

# Something Wicked This Way Comes

## Benefit

[Benefit]

A microphone has grown out of my wristbone  
I've lost control of my vocal tone, spitting this sick poem  
I'm possessed by hip-hop delivering spirit  
I fear it because my hand is constantly scribbling lyrics  
I can't eat, or even sleep in my bed  
Tormented because a beat will always creep in my head  
I can't listen to a drum loop without timing it  
Can't hold a conversation without rhyming it  
I walk down the street and my brain's known to rattle  
Because I'm thirsty as hell for a mother f\*\*king battle  
I have no TV, already broke it in three  
Because I turn it on to see another whack emcee  
I have lyrics in my head, they always stop and then go  
I constantly daydream about rocking a show  
Write my rhymes all my life as it begins and ends  
Broke as f\*\*k cause I'm always out purchasing pens[Blitz]  
I'm the analyst, observe all angles of existance  
The last dime in the dollar, completing the sentence  
The ninety other pennies tossed through the wormhole  
Worthless as the bitch dancing naked on the pole  
I've seen twenty different worlds, at least eight dimensions  
I'm better than an amateur, repends instead of pensions  
Who's the next worthless soul ready to stand up  
Thinking they got the Holy Grail but they're sipping the false  
cup  
Lately I've been spotting, on the words of the rotton  
With my looking glass, and hands to the upper class  
Groups of blinded ones gather at a steeple  
I label it an meeting place for meaningless people  
Coalitions of hard rocks living without purpose  
I sarcastically attack with the one man word circus  
A surface of slippery ice, a dangerous crack  
In the path of the ones who walk with their minds slacked[Lawson]  
Verge in the microphone, you begin to panic  
Because I'll make the crowd seem the like the Atlantic that your  
style is  
frantic  
It's so whack the store banned it

Had people covering their ears saying I can't stand it  
My style is so fly you can't land it, I bring the supply because  
people  
demand it

My rhymes stand alone like they were a bandit  
Three hundred and sixty degees and my CD's outstanced  
It's so smooth it feels like it was sanded  
Figures of speech make me smile like you were on candid  
I'll pass you like you're a hand-it  
When I come with rhymes that punch like a fist  
Taking your microphone so fast cracking the bones in your wrist  
Seperating you from me like mist  
Eliminate the competition, by spitting from every dimension  
mentioned  
Benching emcees for flenching as I build up tension  
Clenching the number one spot  
Leaving your body to corrode and rot, to corrode and rot[Rek]  
Pass me the mic, I'll ignite like the birth of a constellation  
Spit rhymes without hesitation, poetic devastation  
Hip-hop's my love and recreation  
Causing me to rise like elevation, syllables slice causing  
decappitation  
I hold the mic tight enough for strangulation  
Getting technical like a calculus algorithm is my precision  
Rhyme angle like pereputal vision  
Code like red, I drop lines like a clumsy cokehead  
Judge like Dredd, countdown till the twelve hour has begun  
I'm the one, the chosen son, I'm an odyssey like space, 2001  
A new day has begun and the weight on my shoulder outweighs a  
ton  
And always when I rhyme, something always wicked this way comes

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