

# Woody Pak, Planet B-Boy (Extended Mix)

Rock the the planet like Bambaataa  
From Osaka, Japan to Las Vegas, Nevada  
Top-rock scholar amount day street opera  
Bring a box make sure the beat's proper  
South Bronx boogie all over the break  
You might catch a fist glide right in your face  
Apple-jacks and hollow-backs, I make it hard just swallow, try to follow that  
Go, set, ready  
The press is heavy  
They got wild style like Fab Five Freddy  
They move this & to a piece of music  
Get on stage and make the people lose it  
They forgot they were free to choose it  
Media just gonna feed em bullsh!t  
We rid the gaps between the older cats and the kids that don't really know their facts

It started in New York then the world caught the fever  
Hypnotized by the sound from speakers  
Crews go for hours without taking breathers  
And battle 'til there's no tread left on their sneakers  
Planet B-boy is where we live and bring it to you live  
Nothing but the square biz  
There it is  
Don't really know their facts

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There it is like Rock 'Em Saturday where ya from  
Ever since Coolhawks started looping drums  
Dance floors became a spiritual plane  
To overcome the mental and the physical pain  
When the rhythm hits em it gets in em  
The opposite of venom  
The remedy's extremity extended while they spin em  
Burn holds in they get in full of speed really have you feeling you're right there in the street with em

Concrete, cardboard, wood tiles, linoleum  
Just put K-Swiss kicks in the Smithsonian  
For the honor for the love for the sport  
The way the music makes their bodies contort  
There it is, there it is, there it is, there it is  
The way the music makes their bodies contort

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