioma que yo hablo
Pretty young champ like Camacho, spittin the hot flow
B-Boy shout, Zulu gestapo, bro
You know my stilo, cigarrillo con tamarindo
Habichuelas negras, arroz amarillo
Yo soy suave viejito, campeÓn nacional como Tito
Bringin the heat bro, unique when I speak yo
Doin my Way like Carlito, beats by M-A-S-E-O
From Panama to Puerto Rico, play my jam on Caliente noventa y siete
On the expressway, and press play, see what ya neck say
Duro siempre, para mi gente, ganamos
Se acabÓ venga vamos, corillo, alcen las manos
Blowin ya spot like I got toast
A lotta MC's is Def, but they not Mos, and not close
Understand it when I shine, all your light is through
Ya niggas wack in one language, I'm nice in two, fuck is you

[Chorus 1]

Que eso? Tu no sabe mi sonido
Siempre ganamos, nunca perdimos
Para quien? Blanco, Negro, Latino
Del mundo, cuando junto, qu profundo
Que eso? Tu no sabe mi sonido
Siempre ganamos, nunca perdimos
Para quien? Blanco, Negro, Latino
Corillo, so my street folk come unidos

[Pos]

I got chips, to Ziploc grips to burst
Non-conventional, original B-Boy, my peeps call me Merc'
I'm from N.Y.C., so see why in me
There's a lot of hustlin, found around my cheek
Sippin strawberry daq, that ain't never been fucked
Try to catch me off balance, man, you shit outta luck
Cuz we got more rams, and I drivin y'all
Got the people like the jams, more live than y'all
I'm wit Tone Touch, while ya all touched in the head
Such a lethal combination, got you facin the red
And um, yo, you don't want no parts in that
You style so pussy, last name should be Cat
We takin it back, like flea stacks and pylons
Wit the ladies in a frenzy, runnin they nylon
Reveal flesh to test, cuz I love bruisin 'em
Treat my battles like my children nigga, I'm never losin 'em

[Chorus 2]

Aiyo, what's that? You don't know, that's my sound yo
No one can rock it like this, we put it down yo
For who? Black, white, purple or brown yo
It's Mos, De La, and Touch, we hold the crown yo
Pero what's that? You don't know, that's my sound yo
No one can rock it like this, we put it down yo
For who? Black, white, purple or brown yo
So all my street folk come on gather round yo

[Dove]

Pardon me son, but the only Spanish I knew, was dame un beso

Cut bitches wit niggas, who nettin the peso
Ya breathin on beats like this, if you say so
I stay sippin on God theories, so where the case yo?
Wait flow on four floors like film edits
Fuck sayin the name, you read it in the credits
Sit that ass down on my lyrics
We servin niggas up some beans and rice, everything is everything
Heavy metal thing, rock, wit Mos and Pos and us
Written flows get broke down by the comas
From L.I. lawn, I green shit up in my wallets
To fly the wrong places, and get red like scarlet
How I dollar it, I just earn the say
So when the itchy itchy come, I satisfy the crave
And let it fall a little too much
I let Tone touch my ears to let the bullshit disappear

[Tony Touch]

Pa' 'fuera, tu no sabe, mi manera
Native tongue, puttin it down, donde quiera
De La, Mos Def wit a candela
Borinquen, que bonita bandera
Respect the architect or be next to catch a pela
I send ya all runnin home to your abuela
Cash rap over a beat or acapella
Kick a wicked rhyme like a fortune teller
This fella, se pone feo quando llego
I still be shoutin out cats in San Diego
I'm still in effect, and I'm still doin the huevo
I still be putting it down, till I'm a viejo
Man, you can't tell me nuthin about the juego
I told ya suckas before, leggo my eggo
Yet you insist upon playin wit fuego
But I catch you on the rebound, hasta luego, pendejo

[Chorus 1]