

Planet Asia, Bringin it Back

(427)

I put it down cuz y'all be puttin too much weight on it
Twice as nice on thin ice, create the figure eight on it
Puttin words together like a verbal 'Recta-set
Disrespectin your copyrights, you nerds just ain't protected yet
Inject the set of def lyrics into the vein
I know you hated that you received the mutated strain
Wit no immunity, to walk the underground community
Ingenuity the key difference 'tween you and me
(Yo who is he?) The question asked by cats who know class of
Dope-ass track collab let you know just what you have
In your presence, relaxin your skull like Herbal Essence
This water's full of dull-ass rappers who need flourescents
Like the undecidable low-rider on golden thangs
I'm a fighter and a writer whose eyes on controllin thangs
Like a Aussie enthusiast, got radio control
Me and Asia amaze y'all wit all this soul
Pourin out of every hole that it can
I stand respected, poeticizing all of the experince I've collected
To all of y'all who ever thought that you wrecked it
Use the scientific method and make sure that you jack because

(Chorus) (Planet Asia) 4x

"All of these beats and these rhymes attached
Mean that real niggas on the mic bringin it back" (Freddie Foxx)
(Bringin it back)

(Planet Asia)

Yo I puff a long stick, hook up the pen for insight flame
That's when I, invite your brain to the wind pipes of pain
Identify, from the streets stealin soft cats, just wish they possums
No need for actin tough cuz the government got satellites
That could leave all my people snuff, wit the physical zap
Over digital DAT's, I trap cats wit twenty-four tracks of pro-Black
Most of these rap acts, skills they have bar-e-ly
One-hitter quitters shit, that glitter shit is momentarily
My raps is bomb that might leave MC's on shook
So bomb I can't even travel on planes wit my composition book
I cause natural disasters when I fold you in a sentence
My smart bombs leave your soldiers blown in the trenches
And regret this for the war between the devil and flesh
And hungry niggas in the ghetto, they don't settle for less
My attitude is incompatible, pro-Black radical
Hold ya thoughts before you talk, we even walk mathematical, what

Chorus 4x

(427)

We gives a fuck but never rehearse a curse
Snatchin you weak MC's purses wit these strong-ass verses

(Planet Asia)

It's like that y'all, we focusin on cleanin the Sticks
(School Yard!) The type of niggas who be feindin for bricks

(427)

And take it serious, clear as a fiber optical incision
Cut your rap life short, now you need to make a decision

(Planet Asia)

Street talk venomous spit, dynamic duos stayin true though
Shittin on niggas' verses like feces from out your cool-o

(427)

You know, nickel and dime, the 2-0-9's finest rhymers
Go ahead and rewind us cuz you'll never find what's behind us
With your blinders on, we grind long hours and take showers
To refresh, in the West we invest in rhyme powers
And climb towers tall enough skyscape, so why fake

(Planet Asia)

Phony MC's we make migrate
Bologna MC's just hit the side gate for exit
Wit all these beats and rhymes attached
Y'all cowards know we on some next shit, now...
(We bringin it back)

Chorus 4x