

Binary Star "New Hip Hop"

Visit "[New Hip Hop](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Scratched KRS One sample]

New types of verbal Hip-Hop I bring

[Senim Silla]

Here's that other shit that y'all ain't discovered yet

Yes, I'm running it, like the government

Hint, hint, Erik B nominated me for President

And my pockets is holding treasury

Every cent

These styles is unknown truth

Like where Clark Kent goes

When Superman steps out the phone booth

Up, up and away goes the tape and show state

My mind and mouth should have came with a cape

And now Lois Lane wants a date

My fame rates higher than my pulse that's false

I'm so damn excited I made the Pointer Sisters silent

Make a pacifist get violent

The rhythm tyrant

Ansilla the Hun

Hold mics hostage with a terrorist tongue

In exchange for a handsome sum

Going down like Young Guns

In a blaze of glory before we're done

[Scratched KRS One sample]

New types of verbal Hip-Hop I bring

[Senim Silla]

Rappers antagonists come to aggravate

Hip-hop, herald of life, I actuate

My haikus increasingly broaden your IQs

I assess

So now I'm going (Senim?) to test

Through the elimination process

Who can contest

Working poetry in progress

Be it world tour or conquest

So I embark on this expedition

In Napoleon tradition I'm a small man with complex
expositions

Marvel of exhibitions

Can you stand the rain of this edition?

[The Anonymous]

If you want to stay in the kitchen

Quit bitching

Me and my henchmen

Trigger fingers itching

Shoot the gift like Mitch Richmond

New inventions

My intention's

To take Hip-hop to new dimensions

Did I fail to mention

We wig-splitting?

So all you Hip-hop heads probably need stitching

Tricky like Samantha Bewitching

MCs be wishing

They could stop my flow

There's no prevention

[Scratched KRS One sample]

New types of verbal Hip-Hop I bring

[Sample]

Tilt your head back and look at the Stars

[Senim Silla]

We back on the scene like herpes

Stronger than Hercules

Able to rock crowds from nurseries to Universities

My beats and rhymes perfectly

Configurate like figure-eights

You would think the mic was figure skates

My soul on ice

Tonya Harding couldn't touch it

Pop it in your Benz or your bucket

Walkman's or boombox

From the suburbs to boondocks

From skyscrapers to Green Acres

Hear my tunes knock

You name it

We done it

Strike the mic and keep it rolling

Like we bowling three hundred

Three fifteen

Sold to the highest bidder

I flow like the Tigris river

I just give ya

More reasons to call us your favorite Emcees

Like Binary Star riffing rhymes over these

Compositions

You would do the same if you was in our position
But you ain't, so stop and listen
Platinum sales is not the mission
I seek and destroy my opposition
Including anything that make me not want to listen
Wack Emcees
With they weak-ass discussions
So-called producers with they cheap-ass productions
Labels need to chill with they Clark Gable deals
I get down like people in tornado drills
So while you blowed away with the bull-istic soldier
I lay low, waiting for the winds to blow over

[Scratched KRS One sample]
New types of verbal Hip-Hop I bring
...
I'm in a different category

(scratch to outro)

Visit [Binary Star](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.