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

Lyrics submitted by David.

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