

Planet Asia, Holdin' the Crown

(Planet Asia)

C'mon...

Yeah-yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

9-3-7-0-6. 9-3-7-0-6 you don't...

I'm just unwinding, brainstorming wit word connection
We do this in the summertime, lovely in your section
Bleedy eye blitzin the zone, reppin FC
Westside, Fresno Cali got me bubblin like Pepsi
Wit hot shit ya'll, Planet Asia done did it
Once again for the fans and fools, and rap critics
I'm all round, seasonal, ya'll niggas is part time
Artists is fake thug niggas, rappin regional
I came to slapbox wit you, my gladiator thoughts bring up issue
Got you leavin, feelin like I dissed you
But if the shoe fits you, there ain't shit you can do
But praise the Asian
Amazing in effect, I stays in
Hear to let you know we bout to blow over the decibel wit
Straight up soul food like rice, beans, and vegetables
I let the ink flow from start to finish
And this was thoroughly thought out before the rhyme got printed, like

(Chorus) 2x

One for the As, two for the spades
This is how another session gets blazed
It's Planet As, still holdin the crown, controllin the ground
For all my niggas holding it down

(Planet Asia)

It's Planet Asia, back again on vacation
Secret best kept is how I rep the foundation
Some MC's only make music for modulation
But then I came wit heated beats from out the soundstation
Darkman recorded by the 4-27 Eclipse
Straight up slumpin, yo this shit, we be the shit
(Unrelieved!) On some unknown, independent
It's called the priveledge, printed by the indigenous
Non-religion is a visionist, something to feel
But can't touch this year, we added on like plus
Slang exhaust dust, splurgin no matter how much it cost us
We bomb like stealth off of knowledge of stealth
Type selfish and I rhyme like I don't need help
Cuz all I need is my health, a little weed and some wealth
As I proceed to hit your dome up wit the keys to the Yard
Y'all niggas don't want me to start, start breathin all hard
Like it's me again, back in effect in 3-D again
To crews, I break the late night news on CNN
Where you can find your child missin, listenin
To the artist whose ambition is write like he got a life sentencing
Interesting and convincing, get ran through
All around the globe, from Japan, Africa to Vancouver
Now get wit me, I spit journals in staccato sickly
And informal, photograph take it quickly
And correct man, when it's in your face respect game
I used to front it frequently, but now I'm on jets and planes
Rental cars, cabs, checks and trains
So may chapters in my cabbage, I be stashin rhymes in baggage claim
Rhymes in the Range, I'm no square mileage for the scholars
I polish jewels and never put the wisdom 'fore knowledge
Before the dollars, I been puttin it down
Unassisted like ? wit my foot to the ground

Chorus 2x

(Holding the crown)