

Tony Touch

"Likwit Rhyming"

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[Xzibit]

From now and forever its the Likwit Emcee

'From now and forever its the Likwit Emcee' -Scratched
by Tony
Touch

[Defari]

Danger danger, wild west ranger ranger

Rearrange'a the mark ass stranger

Behold, the look on my face stone cold

With a rare cowboy style that never grow old

I'm the Golden State bear with a rough flare, plus
debanare

Time for me and mine, but for any kind I can't care

Stormy weather rain liquid

Defari con Tony Toca, Tash, and Xzibit

Break necks bounce with it when I spit it

Knockin this jam is a form of calastenics

Let it knock when you mashin down the block

Rims spank with the car wash

Watch the bitches stop

An look, always stay five steps ahead

Hard at work, while you tricks lay in bed

Dead to the world but ?Hayru? he be the sun

Always burnin, 'cuz my job is never done

Run from one time I rather dump an AK

Thats for all the black and brown that got carried away

To the morg, when I look in the mirror I see the Lord

'Oh my God' -Scratched by TT

[Tash]

Since niggas wanna set trip

It's time to start the checklist

Tash the Likwit rhymer runnin through your city
reckless

Blame it on the hennisey, we drink that shit for
breakfast

My style be standin out like my homie Tony's necklace

This is flawless raw'less for ya ballers

Nah, f**k y'all, this is for all my drunken alcoholiks

Nah, f**k dat, this is for my homie Tony Touch

I told ya homeboy we come through in the clutch

New York, L.A. its not the same thing

Y'all niggas rob, out here we gangbang

Guns to the ammo, niggas think they Rambo

Standin on the corner with they khakis and they flannel

Dang yo' flow sound just like D's

Who wanna battle three G's for T's

Please, read it off the lips of the Alki-bumrusher

F**k you up so bad, Tony wouldn't wanna Touch ya

Say what?

Say what?

Say what?

Say what?

Say what?

Say what?

I'll f**k you up so bad, Tony wouldn't wanna Touch ya

Say what?

I'll f**k you up so bad, Tony wouldn't wanna Touch ya

[Xzibit]

Lets get upclose and personal, malicious, Sid Vicious

I bang bitches, you might find yourself missin tonight

Rapper's Delight, keep it at the house but ain't f**kin it right

Got'choo stuck in the headlights, can't move

Impact is all of the sudden, vehicular homicide

But I ain't stoppin for nothin

Me and my cousin, strong buzzin, and playin a dozen

Pushin and shovin', leads to gettin sucked and rolled up

Like a nigga with a mask and a gun, hold up

Rappers act like they ain't gon' die for small fry

Try to reply, don't touch what you ain't gon' buy

I ain't gon' lie, motherf**ker love to get high

Barely get by with scraps and pennies

Now we winnin Grammy's and Emmy's

And party with the henni and remi

Got a big bang theory nigga keepin it hot

Its the art versus ??? or not

[Scratched by TT]

'Let me show some off me skills here'
'Alright...that does it'

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