

## Benedictum

### "Behold"

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Well my style's free it can't be held in any cage of  
prison.  
While you resorect my rhymes, I practice blaytin'  
playgerism.  
Livin' in the age of wisdom but surrounded by the  
dead.  
A BENEFITIAL sage's wisdom sent to pound it in your  
head.  
Sound'll spread, eardrums bleed, round this bed  
drownin executive,  
Soul Sick Records is found, crown instead, dirty openly,  
with a low blow below the overy, thought to be extinct I  
practice ancient Crypto Poetry.  
Rips so nobely the elderly, call me gentlemen.  
Taken over sound wars with an instrumental plan.  
Subtle stand but dominant, hobble man yet prominent.  
Cause earthquakes by nodding heads on all seven  
continents.  
Rotting like warm fruit that spoils in the south.  
When I spit so hot this saliva boils in my mouth.  
Flow words above your head, to make stretch and  
catch an eighty-six.  
I wrote grafitti daily with an Etch-A-Sketch  
Dialect Chili-Raw, go ask the nurses what they saw  
Doctors died when I opened up my mouth to say Ah  
(Ah, Ah, Ah)  
Throw hip-hop on time with culture, style, and mike,  
wear black shades because I rhyme in ultra-violet light.  
Silent night, wicked light, womens lace wearin' sinfull.  
Blow speakers leavein' remnants, of bass snaring and  
symbol.  
If you bite this make sure you chew at least a thousand  
times.  
Because it's difficult to swallow even my weakest  
rhymes.

(Chorus)

Behold(behold)let the hip-hop unfold, the glorious  
sound brings youth to the old.  
Behold(behold)let the music control, the wonderful  
sound brings truth to the soul.

Behold (behold) let the culture be bold, the brilliant  
sound brings heat to the cold.  
Behold (behold) let the world know, the emaciated  
sound will constantly grow.

I lace my drumloop with a nasty old C chord.  
I murder Swiss beats with a Casio keyboard.  
These toiling M.C.'s, got my soul-sushin', their gold-  
rushin', while I bring it back their old cold-crushin'.  
Boring clean beats offerin' no thrill.  
You can call my mouth "SOIL" cause it's just so ill.  
My mouth is dangerous, and this is something I fear.  
Killed six girlfriends whispering sweet nothings in ears.  
I was born to be profound, and I'm not new to this.  
I used to rhyme my ultra-sound out my mom's uteris.  
Lyrical crusifix, Hip-hop why have you forsaken me?  
East and flow rise like yeast and dough in a bakery.  
No matter the condition, spittin' Bennie O' Blissin'  
And like Mister Rogers I'm nice to any who listen.  
In a mean way I never sat by the lips of the kind.  
Rhymes written, so Braille will burn the fingertips of the  
blind.  
Words pierce any armor so that's a useless vest.  
Grocery store skill, cause' what I produce is fresh.  
Highly selected beats, like when a Pope was chosen.  
Science baffled by spontaneous dope explosion.  
Death at an early age is all the lost deserve.  
M.C.'s are like fast food ice-cream, soft served.  
As far as sales, it's something I don't bring up.  
Cause' I'm outsold by dirty fat women backing that  
thing up

(Chorus)

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