

# 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)...