

Binary Star "Reality Check"

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[Intro]

(I have a request tonite...when you here this..that is
the introduction)
scratching....(do you love pianos?)

[One.Be.Lo]

This is how I represent I rock the mic 110 percent
It's intimate, I keeps the party moving like a imigrant
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 clowns and the kids
I'm use to being indegent, who said its all about the
Benjamin's?
I wanna fortune, I wanna make music and hit the lottery
Fortunately my music is never watery
That's how its gotta be, as far as I can see
Maybe you should grab a telescope to see my veiw its
like astronomy
It aint 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 a go 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
So no matter who you are its still Allah hu 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 parapalegics
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 cuz you ain't grippin mines

Life and times, outta lies rap guys outta line careers

I finalize

collide with this serenade cyanide you apply 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 gotta carry hill on the

wasteline

God give the bassline 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 pistol 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 more why I wet guys

I be rainin precipitation 'til it's one inch your 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, have your ass knockneed and

cockeyed

Bruised, battered, broken up, walkin, cut dipped in

peroxide

Death to the Pop Fly

(I usualy don't do request numbers)... scratching..

(unless of course I have been asked to do so)...

