

# Benefit, My Story

Once there was a little kid named Benefit  
Walked around town with a frown, face down, lookin bent  
Had problems inside, his little sister just died  
Keep your head up little man, all you got is your pride  
He said 'the world doesn't want me, and neither does my daddy  
He'd rather get drunk and puff blunts then have a family'  
That's real, and ain't nothing realer then that  
The world is much colder then the steal of a gat  
But yet he moved on, he fought to stay strong  
In this cold world, to stay warm he put a jacket on  
Made of 100 percent pain  
The label said the only way to wash it was to stand on the rain  
But he still was cold, the other kids were old  
All he really wanted in life was Jordan's and gold  
Then he'd be set, getting fine girls in berrets  
See him with a boom box and fat boys cassettes  
If he got into a fight, he'd throw down  
But he's a little skinny kid, about 70 pounds  
And he had a loud mouth so nobody stepped to him  
But I guess if they would've, well I guess that he'd do 'em  
But it didn't get to that, this little aristocrat  
Tryin to live phat, smashing mail boxes with bats  
Runnin wild through the streets, his mouth would make peace  
Used to play football in mud with baseball cleats  
That's the life in my memory inbedded in my brain  
As he started growing, things started to change

(Hook)

Who has the right to know?  
My life's a standing flow  
Who can say, what's right or wrong for people?

As Benefit got older he started to realize  
Everybody's smile was just jealousy in disguise  
If he turned his back, how is that, a knife would be in it  
Draw my face-to-face in any place, no one would begin it  
If they knew, what this kid had been through  
Nothing nice, ?fest? sacrifice off of lifes menu  
But things lately, were starting to get crazy  
And if they stuck around maybe, his mom would lose a baby  
So they broke out, headed down south on route  
This kid was still actin wild, thought he was tough no doubt  
Dealt a difficult hand, but he had to play with it  
Emotionally disturbed when the kid never quit it  
Immediately took charge when in his new neighborhood  
Makes me laugh thinkin when he made forts from wood

And if anybody touched 'em, then that's the razz  
If anybody frontin, to the creak they get cashed  
In school, everybody sayin 'who's the new kid?'  
'I heard he's from Chicago, last week know what he did  
Such and such,' that's how rumors get started  
But at lunch acting all retarded eatin Capt'n Crunch  
Thought he was funny, little dummy makin a scene  
Lookin happy on the outside, but inside mean  
Lotta anger built up, from things in the past  
Such an unreal life, reality hard to grasp  
That's the life in my memory inbedded in my brain  
As he started growin, things started to change

(Hook)

Who has the right to know?  
My life's a steady flow.  
Who can say, what's right or wrong for people?

He moved again, now his moves totaled thirteen times  
Started gettin serious, writin serious rhymes  
He began workin, hustling the company  
Pockets full of cash, now every day a shopping spree  
Got away with it, finally got caught and ?bullshitted?  
They didn't fire 'em, instead the job he quitted  
His life is slowed down, different then in the beginning  
Only worse, cause little bitches had him sinning  
Fell in love one time, maybe twice, who knows  
Only problem was the girls weren't nice, but hoes  
It was a big mistake, messed up the kinds mindstate  
The trade? his best-friends for nice ass and a date  
Wait, what's goin on here? the girls left him  
Now he's scarred from left ear to right ear  
That's his whole brain, now his lights are gettin dim  
Cause what he did to his best friends, happened to him  
Now he cares about nothin, feeling sick everyday  
Thank God, eventually the pain went away  
Now he's grown mad, then he ever has been  
Up late at night at home, his only friend is his pen  
Writin angry to get out frustration out through poetry  
Treating girls the exact opposite of noblely  
The struggle continues on, documented in every song  
Made it this far, confident he'll live long  
That's the life in my memory, inbedded in my brain  
And it's true as he grew, things did change

(Hook x3)

Who has the right to know?

My life's a steady flow

Who can say, what's right or wrong for people?