

# Tony Touch

## "Set It On Fire"

Visit "[Set It On Fire](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rock Marcy, so stop spreddin' out malarchy  
My rap anarchy, blaze more wigs than Barbara  
Sharpsee  
I'm a freakers army? Savage ya type like Chaka Zulo,  
papi chulo  
Not to be sulo, wilder than Kujo, you actin' fool yo

Come on, swing 'em like a two way, back to school  
Rulership shit, bring them the newest, Tony Touch 'em,  
I fuck 'em  
This fool, who can fuck with his dude  
Check what the butler, I cut his ass up, somethin'  
disgusting kid

My custom is, government cheese, chumpin' them  
steez  
Who's a monkey wrench, jumpin' machines get in  
between, so it seem  
It'll only cause a moment of scream  
The super seed what I be sayin' is like a king on his  
knees

I never fall, 'cuz the ring on my paw plead forgiveness  
Loot for rightness, superstitious, bazooka hit his ass  
out  
Break a suspicious, three sixes of cum  
Anti religious, kill 'em off on the first try

Flipmode Squad, there is none higher  
You bitch ass niggas, should call Messiah  
We won't stop rockin', until we retire  
Let's blow the spot and set the muthafucka on fire

Aiyo let's turn the heat up  
(And set it on fire)  
Let's bring the noise my nigga  
(And set it on fire)  
And what the fuck ya niggas wanna do  
(And set it on fire)  
Go get the gas and the matches  
(And set it on fire)

Ya, niggas in the game, ya ain't go no press  
Yo I go to Hillside and cop a V from Less  
Me and Flip on the lot, in the green G.S.  
Leathers is out, rims yo they be B.S.  
TV's in the dash, watchin' C.B.S.  
Later on watch the Knicks on T.B.S.

Rampage I'm the nigga, no second guess  
Yo my beeper goes off, it's them shorties from out west  
Call them back, hit them off on street jack  
I let 'em know, how this real nigga polly that  
I'm in my car yo, them honies in the Pontiac

How I dress, how I hustle, where the money at?  
They love my rings, my watch, how I flooded that  
Put that on my eggs and toast and just butter that  
Flipmode, Tony Touch, son double that  
Fuck around, shit gon' double plat'

Flipmode Squad, there is none higher  
You bitch ass niggas, should call Messiah  
We won't stop rockin', until we retire  
Let's blow the spot and set the muthafucka on fire

Aiyo let's turn the heat up  
(And set it on fire)  
Let's bring the noise my nigga  
(And set it on fire)  
And what the fuck ya niggas wanna do  
(And set it on fire)  
Go get the gas and the matches  
(And set it on fire)

Analyze the flavor, we 'bout to blaze ya, every move is  
major  
Major paper, office space up in the skyscraper  
Niggas on my crew dick, and need to get down  
Frown, from when your crew was just a major let down

Official, sparkerly clear just like a glass crystal  
Blast a pistol, that's when ya start to hear my missile  
whistle  
Jesus, pledge of allegiance to the sole prestigious  
With the antidote to make ya wanna bust ya heaters

Release this, I hope ya know that we about to freak this  
Fuck discreteness, analyze every nigga weakness  
Cut ya face up, then fuck the place up  
Pass the L, without the coca lace up, let's pick the pace  
up

Stick the place up, then shake up, then click ya base up  
Wrong move, we puncture everything from ya waist up  
Blow the space up, while ya gaspin' off ransom  
Then get the dough and put an expansion on my  
mansion

Flipmode Squad, there is none higher  
You bitch ass niggas, should call Messiah  
We won't stop rockin', until we retire  
Let's blow the spot and set the muthafucka on fire

Aiyo let's turn the heat up  
(And set it on fire)  
Let's bring the noise my nigga  
(And set it on fire)  
And what the fuck ya niggas wanna do  
(And set it on fire)  
Go get the gas and the matches  
(And set it on fire)

First and only female here to play my position  
Make it hotter than the projects with no air conditioning  
Honey petite, walk around with the screwface  
Dip from the whip, on down to my shoelace

Can't see us, mommy sippin', San Greas  
Shotgun style will open up ya pancreas  
Puff remix, hittin' sponsor for free kicks  
Bootleg ya shit with me spittin' on the remix

Type shit like doin' shows with a blind fold  
Voicey Q. will blow a circuit out ya console  
Fuckin' wit how I spit, ain't gonna paper  
Black hoody tight wit a teeny bit of makeup

No need to brag, my legislate speak  
Nine nine dig the time to shine like Memph Bleek  
Crown and half sheet, my white label leak  
Tellin' MC's to count eight weeks and say peace

Flipmode Squad, there is none higher  
You bitch ass niggas, should call Messiah  
We won't stop rockin', until we retire  
Let's blow the spot and set the muthafucka on fire

Aiyo let's turn the heat up  
(And set it on fire)  
Let's bring the noise my nigga  
(And set it on fire)  
And what the fuck ya niggas wanna do  
(And set it on fire)

Go get the gas and the matches  
(And set it on fire)

Okay, you wanna make a million fuckin' dollars?  
Okay, I tell Tony Touch to put out a fuckin' mixtape  
A mill here, a mill there  
In fuckin' 10 years, we fuckin' buy this whole fuckin'  
place, puto

Visit [Tony Touch](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.