

## **Beast 1333**

# **"The Spirit Of Hip Hop"**

Visit "[The Spirit Of Hip Hop](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Everywhere I Look  
All I See is Dirt Grime & Crime  
Had some Feelings that was bottled Inside  
I Had to Rhyme  
I didn't choose this Line of Work  
I Didn't pick it cuz it's Cool  
I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop  
To Use me as a Tool  
I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop to use me as a Tool

I feel baptized in It  
One day Ima build a School  
So I Can Teach  
Everything that I Learnt  
Go Beyond the Rules  
Erect a Monument an Obelisk and Pillars on these Fools  
Build a Village dropping Jewels  
In the Booth as I take the Cue  
Y'all showed me Love  
On every single song I've ever Made for you  
I won't Live Long  
Ain't no Flippin or turning the Sands of Time  
But I will be Remembered  
As people Rewind my Rhymes  
The Ladder I had to Climb  
The Obstacles in my Path  
Were No Match  
For my Passion and Hunger, inside my Wrath  
Wanted Out  
So at the Very Least  
Before my Bodies found Deceased  
Make sure that they Hear the Name  
Of 1333 the Beast

Everywhere I Look  
All I See is Dirt Grime & Crime  
Had some Feelings that was bottled Inside  
I Had to Rhyme  
I didn't choose this Line of Work  
I Didn't pick it cuz it's Cool  
I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop  
To Use me as a Tool

I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop to Use me as a Tool

My Knowledge Vaster than the Ocean  
Your Knowledge a Shallow Pool  
Just Animals at the Zoo  
Displaying, the Earth's a Cage  
The Loser and by Default's  
The First one to Show his Rage  
The Writing's up on the Page  
My blood as it Mix with Ink  
Discovered a Trillion ways  
For Patterns in Rhymes to Link  
If Pun was Alive & Breathing No Drake & No Weezy  
even  
If Biggie was Here & Poppin No Nicki Minaj's Rocking  
If Pac was Alive & Walking there wouldn't be Wacka  
Flocka  
What happened to Fat Joe?  
His rhyming Used to be Proper  
I Would never sell Myself Out  
To Corporations or Labels  
I Don't want to be Rich  
I just want to put Food on the Table  
I Don't want a Mansion  
I don't want a Giant Lavish Crib  
What I want is to be Able  
To pay the Rent for my Kids  
What I Want is not to Have to Worry  
Learnt to Eat the Stress  
Cuz it Kept me on my Toes  
And it Forced me to be the Best

Everywhere I Look  
All I See is Dirt Grime & Crime  
Had some Feelings that was bottled Inside  
I Had to Rhyme  
I didn't choose this Line of Work  
I Didn't pick it cuz it's Cool  
I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop  
To Use me as a Tool  
I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop to use me as a Tool

I Don't Rap about Honies or Being a Drug Mule  
Because I know that there's Impressionable Youth  
That Listen to Me  
So I Train em to the Best of my Knowledge  
And Teach em Fully  
Every song I Make should turn into a Class  
You feel your Sitting at  
The ones already Know me  
Know Exactly what I'm getting at

When teaming up with Nevahmind  
I Boost to Ultra Hyper Slang  
My Brain is in the Middle  
Controlling the Body like I'm Krang  
Masters tend to Practice  
With Practice y'all Turn to Masters  
When it's Freezing we gon See  
Who gon Git Up & Skin the Cat First  
I've never had a Wack Verse  
And Since Opinions Relative  
My ongoing Mission is Kicking this Shit Superlative  
I Burst Open Hydrogen Bombs  
And Battle Bare Knuckle  
You'd have to chop Both of my Arms  
To Fight a Fair Scuffle  
People Listen to Me  
Cuz they know the Spit is Real  
I Summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop it Blessed me with  
these SKills

Visit [Beast 1333](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.