

Dzk "Torcher"

Visit "[Torcher](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's futile for you to do battle with a mutant who chews gravel
And spews jagged matter back at dudes asking to grapple
I'm used to abusive battering, and by " used to abusive battering"
I actually mean, my boot's used to moving through asses, when

You, bastards attempt to pen raps attackin a cat of my stature
And it's sad to hafta blast a backpacker so bad that
They hafta attach flaps of skin grafting and plastic limbs
After our match, when I win, just to patch him back again

What matters is, I've mastered every path of my craft so accurate
Every track I spit, rapidly adds to the status I have as " sick"
Which would be the shit, except when I rap a verse, nervous kids
Are grabbing a gas mask, and missing the first half of my shit

I flatten average men with a pad and pen, I'll fashion a diss
So immaculate I hafta rap it with a cackle and grin
I'm past the status of Devils Advocate, attracted to sin
The baddest, you can't even begin imagine the madness within

[hook]:

This is your warning, I'm a force to be reckoned with
My tongue's a torch that scorches when the record spins
Fuck authority, I'd torture the prescedent
It's surely evident I'm as morbid as war veterans

I spit that horror-core shit and deliver rhetoric, so

sadistic

Christians switch directions, when I'm headed in the direction

They're headed in, and I'm better than any competitor,
Ready to sever the head of a meddler, deadly as ever,
the shit is inevitable

I sip liquor, get pissed, disfigure a chick's pretty face
with

A quick flip of my wrist, scraping razors hit, breakin the
skin

And then, I'm lickin the places I slit, to taste what I did
I'm basically sayin, " mentally insane" is too tame for
what I've been

Since the eighty's and I'm saying I'm WAY crazier since
then

I stay in a state of in-tense, meditative hate and stay
bent

From medication meant to replace sedation with
concentration and

Make you creative and unafraid to display it in the
same sense

So I'm taping my prey's faces and takin em to a
basement in

A vacant wasteland to participate in strange operations
Like making em trade veins with an AIDS patient and
then I'm unchaining em

And lettin em escape so I can chase em and video tape
the mayhem

I'm playin with prayin victims laying naked, restricted
with thick,

Fitted restraints, I'm lifting, painfully bending tense
ligament

Tissue, which extends when I inch the six sensitive
suspension

Instruments in sixty demented and sequentially
different increments

[hook]

I'm disenchanting with music industry management so
I'm plannin

To ram a van fulla flammable cans through every
damn window I can

And park in the lobby of every labels office and
demand coffee

From every A& R, I cross, cuz that's what their fuckin
job should be

And if they don't comply with it, I'm flippin my lit
cigarette skyward
And we can all fry in a pile, cuz I'm flying higher than
Richard Pryor
And I'm dying to see if your cheap attire can defy the
heat from my lighter
When I try to light a piece of it on fire, you ready die,
sir?

Whoever's in charge of these super-stars, gets a boot
to the dome
For signing rhymer's who couldn't find a useful line on
the road
It's time for new talent to rise and re-define how to flow
And challenge those in power, so now it's time go for
the throat

And then it's game over for the same jokers, in the
range rovers
Focus, your reigns over, dope chains is taken and
broken,
Ya bones poking, ya brains smokin, it's so hopeless,
I'm waiting to open
Your show, so I go can loco and spray ya clothes with a
flame thrower

Visit [Dzk](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.