

# Exact

## Benefit

Making MCs freeze and drop to their knees  
Like getting caught smuggling ki's to Caribbean seas  
At ease, I puff trees till I look Chinese  
And immigration says 'Can we see your green card please?'  
My rhymes never ricochet needless to say  
I'm just like the word kill only minus the K  
If you hear my track play close your eyes and pray  
I'm just like the word basic only minus B-A  
Top of the food chain rub your brain with coarse grain  
Sandpaper dipped in glue and glass so there's more pain  
I haven't reached my whole goal till I've got your whole soul  
Over beats so hot that they stop drop and roll  
Extravagant far from arrogant it's just apparent  
That I'm better than any MC and I'm declaring it  
I'm giving stitches to phony bitches acting vicious  
Chefs around the world claim my flavor's delicious  
When it's talent they lack, then it's beats they rob  
I shine so bright the sun had to quit his day job  
It takes dedication to rip the ill iteration  
Quite amazing blazing hotter than Cajun incineration  
Crime MCs pretending to be deadly and steady with the gun  
In reality they're ready to run  
Before you learn to run, you have to learn to walk  
I'll help the cops out and write my rhymes around you in chalk  
(Chorus)  
I got the deaf people hearing this, blind people seeing this  
Paralyzed from the neck down still feeling this  
Deaf people hearing this, blind people seeing this  
Paralyzed from the neck down still feeling this  
(2x)I don't give a f\*\*k like I'm celibate  
The truth, I'm telling it, battle MCs for the hell of it  
Why you get bent just selling it, that's irrelevant  
It's evident Benefit's beyond intelligent  
Go ahead and bite, my style isn't edible  
My rhyme's a jawbreaker, type incredible  
Pitiful, that you're not taking me literal  
Left in the hospital, shaking a little  
I'm breaking a little; you break in the middle  
Of your body cuz you're weaker than the strings of a fiddle  
My style's deeper than the themes of a riddle  
Time to belittle, no chance for acquittal  
The judge and the jury sentence you in a hurry

To get beat down in a microphone flurry  
I don't worry, but my eyes are getting blurry  
Cuz I see so many phony fakes of fury  
Touch this, and you can catch one fist  
Right through the center of your chest, won't miss  
You're hopeless, even with the chrome vest  
I still penetrate to your heart, don't test  
I'm the sickest MC, the quickest to be fighting dirty  
You're biting early, quit acting girly  
I grab my trusty pen out of my right pocket  
And stab you in your brain right through your eye socket(Chorus)When I battle you with  
wordplay you can't walk away  
Cuz I'll break both of you legs and crack all your vertebrae  
With only one look you took and your whole crew shook  
I don't need a phone book because I'm always off the hook  
Grab your head twist and crunch like twisting a Dutch  
Then battle crippled kids and beat them down with a crutch  
I calmly casually humiliate your family  
Punch your mom in the face for raising a whack MC  
Bend your sister over yelling 'Who's your daddy?'  
When she replies me I simply put it in slowly  
You'll never be the thug you wanna be even with the bid  
Even if you did cross me I'd get even with you, kid  
Occasionally I really start to hate the phony  
So I reflect reality through my testimony, do you know me?  
I spit a flash flood to splash blood and, rash, dug  
A grave in fresh mud for the last thug  
Who came incorrect and didn't respect the intellect  
Recollect he who drove in the fast lane wrecked  
The industry slept while true fans paid attention  
Tales of battling a legend whenever Benefit's mentioned  
I'm sicker than the average man when tearing into competitionWhose ears are blistering from  
listening  
For fame I'll rip the skeleton out your flesh frame  
And rearrange your bones to spell my name(Chorus)Still feelin this  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>