

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's 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.

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 breath/  
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 niggas 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/  
But brainwashed niggas 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 a cat who lets cash determine his playlists/

I'm searching for ways in, but entrances are sparse when you're hard to mark  
et/  
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.

I've sacrificed so many facets of life, just to achieve this/  
From Love & definitive reason, to trust in agreements,  
My family suffered in 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?

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  
.

[Chorus]  
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.