

# Cee Why, Water Torture

Cee Why

Miscellaneous

Water Torture

Tommy Evans:

I'll stop you in your tracks if you start with me

With raps so fat they clog your arteries

I'm so inventive with my artistry

I break ground like earthquakes and part the seas

Be a smart emcee, stop sparking trees

Smokers get blunted, ain't as sharp as T

I'm on point like laboured emcees can't cut it

I'll slice up your intestines, leave you gutted

Destroy the stress, you boys can't test

I'll rip out your windpipe, leave you short of breath

I walk with Jehst, we're Yorkshire's best

My flow's so hot that it will scorch your flesh

I burn emcees, give em the third degree

Send them to Accident & Emergency

They urgently need plastic surgery

Because he said this'll bleed internally

I watch as you fade into obscurity, nuff eternity reign for eternity

I purposely, run perfectly, am I the best? (No doubt)

It's a certainty!

Jehst:

Yo I decapitate wack and fake rappers at a rapid rate

Either take cover, or run like the clappers mate

Because I'm done with the track I make it happen

Break beats and batter tracks, chiefs I eradicate

I can see straight through their front like acetate

Heat up the beats so their weak flows evaporate

Burn the earth til' it reverts to it's natural state

Battle great pretenders bend their twisted shit back to shape

Shape shifting man I'll make, plans to assassinate

Piss-take rappers hate the fact that I captivate...

.. Crowds, cos I'm holding it down like gaffa tape

Try and start shit and my sharp wit will lacerate...

.. Half wits, my gamma ray targets you pop stars

I'll carpet bomb your boot camp, and bombard...

.. Troops tactical, run tracks like stock cars

Burn my name into your back with these hot bars

Chorus:

The battle ground stomper, nocturnal author

Kidnap rappers and carry out water torture

Drown a performer, brainstorm on A4

Verbal napalm, blazing the trail for...

.. The battle ground stomper, nocturnal author

Kidnap rappers and carry out water torture

Drown a performer, brainstorm on A4

We wage war on you fake types

Tommy Evans:

You heard the T aint tight, don't believe the hype

I'm louder than a bomb so I don't need a mic

I bring the noise faster than the speed of light

And shower clever rhymes, you don't see too bright

You can't read or write, I'm raps cleverest mind

My body of work is ahead of its time

You'll have to wait til' 2079

The cryptologist will crack every line

Jehst:

I see you biters setting your watches seconds behind

To try and catch what I'm dropping when you're checking the rhyme  
You're saying nothing, like a professional mime  
While I'm spitting this liquid of the venomous kind  
Read my lips, like an unsettling sign  
Now I might flip any minute, leave you dead in your prime  
Severing spines with heads, when the letters align  
To spell Jehst! I shine as I steadily climb  
We can go toe-to-toe so don't be stepping on mine  
You see me and T.E. stay deadly combined  
We told you once already, now this is double jeopardy  
Pre-school lyricists are having trouble getting me  
I got a primitive remedy for that attitude  
New jack rappers get battered til' they're black and blue  
They made a track or two, but didn't have a clue  
To me it doesn't matter who you are, I'll still flatten you  
Steamroll through your whole crew, fuck your fashion shoot  
You couldn't see me if you drank a tank of carrot juice  
I get the jam jumping like kangaroos  
He who dares, now there's a man who stands to lose  
My style's shocking like a damaged fuse  
I drop savage tunes, like arsenic in your Malibu

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Scratches