

# Tony Touch "Freestyle"

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Featuring Noreaga

[Noreaga]

Tony Touch Iraq Iraq 50 MC's...

A little bit a thugs is all it takes  
to make this industry just brake \*repeat\*

What what what poison arrows

Swords and lords yo but really

My Mac milly spray niggaz lay niggaz

Yo the Cognac make you feel unbeatable

Yo especially when that ass drunk too much

I call up Tony Touch Tony Touch bring the next dutch

Yo I'm all fucked up bent and can't think

While you both stink, don't even care that you sink

Yo impulsive, exclusive, high explosive

Can't even get with, shit I dealt wit

I'm on some other shit, my main script describe the  
foulness

Panama Canalness, what, yo, I, don't even talk so I'm  
far from the loudest

Kid, nigga, can't touch this, rush this, yo what

[talking: yo, switch the beat, now, bless it]

What, I'm bout to fuck shit up, what

Fuck it up \*repeat 3\*

FUCK IT UP FUCK IT UP FUCK IT UP, what what!?!

We on the lines like the internet

Many will come but few was chosen

Against my set, there ain't a nigga yet

Smoke so much niggaz say I need Nicorette

You say bogie, but you used to say cigarette

Now I know, a new religion, a new beginning

I own women, three-fourths rock and linen

This Middle East shit, father beat shit

Release this, the only place in the world, that pull out  
cracks pieces

We rock camels, split that ass in text

Yo we bag bitches after we fuck em and say thanks

Yo thanks for havin me, next week your straight  
grabbin me

Swearin they homeless, sayin that the havin me

I don't, wanna crawl at all

You wanna be a thug, you used to play ball

Runs the play for Seton Hall  
Now, outta the blue, you got thug in you too  
Yo I knew you, your size shoe was ?due in voodoo?  
Always, smell like shit, used to call you doo-doo  
Never came outside, in the crib you hide  
Scared to death  
While we played manhunt, to our last breath  
I never chose this life, it chose me  
What, LFC, heavy amount with jewelry  
Crime Syndicate, nigga livin this  
Never mention miss ?  
Smoke rain bodies, you had to saw before, before  
Yo, you on my dick, I had the lime green on  
With the string on, with fatigue on  
Fresh Avirex's, cockpit, now from the outlet  
Jose Luis Emperor, two shots I blow ta Dillinger  
No real Kings like John Dillinger, the politic  
What, I'm on some ides in the militant  
You either with me or against me  
That in between shit make the money stop too intensely  
So what the deal is, the generals what the deal is  
What the deal is, the devilish thought you can't kill this  
[Tony Touch: Till Capone comes home]  
What niggaz, Iraq...realize that

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