

## **Kiss Could Be Deadly, A "Touched"**

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Listen up, I got a story to tell

Hey, fool, listen up, I got a story to tell

Say, dawg, listen up, I got a story to tell

Say, man, listen up, I got this story to tell on the cool

Now, once upon a time not too long ago

A nigga, like myself had to strong arm a ho

Now, this was not a ho in the sense of havin' a pussy

But a pussy havin' no God damn sense, tryin' to push me

He used to hold dick, now he wanna be in my shoes

Hatin' like a baby, mama 'cause I'm payin' my dues

Tryin' to hold on to my little chunk but now but a punk

In the parkin' lot bumpin' his gums with his teeth in the trunk

Oh, what? I'm supposed to jump 'cause you got a pump

You aimin' that bitch in the sky, you chump

Point that muthafuckah this way and dump, oh, what?

You scared to go to the pen? Thinkin' them niggas gon' tap yo' rump

Man, I thought he played bold, be he ain't even fuss

Man, the nigga was way swole actin' like he wanted to bus'

But his trigger stayed cold, I wasn't surprised

I recognized that fast breathin' and fear in his eyes

Unmask his disguise, a sheep in wolf's clothing on the prey

He tried to hunt the hunter, and got hunted down his God damn self

In PA, niggas, it's where we stay, ain't none of that K-K-K'n or playin'

So see A or E up out your life or you test yourself

And make a nigga break you off to piece the rest yo'self

Oh, yes yo' health is what's in question and I hope

That this ass whoopin', teach you a motherfuckin' lesson.

Speak the wrong words, man, and you will get touched

'Cause deep down in the South, boy's comin' up cold

Talkin' down my name and what it's all about, you niggas

Better get some cut and get my name out yo' mouth

'Cause I don't know why you got flex with me, testin' me

But, I'ma pull my shit and let you see that all that carry the jack

Ain't what it's about, so you haters need to quit with that po'

Hustlin' and take another ride

Niggas, often crossed the line, the movies got this boy fucked

Up in the mind, not to mention the wine and codeine syrup

Combined easy access to 9's and shit talkin' hoes that's fine

And all they got time for is four Swisher dimes,

committing crimes

Amped off water and some exaggerated rhyme, so, if  
bein' hard

Ain't in your heart, then don't start, niggas'll tear your  
weak mind apart

Bitch, your old man talkin' to me like I'm in school, he  
don't know

I hang with killers, will erase that fool, wouldn't give a  
fuck about him

But he kin to my son if you think I'm that nigga, then  
you picked

The wrong one, 'cause I live by the gun, die by the gun,  
hot bullets burn

Some say that, "Them bitches stun", so raise yo' own  
children

Don't try to raise mine and when you see me, step with  
caution

'Cause I'm buckin' for mine, bitch.

Speak the wrong words, man, and you will get touched

You done crossed the line, now you gon' get fucked

I already told you before, but you ain't borrowing that

So, this time I'm handlin' mine and gon' erase you off  
the map

Such a shame but this all in the game and since the  
early sixties

Ain't a damn thang changed, we got haters over here

And haters over there but, I got my pistol and it ain't  
pointed in the air

I see you trippin' off that water, and you feel like you  
bad

'Cause yo' bitch done chose a pimp, and that pimp was  
Chad

I see you hurt 'cause I fucked yo' girl, put big dick in  
her world

Bust nuts in her curl, when I hit it from the back, she  
said

"Baby, I can't take it", push my dick up in her harder

Bitch, I'm straight up tryin' to break it, you a simp-ass  
nigga

You told that bitch, that, "You love her", but I'm straight  
up fuckin'

That pussy like that nigga off that colors but I ain't gon'  
get shot

'Cause you ain't shootin' shit, the best thing you can do  
is go and try

And beat that bitch, 'cause this man's style show  
stopper

Pistol popper, you ain't ready if I let this hot thing hit  
you

Feel your stomach like spaghetti, fool, you talkin' loud

But you move too slow, tellin' niggas all your plans

Got you tied up in a van, nigga, what the fuck is up in  
the place to be

First, I want the money, nigga, then I want the fuckin'  
ki's

Kidnap robbery 'cause you said you wanted me dead

Since you want a nigger dead, buck that bitch off in his  
head

Just like E-40, nigga, I be comin' bad, got the sawed-off  
pump

With night vision, infrared, so, play me like a pussy

And you will get fucked, nigga, I'm hangin' out the  
truck

Buck, buck, buck, hit your nigga in the leg, hit yo' bitch  
in the gut

But we know where your ass stay, so your ass will get  
touched

Speaked the wrong words I'm high on them herbs

And you will get touched because yo' ass deserve

To get done real fast in front of yo' kids to show 'em

What real type of bitch you is and it's that boy named

Three to the two, forever stayin' true just a player  
makin' due

And I gotta tell it to the whole wide world, how you got  
bitched

Razor neck just like a motherfuckin' girl, little  
muthafuckin' girl

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