

4 P.M. "Torture"

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Through bein humbles
Tru Mast' on da track.. LIKE THAT y'know?
Been in this rap game for like the past
four bullets now, y'know?
Doin bids, yea yea
I done peeped a lotta cats come through
Courageous cats, stray cats, haha
Top cats with top hats, yaknowhatl'msayin?
But it all boils down to this: we talkin lyrics
Rhymes, line for line, numero uno
Who the best? I don't know
Check it

Flame on - I rain fire, when Johnny Storm
I'm shocking like live wire - you have been warned
I prolong this next chamber, to make it strong
And prove all them doubters wrong
Killin Em Softly with this song, addin on
Let them toes get they tag on, dead men run no
marathons
On my shift, shootin that gift, knowin he snitched
on the telethon, runnin his lips, sinkin the ship
Give back what his mother gave him, mother made him
and now she can't even save him, Johnny Blaze 'em
Send him to his final restin
Back to the essence, Faces of Death - The Final Lesson

Torture (3X)
Motherfuckin torture, y'all niggaz know

Who got John Blaze shit? Suckin my dick to get famous
So I switch blades to Dangerous
Welcome to my torture chambers
Torture chambers where John Doe's remain nameless,
hear me?
I know it's Def Jam, but think clearly
I made it possible for y'all cats to come near me
Keep your enemies, close and your heat closer
I slam just like my culture on all theories
Dead that - straight off the meat rack with this one
You get burned playin Nix-on, Hot Biscuit

Stand back - don't make me spit one, and paint
pictures
On the walls of your mental, with hot lead from out
these pencils
Iron Lung since I was young and not knowin
where the next meal was comin from, been
troublesome
To all those posin a threat
If I go, everybody gotta go next, y'all niggaz know
The code of the street soldier, I'm watchin time
And time watchin me colder, Grim Reaper
Breathin death on my shoulder
Waitin for the day to take me over (take me over)

Torture (3X)

Motherfuckin torture, y'all niggaz know

That you can never touch my flow, go ahead and hate
me
Still tryin to fuck my hoe, Johnny-come-latelys?
Got me in a world of shit, and now I'm pissed
Mama said there'd be days like this, tis the SeaZon
for Ducks and my pen's bleedin
Leavin' kids barely breathin for sneak-thievin
Famished from lack of eatin and lack of teachin
Banished from Rhyme & Reason for high treason, can
it be
That the kid with the knot knees
Got G to make a grown man cop pleas, for this track
I got a Lovebug like Starsky, blow back
Until I drop Tical Part 3, ain't no stoppin
when you start me, John Jay
Pullin your card, mayday mayday
Niggaz owe they life to God, and now it's payday
Take it how ya wanna take it, fully clothed or butt-naked
I learned the hard way - ain't nuttin sacred
In this world - time to face it, Johnny Basic
Instinct, I'm sure to make it
While others fake it, fuck the spotlight, G-O-D already
got light
Say what you like, just spell my name right
No doubt, this one goes out, to all you trout-fish
cake niggaz, keep my dick up out your mouth

Torture (3X)

Motherfuckin torture, y'all niggaz know

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