

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