

Binary Star, Reality Check

(Intro)

(I have a request tonight... when you hear this that is the introduction)
scratching.... (Do you love pianos?)

(One Man Army)

This is how I represent I rock the mic 110 percent
It's intimate, I keeps the party moving like a immigrant
Binary Star, superstar its no coincidence
Every verse is intricate, this ain't a circus in a tent
We don't get down like them clown syndicates
I'm use to being indigent, who said its all about the Benjamins?
I want a fortune, I wanna make music and hit the lottery
Fortunately my music is never watery
That's how it gotta be, as far as I can see
Maybe you should grab a telescope to see my view its like astronomy
It ain't all about economy
so the fact that these wack emcees is making G's don't bother me
Honestly, my number one policy is quality
never sell my soul is my philosophy
High velocity, lyrics like Nastradamus make a prophecy
I told you cats a long time ago it ain't no stoppin' me
I bomb your set that's not a threat its a promise
Got everybody ridin' on my wagon like the Amish
But still I never claim to be a big rap star
Cause no matter who you are its still Allahu Akbar
Better believe this, most rappers can't achieve this
I'm bad to the bone but x-rays can't even see this
See I'm strategic I letcha money talk bullshit, walk
While I keep it rollin' like paraplegics
Whoever's on the microphone let it be known
You in danger, I got next(necks) like the Boston Strangler
You ain't never heard an emcee speak like this
And Rodney King ain't never felt a beat like this
Voice: (That is the Main theme)... scratching.. (I wanna know something else)

(Senim Silla)

Get a grip on yourself cause you ain't grippin mines
Life and times, outta lies rap guys outta line careers I finalize
collide with this serenade cyanide you've applied for Silla's high
The thing that makes killa's high
Hang 'em high by the gold link necktie
And drain 'em dry into tempest eye now you ain't God
so you ain't that high wanna be aeronautic
And get swatted for actin' fly
Masterminds crafty rhymes, I'll rip from drafty lines
that chill spines like the Alpines, runnin up on some natural binds
A close encounter of the worst kind
Go ask the cats that heard I'm lyrical turpentine
Who wanna taste mine? I carry hill on the waste line
God give the bass line so let the phlegm fly
I survive seven-five through the M-ine, when I forcefully Jedi
On the wooze I red-eye, heads fly bet I, sharpshoot dead-eye
Snooze crews bed bye, Mary Lou flippin' I paper pump grippin'
I stompin', I semper-fi represent, temper high, signify
Walkin' round ain't nothin' similar
Like a Gemini, in this perimeter sublimin-ie
Cats be cut dry, I'm a wild wet guy
I be rainin' precipitation 'til it's one inch from neck high
Less fly kids misguide, without an alibi
Who said you rap tight? You come unraveled by
Slice of this rap scalpel, guys quick as apple pie

I'm learned in old schools of thought and shit you baffled by
Conceptual intellectual fireslide
Silla oxide rhymes flow like a rockslide
you musta forgot I, slap your ass knockneed and cockeyed
Bruised, battered, broken up, open cut dipped in peroxide
Death to the Pop Fly

(I usually don't do request numbers)... scratching..
(Unless of course I have been asked to do so)...