

Ashen Light

"Water World"

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[Senim Silla]

Aite, we gonna get it this time
For all the hip-hop fans out there

[Decompoze]

Plenty of 'em

[Senim Silla]

The TRUE hip-hop fans

[Decompoze]

Put your hands in the sky, Decompoze and Binary Star
Hip-hop to its fullest
The purest hip-hop, the purest form of hip-hop
Decompoze...Binary Star...check it out

[Chorus: Decompoze - repeat 2X]

If you're a hip-hop fan, put your hands in the sky
Cause as long as we around, hip-hop will never die
It don't take a G.E.D. to figure out
D-Compoze and the Star's what it's all about

[Senim Silla]

You say you keepin' it real, it sound more like you
glamorized
But what I do with mics, you can only fantasize
Binary Star swing it like samurais
See for yourself and tell me what you analyze
Search and you'll find, these lyrics I design
Be the greatest thing to happen to a button that
rewinds
My style's plenty
Me without mics is like Luke without Force without MDs
without 20/20
Vision, I see through your competition
You might be fly, but I'm a hawk, you're a pigeon
My lyrical equipment like the stuff NASA got
You shoulda, woulda, coulda like them seven
astronauts
You know you can't rock it, what you grabbin' for?
Keep comin' at me with that bull, I ain't a matador

I'm just a microphone metaphor specializer
I blow your mind like a drunk driver with a breathalyzer
I recognize the fact that I'm so phat
So when it comes to speech I'm an exerciser
You in a wack crew and this is what you call terror
You carry dead weight, you should've been a
pallbearer

[Chorus 2X]

[Decompoze]

You disintegrate with time, you can't innovate a rhyme
Wanna impress me, son, imitate a-mine
I demonstrate the line that'll penetrate your mind
Let me enorate how I'm gonna generate the shine
That keeps you squinting twice, I'm fly like Vincent
Price
Disperse one first, your thirst like Quentin Ice
With the, flow freakin', flip sines like cosecant
My show's your rose beacon, when you know 'Compoze
speakin'
Step the me in, refereein' like it's "foul two"
But I'll do a style you can't bear like Kyle Yoo
Now you, is who I'm against, with the constant
comments, the content of my consonance
The consequence will be the first down like ten yards
That's where I send hordes
MCs I've been scored
With my metallic D, I want my space in the galaxy
So just remain calm like Mallaby

[Chorus 2X]

[Senim Silla]

Decompoze and the Star's, what it's all about (2X)
Decom--decom--decom--

[Senim] You know it hurts when we come with the
frequency, flagrantly

[Decom] Frequently

[Senim] Some similarity

[Decom] None can't compare with these poetries

[Senim] Overseas or locally

[Decom] Luckily

[Senim] I like my rhymes syrupy, thick, rich, and
buttery

[Senim] And put 'em over hot tracks to make your
mouth watery

[Senim] But if you bother me

[Decom] I'ma bend that ass like sodomy

[Senim] Love the love, Dezowsky, the prodigy

[Decom] My delivery
[Senim] is lyrical assault and battery
[Senim] Consider me the mystery
[Decom] You couldn't solve
[Senim] How my styles evolved
[Decom] How my crew evolved
[Senim] You wack crews is off on the microphone
[Decom] In my acid
[Senim] But as it
[Decom] Turns out, you was pushin' up +Daisy's+
[Senim] 'Cause my +Dukes+ was +Hazzard+
[Decom] King of the swing
[Senim] The rain was forecasted
[Decom] My style's a bad apple
[Senim] In your basket
[Decom] Cause I spoil the whole bunch of MCs rotten
[Se+De] So they'll be remembered as forgotten

[Chorus 2X]

[Senim Silla]

Decomposin' the stars, what it's all about (4X)

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