

## Tony Touch "The Abduction"

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Okay, the GZA  
Tony Touch classic, knowhat!msayin'?  
We gonna bang y'all in the head one time  
Blaze up on y'all one time real fast  
(Do the mix and all that shit)  
Knamsayin', word up  
(Make it, make it a record real quick, do yo' thang)  
Throw ya seatbelts on, ahhigh?  
(Yeah, hook it up, make it a record, get down, yo)

I take y'all niggas straight, beneath the surface  
To the core, if it ain't raw it's worthless  
Pentab professional, hold the ink  
While river rats fall off the raft and sink  
Tony let a brother touch, twenty bar rush  
The way we push through equivalent to rocket thrust

Allah just, I lay it for the mix tapes  
Quick to quake a label-mate  
The sound came outta rusted crate  
Surrounded by cobwebs  
Beat smooth enough to slide through like bobsleds  
On a cold white snow, plus with the right flow  
Wu-Tang niggaz, they shine and make the mic glow

We killin' all gorillin' with all that screwfacin'  
Pacin' back and forth looking savage, stop it

Whether plugged in or plugged out  
Iron drill mugged or thugged out  
Blood in or blood out, son was bugged out  
Might look at you and slice you  
Buck fifty face stupid and say but run Nike swoop  
Who the fuck you think, let y'all wild niggas in  
Allowed you to put down ya guns and raise ya pen  
Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig, we don't fuck with no pig

We teach the kids, you rather have a bullet or a word to  
your wig  
Murder rates increases, bullet holes the size of fifty  
cent pieces  
Don't worry about the weed or pussy, I read books

I'm liable to mate'cha king with three rooks  
You see the Wu W raised in black fists  
Maybe Tony Touch, Concord needle will scratch this  
The ice cube link you bought, from the Jew for 80 G's

Was only appraised at forty-two  
Gazed upon by the eyes of multitude  
Of people, who would trade gold for food  
I heard boar's head killed more than nuclear's warhead  
Or street serfs who walk around dressed in all red  
Bobby Digi said if you ever in Compton or Long Beach  
Break my sons Doc Doom and Crisis wit' a nice piece

Penetrate on mix tape with the legislation  
Illustrate constant elevation  
Spark friction, Shaw shank Golden Arm Redemption  
Endorsed my the Masta inscription signature

Off top my unorthodox style of attack  
Is like Hannibal rollin' on elephant's backs  
Pack a long barrel, bustin' off strong ammo  
My light so vast, I cast twenty foot shadows  
First family, fifth cappo, micro to macro  
Load it in ya head, play it back slow

Act like you know, this is no drill  
Murderous rap revealed goin' for kill  
On these New York city sidewalks we walk  
Camoflauge, dodgin' the eyes of the hawk  
Kani Sport, totin' the fifth, slidin' off  
My live source movin' across with brute force  
Bloodsport, anymore heads face the blade  
Fakers must fade, the stakes are now raised

Words of murder, suspense, and intrigue  
Make major league niggaz show signs of fatigue  
My Killer Bees span wider than seven seas  
Squeeze on MC's, with bullet train speed  
Tony's Touch create more gold than Midas  
Ya highness, all in ya head, like ya hair stylus

Frosty mug, big ring leaders top secret thug  
Lampin' in cheaters Orenthal with the murder glove  
Boat of the town, devilish grin look peculiar  
Swung on this faggot, knocked the windows outta  
Silvia's  
Timb's got scuffed up, my ankles got sprained, that's  
my word  
To ever single seat, I smack flames  
Staten Island's bayside of teachers of Elijah

Thrown out the temple, non-calodic wit the father  
Nickname's Pudding, Clarence 13X before the Will  
Smith's  
And the limelights of Cuba Gooding  
Lost in the cosmos, explodin' through a quasar  
Be duckin' pulsars, organic stay still be the Gods  
Tony Touch, Tony Touch, word up  
Big Face Ghost in effect

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