

Tony Touch

"Dimelo"

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[Tony Touch]

Aroz con pollo

Cafe con leche

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Um, check)

Yeah, yeah, yeah (Yo)

(Verse 1)

Ain't nothin'

Changed but the weather, you can say whatever

Ask around, man, I been in this game forever

Cause I rep my peeps like Shay Guevera

And I bring it to geeks that claim they better

Trendsetter

Known to rock a party

And drop a little jewel like Robert Marley

Original like Atari, I'm sorry

But dudes ain't messing with T, cause they hardly

Got they feet wet, me, I get respect

East, west, they be like, "He's fresh"

Prende lo

Y quitate tu par ponerme yo

Yeah

I'm knockin' crews, out they shoes

O.G. holmes pay lots of dues

Stayed on my grind, making lots of moves

Now I'm buyin' out the bar in Barbalos

Chorus:

[Crew] Que tu quieres, hun?

Dimelo

Que tu quieres, what?

Dimelo

Que tu quieres, ma?

Dimelo

Que tu quieres, hun?

Dimelo

[Tony Touch] Un palo

Un trago

Aqui, yo quiero un trago

Un palo

Un trago
Aqui, llego el caballo

(Verse 2)

Lo que me va a dar, que me lo den en vida
Mr. Capicu
With another heater
You know how we do
Straight mantequia
Up in your spot with the big drum beater
Ay bendito, live from New York City
Slash Puerto Rico
Fresh off a plane from London, he throw
Nothin' but that when I bust my free throw
You know what it is
And what's best of all, there's more to give
The rest of y'all better call it quits
Cause I tear the roof off at all the gigs (Say word)
Crazy bum, since 80, um
I do what I do, get the ladies strung
Make the track real raw when I lay the drums
Now give it up for the greatest one {*clapping*}

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

I be in the zone like Nina Simone (Tone Touch)
In the league of my own, so leave it alone
Never caught up, in the heat of the mom'
On the run, eating like N.O.R.E. or Capone
And I'm known
To hold my own weight
Like Kid Capri
Doing me in control of my own fate
And some of 'em gon' love it
Most is gon' hate
But I'm a keep shuttin' 'em down like all day
No foreplay, I go straight to the gut
Catch me on the road, tryin' to make me a buck
See, a lot of these rappers is fakin' the funk
So I handle my biz, now I'm breakin' em up
Who?
Your favorite-DJ's favorite DJ
Tape's on eBay, live from BK
He say, she say, mobo chinche
Don't do as we do, do as we say

Repeat Chorus

