

# Reality Check

## Binary Star

[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 who act God

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 seranade 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

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Lyrics submitted by David.

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