

Tony Touch

"The Foundation"

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[Verse 1]

when there's beef whoo

I come through with the crazy truce

rip up your f**king legs turn them jeans to daisy dukes

spray your trucks, spray your troops

spray your Kawasaki bikes

starting hockey fights

Tyson lefts Rocky rights

your moms a khaki dyke

your father dress in drag

stick out his chest and brag

how he molest a fag

like father like son

bet you rock Victoria Sec's sit on the toilet then leak

and take your ball up your cheeks

tonight I might just take a buddha spot

Dred better take me to the pot

ain't no killer I just shoot alot

I ain't no boxer I just punch alot

jabbing niggas in they belly's got them spitting up they
lunch
alot

f**k a Merry Christmas

yo thats the terror day

my father was murdered that night so I don't celebrate

If santa hit my chimney with them bozo clothes

Ima make the .44 blow

fill his fat ass full of holes holes holes

[Chorus]

why you play

knowing that my style is Y2K

you can die today

nigga there's a price to pay

fight for game

we could bounce from night to day

cause only one of us is leaving alive, ok?

[Big Pun]

who wanna wrestle Chris

aka Pun the exorcist

your neck can twist like an owl

when I piledrive his head from this

who next to get suplexed off the roof ledge

20 feet in the ground

pass the blueprints

life's long

but cut it off short trying to fight strong

you soft think you can handle the force of the 24 inch
pythons

strike one

I cut out your eyes and leave you Ray Charles

strike two

you outta here nigga

this aint baseball it's hardcore

for my street rapping outlaws

quick to clap something

but rather go out for the South Bronx

South Bronx niggas got it tone

I shoved the shotty chrome up a nigga ass stuck a
mothaf**king
maricon

cause daddy's home, kids

?? cause everybody can die right now, mami too

[Chorus 2x]

[Sunkiss]

ayo I respect ho's who scam food stamps

writs and shit

also work a nine-to-five driving whips and shit

gasing niggas for their chips and shit

?? laps tops getting over on some offense em shit

you might think I be promoting this songs here for the
selling

how we live

some work, some are career felons

we laugh at house-a-dity ho's and niggas gelling

not proceeded

but Ill show you the feist that reduce the swelling

when my moneys involved, yo anybody's for the
snaking

some niggas who may think is yo fams, the ones thats
faking

find out, daddy still live my bacon

you see me pull a .9 and start popping like Im ?turtle?
from
breaking

I had that cat folding, rolling aces no faking

talk this

dump him in the furance in the basement

with no traces

Im a hit em first then pay off a witness to spit a verse

to your friend ??

do ya'll niggas think it will work

well ima make ya'll believers cause

Ill be damned when he's coming up short like the
keeblers

I make ya'll feel in some breathers
see Sherrif with the heaters
six in your piece
leave the shells line your shoes like Adidas

this nigga is off the meters
lyrical plots, spelling them down
too many Big and Pacs running around
its just me and the 400 pound
Sunkiss with original sounds
repping the Bronx, huh
you know we mean now

[Chorus]

