

Benefit, Something Wicked This Way Comes

(Benefit)

My microphone has grown out of my wristbone
I've lost control of my vocal tone, spitting this shit chromed
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, obsebalist 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, depends the state 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 rotten
With my looking glass, and hands to the upper class
Groups of blinded ones gather at a steeple
I label it an eating place for meaningless people
Coalitions to hard rocks living without purpose
I sarcastically attack with the womens 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 but 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 my CD's outstanced
It's so smooth it feels like it was sanded
Figures of speech make me smile like you were uncandid
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, 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
decapitation
I hold the mic tight enough for strangulation
Getting technical like a capotilist album rhythm 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
tonne
And when I rap rhyme, something always wicked this way comes