

Benedictum

"So Sick"

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[Bert] I'm sick!
[Ernie] What's the matter Bert?
[Bert] I'm sick!
[Ernie] Oh yeah?
[Bert] I'm sick Ernie! Can't you tell that?
[Ernie] You're sick?
[Bert] I'm sick!
[Ernie] You're sick?
[Bert] I'm sick!
[Ernie] Then you caught it!
[Ernie] Boy you must know who it is whose sick!

[Benefit]
As my verse disperses the worst curses a person hurts
worse
Than the first virgin's privacy purse burstin'
I walk around the underground as a powerful thunder
sound
Wearing the low down profound lyrical wonder crown
Advanced listening wrestlin' with pressure expressions
And steppin' in as a special specimen fresher than
freshman
Obvious over dosage coasted it over oceans
With explosive posts flyer than your promotional
posters
Skillfully killing willfully drilling syllable spilling
Feeling really up settable biting is edible stealing
Walking around the planet, rocking the ground like
granite
Cocking my sound cannon and stopping the sound
famine
Deliberate inconsiderate etiquette, Benefit's
belligerence
Spitting shit like laxative excrement
Dove in a frozen ocean fell low below boastin'
The one chosen who rose exposin' the flow erosion

[Chorus - repeat 4X]
So nice that it's nasty, so bangin' it's bustin'
So sweet that it's sick, so dope it's disgustin'

[Benefit]

I lead an expedition in vision and competition
In a prison when deliverin' witherin' rhyme litterin'
Givin' and never endeavoring ever clever however
Bringin' it whether together or on solo feathers
Sicker than liquor and medicine burnin' and blisterin'
Leave your lights flickering
Quicker than strobes you're trippin' in
The high appointed, style anointed with I'll delivery
ointment
On point with this like jointed presidential appointments
Flashin' full fashionable rational lyrical passion
Glow bashin' skulls burnin trash flows and watch ash
grow
Belittling with little men livin' in oblivion
Try battling imaginin' that they're hyper than Ritalin
Simply deranged brain exchanged pain for gain
Rearrange your frame to strange plain pattern with
slain
Bigger badder and better than all of your gold and
cheddar
When spreadin' wing like medicine
Men with ancient tribal lettering

[Chorus]

[Ben] Sick, sick, so sick
[Bert] I'm sick, sick, sick!
[Ben] Sick, sick, so sick

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