

Benefit "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.

Sandals 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-Wow,go ask the nurses what they saw

Doctors died when i opened up my mouth to say AAAA

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' sinthol.

Blow speakers leave your reminant,a base snaring
symbol.

If you bite this make sure you chew at least a thousand
times.

Because it's difficult to swallow even my weakest
rhymes.

(corus)

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 sea corp.
A murder swiss beats with a Casio keyboard.
Always twirling these M.C's, got my soul-sushin', their
gold-rushin', while I bring it back their old cold-crushin'.
Boring clean beats offerin' note 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 wisphering 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 crusafix, 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 brail will burn the fingertips of the
blind.
Words pierce any armor so that's a useless fetch.
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 fastened ice-cream, soft served.
As far as sounds, is something I don't bring up.
Cause' i'm outsold by dirty fat women backing that
thing up

(chorus)

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