

# Planet Asia, Don't Let Up

(Talib Kweli) \*imitating Samuel L. Jackson in "Pulp Fiction";\*  
Yeah, we gon' be a bunch of little Fonzi's  
And y'all all know what Fonzi was...cool  
That's right (set it off)

(Talib Kweli, Planet Asia)

We in the air like natural and mystic  
Or smoke when the spliff's lit  
Don't bitch if you get your shit split  
Cuz you Limp like Bizkit  
Spit and focus, formats my motto  
In minutes and in precice, this is vintage  
Y'all know it only takes a second for mics to get blown  
You nice, you get known  
Hear me twice it's the clone ass nigga wit no life of his own  
This is it, as Planet sets flames to the journal in your section  
Wit Kweli from Reflection Eternal  
Big up my nigga Hi-Tek steady rockin the spot  
These niggas styles so dead that they startin to rot  
We got the market on stock  
Wit hot drops and big bookings  
How we leave shows shaken up from Fresno to Brooklyn  
New York City cost of livin, type high  
We type fly, roll a white guy  
Light it up like Manhattan in the night sky  
Word, and it's no Mister Nice Guy  
Show you how we slice pies  
Divided in between the scheme of nighttime

(Chorus--Planet Asia, Talib Kweli)

"Don't let up"  
We keep it movin with the movement  
Beats by my brethren, 427  
"Don't let up"  
Keep on making the street songs with the beat strong  
Each one, we gotta teach one  
"Don't let up"  
It's Planet Asia and Talib Kweli  
Shoutouts to J-F, my click, and that nigga JOEY T.!!!  
"Don't let up"  
Blackstar to Cali Agents, these cats are amazing  
Most rappers are foul and flagrant

(Planet Asia)

I keep rhymes on floss, retardedly smart  
Wit fine-printed sheets folded  
A book of such pages, a nine inch octavolts  
It's cultural warfare where shots fire rapidly  
Cats plastically resign drastically  
C'mon, up in the house you got the mic  
Veteran slight, better than all your favorite rappers  
Guess I'm about to make some cheddar  
Than y'all, should fall abrupt  
Once the measuring starts  
I spit bars in twenty-fours and cut vocals without editing  
I'm long-winded, styles intrigue through these vaccuum lungs  
Althought my family be toking major trees  
My performance forever powerful  
These beats got me spittin Frank Sinatra's  
And wilding out on bank accountants  
It's chronic slaughter, ionic orders doric  
Now dine a novel to the face, I lace cats with the prehistoric  
Medicinal metaphoric assorted for clientele  
My whole crew circulating just like Japanese tourists

And I clap MC's flawless  
Know what I'm sayin?  
I stays blunted with about a hundred thousand choruses  
And crush mode, baby up those stats  
I used to bust flows back in the day  
I'll probably rush you  
Like fuck those raps!  
Pitch black, spittin at the park  
Seventy, perform the benches, triple-loaded in the dark  
I started noticing my glow in the dark was right  
From then on, I was always able to rock the mic unordinary from yours  
Legendary till you bury the sword  
Marry ya broad, scary how I carry the gorge  
Of every applaud, I'm heavy like a 70's Ford  
For the cheddy and I'm ready and raw

(Chorus--Talib Kweli, Planet Asia)

&quot;Don't let up&quot;  
Killin the track, chill in the back  
Until it's time to hit the stage and begin healing the raps  
&quot;Don't let up&quot;  
We all inside of the place  
With big bitches, step to this and end up dividing the cake  
&quot;Don't let up&quot;  
You gotta hear us, so we slow it up  
Let me see your fist, throw it up, every spot we blow it up  
&quot;Don't let up&quot;  
We keep it movin with the movement  
Beats by my brethren, 427

(Talib Kweli)

My man Planet Asia already broke down the science to my name  
I speak to the silent and the tame  
And the violent in the brain  
I'm the pilot in the plane  
I'm still Soundbombing shit  
Dominant when I be flowin  
Cats get broken like promises  
Fuck the politics, my partnership with artists who  
Put their heart in it, that's why my crew spit the hardest shit  
For the art of it, we start the shit and get it HYPE  
Cuz hearing me and this man here rock together, yo it's like  
Mixing Northern Lights from the Bay  
With Yard weed from Jamaica  
Or the best from the Knicks with the best of the Lakers  
We the creators, never the imitators of the slave traders  
All y'all niggas is just cartoons put to music like Fantasia  
From the planet of Brooklyn to Planet Asia  
I'll pull your card, I'm all around, I see your hand plus I'll raise ya  
Like children, just for the sake of smacking you when you outta place  
You don't get hits, niggas make errors, try to run home  
You out at the plate (YOU'RE OUT!)  
I make wack niggas light my L then I put it out on they face  
From New York to California, I'll run you all out of the state  
Of mind you currently residin in  
The difference is you try to win  
You believe what they sayin, you on your knees like you prayin  
You ain't got to sweat the ice and money, they know people promise me  
With one rhyme I probably could break down your whole psychology  
Niggas is Hollywood like the church of Scientology  
If I drop African thought  
They probably would lie and say it's Greek philosophy

(Chorus--Planet Asia, Talib Kweli)

&quot;Don't let up&quot;

Get rowdy if ya feelin it  
We all about killin it  
Ya feelin it? Well get with it then  
"Don't let up"  
Killin the track, chill in back  
Till it's time to hit the stage and bring healing to rap  
"Don't let up"  
We still down for the cause  
With or without fame, stickin to the old school laws  
"Don't let up"  
You gotta hear us, so we slow it up  
Let me see your fist, throw it up, every spot we blow it up