Pain & Torture

Jadakiss

Yeah niggas, so this is what it all boils down to, ha? Ha?
This is what it's come to, ha? Ha?
Playoffs, yo booms, fuck that
We back, baby
I ain't asked you to fear it
Mandatory you think about it after you hear it
And it's the evils that's gonna make you have to compare it
You know me, I swing back through and see who got hit after I air it
But it ain't about shit, niggas mumble about my outfits
But I'm humble, I keep my mouth shut
Lacin' them well, it was destined for J's in the cell
I can make you a reservation to hell
Then blow you out the water, I'm out of your order
Me verse any rapper is slaughter
Something like a poet and an author
The only difference is that I mix slick talk with pain and torture
One false move will cost ya, these lames will cross ya
Don't let the game extort ya
Try to learn from what the game has taught ya
I'm the author of slick talk, pain and torture
One false move will cost ya, these lames will cross ya
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Yo, I'ma take the responsibility for bringing it back
They rappin' with hostility, meanin' they whack
But then again, I feel 'em
Knowin' that they up against a nigga just like myself that'll kill 'em
I gotta spend a buck at the dealer for suede ceilings
Lotta bodies drop because of betrayed feelins'
What other rappers you know made it and stay dealin'
Smart niggas just fell back and they saved millions

These are pedestrian bars for the civilians
Shoes is Italian, handgun Brazilian
Open it up and see what Kiss brought ya
Slick talk, pain and torture
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Yo, I flip words around, sorta like birds and pounds
Rub shoulders in the industry with nerds and clowns
Give it to whoever deserve the rounds
Hollow tips, move organs and nerves around
Get money, fuck riffin'
I'm definitely cut different, I twist honey's, puff piffin
Get my insight from an old G
With a good job and all that buddy love sniffin'
Shit talker, playboy, British walker
Rather be home like, "God, please get 'em off us"
After the sun shine, it gets darker
Slick talk, pain and torture
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