

# 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 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

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Lyrics submitted by David.

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