

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 shoken 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)
"Don't let up"
Killin the track, chill in the back
Until it's time to hit the stage and begin healing the raps
"Don't let up"
We all inside of the place
With big bitches, step to this and end up dividing the cake
"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
"Don't let up"
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)
"Don't let up"

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