

Tony Toni Tone

"Class Of '87"

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[Big Daddy Kane]

Uh uh... what? Uh-huh

Just put it down baby

What? Uh, yo, yo...

Somebody let the lion out the den, I come flyin out to
win

Whatever you tryin bout to end - Kane's comin

Let me explain somethin - we rules the place

You couldn't shine around me wearin a suit from Mase

And that, gruesome face - G, cock the hammer

Let's test his stamina

Or make him smile like he on Candid Camera

I'm wreckin jaws with extra force just because

I have no respect for yours against the boss

Nigga, check your drawers

Don't let it get to where I have to sun ya

And goin back you wonder

Put holes inside your chest like accupuncture

Give me a reason to flip I'll put deez in your lip

Be laid up without deez in your wrist

And you bleed when you piss

Presence alone make the hardest cats soften

Put niggaz in the coffin

Play Daddy to a female orphan

I keeps it heated while so many get deleted

And you close to bein the next one to meet it,

Now beat it!

[Kool G. Rap]

Chandeliers glare, mahogany floors, house on the
shore

With the balcony doors, marble walls like it's Carnegie
Hall

Armies of whores walk around in they drawers

Mountains of raw, water fountains pour - take a tour

? in the floor, draped in velour, paper galore

Master suite dinner table for four

Sittin on four acres or more

Bracin my jaw, scrapin the floor

Home of Capone, gold phone take me to war

Sip the Henny-Rock straight with a straw, lovin the
cabbage
Money stashes up in the mattress, fuckin the actress
Bless her finger with ten carats, leather giraffe it
My suit fabrics, silk smooth shoes jurassic
Rip everything from new to classic
Bulletproof jackets that move drastic
Package the her-on in blue plastic
Who blew the racket? G. Luciano with the drug traffic
Homicide's a thug habit let your crew have it

[KRS-One]

Word, word... feel that! Feel that! Word up
Tony Touch, in the cluth, word up
Word up... it's KRS-One
Comin through Big Daddy Kane, Kool G. Rap
Youknowwhat!msayin?
Givin you a moment to, to feel this
Feel it up!
My man Tony Touch, came to me in the clutch
And he said, "Yo KRS-One man
I want you to get on this record and,
To just represent for the Latin Quarter crew y'know,
Y'know the Class of '87"
So I said uhh, ha hah, I said,
"What's your name again?" He said, "Tony!"
So I took his name and I reversed it
And when Tony's reversed it spells - Y NOT?
So Y NOT?

It's irrefutable my facts are usable
They might be new to you
But they suitable to the street entrepreneural
Mentally unmovable
When I move it's your beautiful brutal funeral
In your face or the bodega mural
I can cure all, or kill all, which do you prefer it y'all?
I throw up lyrics like cats chokin on furballs
Herbal remedies and vocal melodies be changin up my
identity
From Kool G. to K-A-N-E
Movin em up, movin em up, breakin em all the way
down
Takin em up, shakin em up, takin away they sound
You better be ready when I be comin around, layin it
down
Divine speech for each, what you think I'm playin
around?
I flash right on em, and rock mics for em
But they can't see this MC cause I'm too bright for em
The unraveller, world traveller, philosopher

Timeless, K-R-S, now you rewind this!

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