

# Pit Fight (feat. Greg Nice & Psycho Les)

## Tony Touch

Everybody was dancin' and everybody was swingin'  
And, everybody was singin' and everybody was bringin'  
Everybody was dancin' and everybody was smokin'  
And, everybody was drinkin' and niggas don't be thinkin' Hey yo, I be the man dangle, handle bilingual  
Shit's so hot, it might be the first single  
Soft mack sprinklin' salt on my Pringle  
Ain't no stoppin' me now, I'm gon' jungleNI, flippin' shit, freakin' shit  
Runnin' shit from channel to channel  
I ain't gon' bite off more than I can handle  
I got the DVD all in my wall panel I ain't try to brag, this is on my dick, 'cuz they see in a mag  
Should of driven a Benz or I should of driven the Jag  
Old school nigga, I rock the doo rag  
I might fuck around and let my pants sag One two, I come through wit my families  
Big Psych, pit fight, you know the deals  
Potted, take a good look at what we started  
Retarded, that Brooklyn bullshit we got it Everybody already know Toca be 'bout it  
And me gettin' knocked out the box, kid, I doubt it  
It's crowded, up in the club, so I'm ma rub  
My pinga against the ninga to show love Stuck in the cut, as always I come wit the ruck  
Tony Touch, Beatnuts, straight fuckin' it up  
Now don't sleep home boy, I got it tucked in the gut  
Just in 'cause I gotta flex against one of you ducks Mira drago, Mr. El Cavallo  
I send y'all free like Cinque De Mayo  
Claro, come on y'all, get wit the vibe  
And follow, and pump this cassette in the ride Aiyo, Nills where's you man wit the Jeckyl and Hyde?  
Let's get this jump-off jumpin', flip the record and slide Everybody was dancin' and everybody was swingin'  
And, everybody was singin' and everybody was movin'  
And, everybody was movin' to the groove  
Everybody was dancin' and everybody was smokin' And, everybody was drinkin' and niggas don't be thinkin'  
Aiyo, Psych is chillin', flippin' the hottest hits in the club drinkin'  
Never trickin' on a pigeon, yo who I'm bringin'  
The glock is hittin', but it's reachable by hand  
I'm ma beat you wit this, 'til you can't understand And I don't give a fuck if you don't know who I am  
This is that pimp song, so take your minks off  
And wild out for the night and get your drinks on  
Mami, the way you rock me on the dance floor Got me, ready to take my fuckin' pants off  
Blast off into a new dimension  
Here's a little somethin' I'd like to mention  
If you ain't lovin' it, you must be a hater

If shorty ain't fuckin', see you later  
Hasta la vista, you full of pasta and pizza  
Oh, you gangster, I'm ma get mobster and beat ya  
Now tell me who the best there is  
Greg NI, Tony Touch, Psycho Les, there it is  
Everybody pit fightin' and, niggas don't be writin'  
And, muthafuckas keep bitin' and  
And, and, and, and, a and  
Everybody pit fightin' and niggas don't be writin'  
And, muthafuckas keep bitin' and  
And, and, and, and, and

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