

The Abduction (feat. Wu-Tang Clan)

Tony Touch

Okay, the GZA
Tony Touch classic, knowwhatI'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 thrustAllah 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 glowWe killin' all gorillin' with all that screwfacin'
Pacin' back and forth looking savage, stop itWhether 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 pigWe 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'sWas 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 cappa, 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
 Camoflaug, 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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