

## **Tony Touch F/ Wu-Tang Clan**

### **"Truly Yours '98"**

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This I dedicate to the girl I rate  
As a ten then again she was probably an eight  
Her ass was kinda phat so she moved me yo  
When I scoped out her mental was straight said let's  
roll  
Stared this shorty everynight and everyday  
On the rebound around left right and hey  
I'm a critical brother when it comes down to broads  
But this wop here is like the Grammy Awards  
Had style and grace and class a lot of taste  
On a slow dance we romance around my place  
Like a king from queens is how she made me feel  
And if I did dirt it was locked and sealed  
No doubt was all about me and my love thing  
If the phone called Paul I was lettin it ring  
Absolutely, she looped me the hook was good  
Niggaz buggin on me buggin in my neighbor hood  
Yeah boss, but on course is my game plan and  
Shorty wop keep me chillin with the name brand  
Kicks and whips, going all out chicks, flicks and tours  
Yeah you know who you is kid truly yours

This I dedicate to the mixtapes I hate  
Exclusive shit it really holds no weight  
Put ya skills on the plate backspin to eighty-eight  
Now this I dedicate to a girl I hate  
Try to post fly with ya Mabeline eye  
Sportin DKNY working on ya alibi  
Immitation at best Miss American Express  
Dismiss the charge, Kool G Rap and Large Pro  
Here to let you know were not the mens  
I'm through with you but still talk ta ya friends  
Don't stop to say hi or even reply  
The position is filled with fresh new material  
Keep ya head up, catch some black cat luck  
Sped off in my truck not givin a fuck  
Lookin At My Front Door, it's locked and closed  
So I use the window for all you ninety-eight hoes

Ave yo go head hood rat  
I can't see where ya any good at

Put that trash back on tha rack  
You a put back a stripper  
Just like a chicken peckin wherever wood at  
You sewer rat better be careful where you step ya foot  
at  
You might get snapped, caught in the trap  
Sneekin bout a cheese stack so sewer that and ease  
back  
You fleece that it's G Rap many cats wanna be that  
Better believe that iced up, find me where it's below  
zero degrees at  
Skis at see the G stack puffin on scarface and garcia  
vegas  
G Rap and Pete Rock we bond papers  
Both of us together we bomb makers bottles of Dom  
breakers  
Many mansions on farm acres pushin porsches with  
four doors  
Diamonds with no flaws with the pretty mamas  
on beaches of bahama shores  
Pinky ring is like a stone age without the dinosaurs  
Comin from me G Rap yo, truly yours

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