

## Binary Star "Honest Expression"

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Intro:

Ultimately, martial art means honestly expressing yourself...

it is easy for me to put on a show and be cocky,  
or I could show you some really fancy movement...  
But to express oneself honestly, not lying to oneself,  
and to express myself honestly...  
Now that, my friend is very hard to do.

Like sands through the hourglass, so are the days of  
our lives

And for that live moment we thrive  
Awakenings, as we make the dead come alive  
Rise and walk my son  
Come into the light  
Inside the dark we illuminate mics  
Give knowledge to mediocre  
The will to neanderthal  
Filter to the the small  
Digital to analog  
We steady advancin'  
Rhyme enhancin'  
Civil minds can't keep up with this

Senim Silla:

Dig - I'ma put it on the table  
I ain't a thug nigga and playa, I ain't playful  
I'm just Senim Silla, man without label  
Standin' on my own to you tryin' to stay stable  
Speakin' what I know to only what I'm able  
I ain't the kinda guy who carry on for dough  
The material cat who walk around for show  
I'm just your everyday, merry way joe on the go  
While others go with the flow  
I ain't never been the one to follow trend, I do my own  
bit  
Can't keep up with the joneses, I'm on my own shit  
I don't care what you drink  
What you stress, how you dress, or where you got the  
link  
I ain't impressed  
These lames run around like mice in a maze

Tryin' to get up on cheese, its just a rat race  
Wanna change times' schemes to make man worship  
things  
Over the supreme being, or stop, fill up?  
Should I join the hypocrites?  
Or side with the suckas by choice  
It makes no difference that y'all product of  
environment  
It's just coincidence  
The world's a violent place baby, there ain't no more  
innocence  
Or civil men or penatence, just  
Ignorance cast on the right from wrong  
They mimic shit they see on TV or hear in a song  
What that tell you they on?  
A sucka act up every minute  
The righteous live on but the the niggas are infinite

OneManArmy:

I ain't hardcore, I don't pack a 9 millimeter  
Most of y'all gangster rappers ain't hardcore neither  
Whoever get mad then I'm talkin 'bout you  
Claim you fear no man but never walk without crew

Where I'm from, your reputation don't mean jack  
So what you pack gats and you sell fiend's crack  
You ain't big time, my man  
You ain't no different from the next cat in my  
neigberhood who did time  
Rhyme after rhyme it's the same topic  
What make you think you hardcore cuz you was raised  
in the projects  
Broke ass finally got a hundred in your pocket  
Now you on the mic spittin' money's no object  
What you say is bullcrap  
If you wasn't with your crew and wasn't drunk off the  
brew  
Would you still pull gats?  
You need to stop frontin'  
Or you're headed for self destruction  
Yeah, today's topic is self-destruction  
I ain't talkin 'bout the KRS-One discussion  
I'm talkin 'bout the one too many ignorant suckas  
Lyin' on the mic to my sistas and brothas  
Everytime you listen to the radio, all you hear is  
nonsense  
They never play the bomb shit  
Everything that glitters ain't gold  
And every gold record don't glitter that's for damn  
sure

(scratching break)

(discussion)

OneManArmy:

How many cats you know speak the illegit rhyme after  
rhyme diligent?

85 percent represent ignorant

Either you innocent or guilty

Some of my favorite emcees fell off

It damn near killed me

Lookin' at the kids that was true hip-hop

Nowadays them cats don't even do hip-hop

Rap got 'em brainwashed with cats that don't last

And five minutes of fame

That's when it's a shame

Seein real emcees tryin' to imitate rappers

If you ask me they goin' out ass backwards

Tradin' in respect to push a fat Lex

Puff rhymin' on the remix, what's next?

It hurts so bad I wanna smack 'em

My favorite crew members break up turn around and  
join wack ones

This is dedicated to you hip-hop hypocrites

Drivin wack songs like you don't give a shit

I ain't got nothin' against nobody tryin' to make a  
decent living

It ain't the money that's the issue

Only if that's the reason why these cats are makin'  
decent music

That's when I got beef with you

And I'ma break it you like never

Go ahead, call me player hater if it make you feel  
better

Try to jump my crew if you cats feel foggy

You need to wake up and smell the damn coffee

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