

Benefit

"My Enemy"

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* I'm on the run
It's after me
It won't stop attackin me
Everywhere I look I see hip-hop blasphemy
Im runnin down the street in the middle of the night
Ill never loose sight
I forever will fight
Why is it after me
Why does it haffta be
So hard to actually
Be an MC
Commercial hip hop
Just wont stop
Im runnin so hard
But it just wont drop
I duck in the alley catch my breath count to ten
Open up the source and there it is again
Starrin me rite in the eye
Keep regenerating so I no it wont die
I throw the magazine
Look around the corner coast is clean
I take off running
Looking like a dope fiend
The commercial industry demond
Started screamin
Im out of breath
Barely breathin
Theres must be a way to end this madness
At least knock him out for the count at best
I dash into a record store tryin to avoid him
Some other kids have tried but never destroyed him
I check the stores top 20 see what they got
There he is again and he's got the number 1 spot
I jet, covered in sweat, drippin wet
Kickin gear faster then a turbo vett
Im runnin hard
From this demon disease
But it doesn't come at ease
When you
The malls commin up on my rite hand side
I figure inside
It be easy to hide

I make my way in this mad crowded place
Everybody's rockin shits with this demons face
I exit the mall
Leave the back way
Cant take it longer I been runnin all day
I managed to make it to the subway
But the daemons gaining on me so I cant stay
Im runnin as fast as I can
I pause for a second and pulled out my royal blue paint
can
I begin taggin graffiti on the wall
As I keep bombing the demon starts to fall
Looks like he cant take real hip hop
Looks like I found out what makes the demon drop
Keep burning till the wall it lit
And that's it
My tag reads BENEFIT
I ran out of paint just I was gonna do him in
I betta run the demons getting up again
I exit the sub way back to the streets
Off in the distance I hear some dope beats
I run towards the music I think im gonna loose it
Im runnin so hard the my feet start bruising
I see glimpses

I drop to the ground and start break dancing
The demon slows down
I pop into a stall
I do a windmill and the demon starts to fall
Looks like it cant take real hip hop
Looks like I found out what makes the demon drop
Imma keep breakin
Cept legs start shakin
I gotta stop 'cause my body cant take it
I get up
Start runnin again
The demon does the same guess this will never end
Still I hear the music that I heard before
And if commin from a hip hop record store
I make it to the side and see ruckus adds
They got 2 turntables and 2 scratch pads
I jump behind the techniques and rip it indeed
I tear up the records till both of my hands bleed
Demon fell hard that commercial thug
But I had to stop scratchin there was too much blood
I went through 3 elements the daemon still thrillin
Now I cant believe all the blood that im spillin
The demon gets back up on his feet
I grab in instrumental record and put on a dope beat
I cant run any more no energy
So I grab a mike and scream

Daemon come battle me
I started spittin out metaphors rite and left
I told him that he needs to start bitin less
I told him he needs to come original
I told him that hip hop this is critical
Started shaking couldn't take it any more
Heart stopped beating and he fell to the floor
Looks like I found out what made him drop
And that was the end of commercial hip hop

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