

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 drove a Benz or I should of drove 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 laterHasta 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 isEverybody pit fightin' and, niggas don't be writin'

And, muthafuckas keep bitin' and

And, and, and, and, a andEverybody pit fightin' and niggas don't be writin'

And, muthafuckas keep bitin' and

And, and, and, and, and

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