Exact

Benefit

Making MCs freeze and drop to their knees
Like getting caught smuggling ki's to Caribbean seas
At ease, I puff trees till I look Chinese
And immigration says "Can we see your green card please?"
My rhymes never ricochet needless to say
I'm just like the word kill only minus the K
If you hear my track play close your eyes and pray
I'm just like the word basic only minus B-A
Top of the food chain rub your brain with coarse grain
Sandpaper dipped in glue and glass so there's more pain
I haven't reached my whole goal till I've got your whole soul
Over beats so hot that they stop drop and roll
Extravagant far from arrogant it's just apparent
That I'm better than any MC and I'm declaring it
I'm giving stitches to phony bitches acting vicious
Chefs around the world claim my flavor's delicious
When it's talent they lack, then it's beats they rob
I shine so bright the sun had to quit his day job
It takes dedication to rip the ill iteration
Quite amazing blazing hotter than Cajun incineration
Crime MCs pretending to be deadly and steady with the gun
In reality they're ready to run
Before you learn to run, you have to learn to walk
I'll help the cops out and write my rhymes around you in chalk[Chorus]
I got the deaf people hearing this, blind people seeing this
Paralyzed from the neck down still feeling this
Deaf people hearing this, blind people seeing this
Paralyzed from the neck down still feeling this
[2x]I don't give a fuck like I'm celibate
The truth, I'm telling it, battle MCs for the hell of it
Why you get bent just selling it, that's irrelevant
It's evident Benefit's beyond intelligent
Go ahead and bite, my style isn't edible
My rhyme's a jawbreaker, type incredible
Pitiful, that you're not taking me literal
Left in the hospital, shaking a little
I'm breaking a little; you break in the middle
Of your body 'cause you're weaker than the strings of a fiddle
My style's deeper than the themes of a riddle

Time to belittle, no chance for acquittal
The judge and the jury sentence you in a hurry
To get beat down in a microphone flurry
I don't worry, but my eyes are getting blurry
'cause I see so many phony fakes of fury
Touch this, and you can catch one fist
Right through the center of your chest, won't miss
You're hopeless, even with the chrome vest
I still penetrate to your heart, don't test
I'm the sickest MC, the quickest to be fighting dirty
You're biting early, quit acting girly
I grab my trusty pen out of my right pocket
And stab you in your brain right through your eye socket[Chorus]When I battle you with wordplay you can't walk away
'cause I'll break both of you legs and crack all your vertebrae
With only one look you took and your whole crew shook
I don't need a phone book because I'm always off the hook
Grab your head twist and crunch like twisting a Dutch
Then battle crippled kids and beat them down with a crutch
I calmly casually humiliate your family
Punch your mom in the face for raising a whack MC
Bend your sister over yelling "Who's your daddy?"
When she replies me I simply put it in slowly
You'll never be the thug you wanna be even with the bid
Even if you did cross me I'd get even with you, kid
Occasionally I really start to hate the phony
So I reflect reality through my testimony, do you know me?
I spit a flash flood to splash blood and, rash, dug
A grave in fresh mud for the last thug
Who came incorrect and didn't respect the intellect
Recollect he who drove in the fast lane wrecked
The industry slept while true fans paid attention
Tales of battling a legend whenever Benefit's mentioned
I'm sicker than the average man when tearing into competition
Whose ears are blistering from listening
For fame I'll rip the skeleton out your flesh frame
And rearrange your bones to spell my name[Chorus]Still feelin this

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