

Tone Loc

"Masochist"

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[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 x2]

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 I'll 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 x3]

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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

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