Benefit, Supreme

You defiantly better respect me Before I check the pressure per square inch you face can withstand directly Beats so nice they spoil me, true loyalty I flip a sample so sick, I'm never paying royalties I demand to be held high like big salary Don't ride my dick, you'll get burnt like one calorie I can hold my own, and I'm soon to be known From the biggest city, down to where the wild cattle roam Low budgetness is no budget, I'm broker then broke So dirty, cheap, and raw has you chokin' on smoke Inhale and exhale, electrifyingly real My microphone is handcrafted from a live third rail I excel, fall off? you might as well, you bite as well that'll send you right to hell Benefit prevail, about time it's done And I blaze so hot I outshine the sun Continuous, so how do you plan to stop this? You can't even come close to me like Lockness Topless, no bottom, no sides, no space That's how I kill emcees and leave no trace Go ahead an try to find evidence But Benefits ghosts like dead presidents Your finished, why'd you step huh? with bad luck too Looks like you gamble real high in a game of fuck you

(Chorus)

No questions (scratching), Supreme (scratching) No questions (scratching), Supreme (scratching) All reality (scratching), Supreme (scratching) No questions (scratching), Supreme (scratching) No questions (scratching), Supreme (scratching) No questions (scratching), Supreme (scratching) All reality (scratching), Supreme (scratching)

I'm broke in money but I'm rich in beats And I ain't jokin' funny off the coke and rum, he's got your bitch in heat An emcee wanted to be like me, I saw I dragged his ass in gravel and said "now you're raw" Explain to me, it's obviously plain to see The industry supports awfully lame MC's Time to change this, rearrange the games list realize the games best often remain nameless Beware of Benny Brings he's aware of everything Till death do us, hip-hop wares my wedding ring I'm above every emcee like Yankee's caps You're learnin' how to rhyme, better thank these raps But don't call it that, call it hip-hop cause it is I got you shaking like those epileptic kids My thoughts move at a rate called ill-speed If deejay's try to scratch this, their fingers will bleed I try to play the hand that good will dealt me I cut a kids head off, his body still felt me I knew cause the body did a windmill completely The blood spillin' out his neck was writin' in graffiti I try to help them seize out, they just won't listen just a little criticism causes critical condition You know what's incredibly painful? submission Don't sell your integrity, you'll get no commission.

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

You faded away, step down you had one turn

Come to close to me, you'll catch a wicked sunburn I'll pay no attention to a payroll mention Your din' push-ups, I'm in the gym bench pressin' That means I'm real deal, and your petty shit Fake mafia emcee's spittin' spaghetti shit Using Gotti's name in vain, and Gambino's the same Time to chain the lame, damn quit makin' a claim Fuck the fame, when I spit, I spit propane My words burn emcee's in infernal flame Eternal same, these rap acts dressin' alike It's baptism and communion when I'm blessin' the mic Have no real skill, but time will tell If your gimmick catches on, then your rhyme will sell Undeniably ill, but broke as hell Just then the latest emcee joke just fell Place me on top, record labels pray I won't drop Cause their emcee's will quit, and the profits will stop I can see you, but I can't feel you, like a mirage I'll battle every sing person in your entourage Catch a slap to the face, gun clap in the waist just a rappin' disgrace, another rat in the race Wack emcee's get the dick, and they'll fall off quick What's Benefit like? (umm he's sick)

(Chorus)