

# Tonedeff, Masochist

(Verse 1)

Everything happens for a reason  
And my reason to be's to see shit happen for a reason One event to the next  
It's like I'm stuck at the box office with every second my clock tosses  
Into my face, smacked with a case of fate wasted and lost causes  
I've been mocked and accosted, to the point that I got nauseous  
Though my flow's been plugged enough to stop faucets  
I've thought often about tossing this awesome gift to the wind  
And start crossing over to sin with this intention to blend that I get from within  
I've protected my skin with a thin layer of pride and showmanship  
But both my coats are ripped and I can't seem to decide on clothes that fit  
Supposing this rap shit actually pays off, I'm wondering if it'll all be worth it  
Cause this is what everyone in my life has ever been hurt with  
This curse, this evil urge I feel for verses  
Is one of my life's real perversions  
I seal my curtains when I write, I feel disturbance from the light  
I deal with dirt and yet I want to heal the earth and peel the surface to reveal it's perfect  
And words I wield with purpose, and yet nobody follows the plot  
They rather hear me rock off of the top  
There's pitfalls in my socks, so I walk with caution  
Somebody halt the auction! Cause my soul's on sale, and I thought I lost it

(Chorus 2X)

If I gotta fight for the rest of my life  
Then I'm gon' turn the other cheek (yeah)  
Cause I hate the way you hurt me  
But I can't get enough of your love

(Verse 2)

And who the hell am I supposed to be?  
A holy priest holding a rosary? Some type of bold stoic Moses of poetry?  
Should I be holding heat to pose for the streets  
A total phoney? If I said my name was 'Tony' would you know it's me?  
Supposedly, T-O-N-E flow with ease over these bolder beats  
But the flow's too cheap to pay for groceries  
And in the throws of grief I choke and breathe  
Loaded with my parents hopes and dreams, yet I don't know if we both believe  
I scope the scene, and I'm watching these bills build up  
I'm nice with a day-job, these niggaz write all day and still suck  
And yet they fill clubs, sell a trillion and feel sluts  
I kill dubs, but I don't have the mills to pay for real pub  
My chilled love melts on occasion  
Cause brainwashed niggaz only feelin' my track if Clue or Flex will play it  
Who you expect to say this shit if I don't?  
What? Cause I don't wanna be extorted by some cat who lets cash determine his playlists  
I'm searching for ways in, but entrances are sparse when you're hard to market  
Fuck art, cause thugs aren't the smartest targets  
And I'm not abstract enough, so it seems backpackers are acting up  
And I thought it was half the battle, just to have the love  
And pack a truckload of skills, politics are ill and yo, it's real  
It seems I'm cruising, and they're still using these crooked stones for wheels  
And when you know the deal, it doesn't evoke the most appeal  
Like stolen Kosher Meals, lemme propose a toast to heal

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I've sacrificed so many facets of life, just to achieve this  
From Love & definitive reason, to trust in agreements  
My family suffered a grievance when we discussed I was leaving  
Seeming substituted for tunnel vision and it probably crushed all their feelings  
There's something appeasing in the corruption of demons  
Feeding me vehemently lustful delusions of bucks from succeeding  
But times up, months it's exceeded

Peeling the scabs off of cuts that are bleeding  
knowing I ain't had it as tough as Jesus  
This shit doesn't compete or even touches what he did  
But, will I be signed by 33? Cause my teens were fucking depleted  
Blessed with a gift, equipped to assist in the destruction of heathens  
But, please, would god really want me snuffing emcees, then? (Ha)  
I must be conceited, right?  
Well, I'm balanced out by the lack of self-esteem  
I've felt since I've learned how to read & write  
Overcompensation spelled relief when the rhyme schemes are tight  
Then I feel the weight of a cheapened life when 5,000 people die  
(SOB! SOB!) Feel bad for the rap artist?  
But pour your soul into something for responses that's half-hearted  
Terminate relationships on the basis of past hardships  
And then you'll see why every review's like another line on my scarred wrist  
This light-hearted voice becomes jailed by the darkness  
It's impossible to trap my lips, when I have to spit  
I try to swim away, but I keep getting dragged back in this  
Come to find my arms automatically swimming backwards, Cause I'm a Masochist

(Outro 3X)  
If I gotta fight for the rest of my life  
Then I'm gon' turn the other cheek (yeah)  
Cause I hate the way you hurt me  
But I can't get enough of your love