

Planet Asia, Handlin Business

(Planet Asia)

(Chorus) 2x

I be handlin my business when it comes to the wax
Steady conjurin the concepts for the conscience in tracks
I'm on a worldwide mission for my shit to get heard
Destinies I manifest cuz my protection is words

(Planet Asia)

Yeah ha ha, the Secret Agent, Planet Asia
Melodically as I come into this like
Universal greetings
To all the lost pharoahs locked behind bars
And tons of pressure charged for hustlin
I face life scarred
As the world turns, I let the incense burn
Which ables me to invent chapters till I capture a nerve
The way of life, for the black man, woman, and child is math
Due to knowledge that the brain weighs out to seven-and-a-half ounces
Divine actions I carry out wit persistence
A father ain't a father till he furthers your existence
Infinite, I elevate boys to build and destroy
Infinite, I elevate girls from fools to precious jewels
My Asiatic secrets, the deepest kept
The architect of pages intellect of the great ?imotec? amazes
Hip hop scholars solve equations like calculus
Whether MC's bring light from the supreme alphabet, it's massive
You ain't a king unless you governin your own aspect
Measures is drastic, pleasure niggas is plastic
Patternizing, you bitin what you writin got my analyzing
You vandalizing like taggin over my pieces
It seems your style is no different from what the beast is
In alien form I storm thesis, telekinesis
Telepathically know where the streets is
Without a flaw from out the jaws of the sound boy
Layin down the laws of virtue
Full circle from the vocal to the mental
Hip hop essentials, niggas is givin out the wrong info

Chorus 2x

(Planet Asia)

You can't deal wit that, Planet Asia
Planet Asia, word
Handlin Business, Secret Agent back again right

Nuttin but classical, cuts I create
For international crowds compact personas wit the spoken token
Of the language broken into fragments unseen
Release energies in the records so the mental can feed
Off what I read off, or in between the lines I drop a seed off
'Bout time you figure me, I'm like a tree for you breathe off
Fantastically, my raps is drastically drawn
Strictly for, the audacity of writin platinum songs
Compassionate, the humble conquerer, that's known for torture shit
I live the laboratory wit the gift to gab, it's fortunate
A dysfunction to be the founder of the gesture I chose
To be best of what I wish for cuz my essence was torn
Into the lessons I toured, to make my expressions more stable
Now I'm fresher than ever wit the preception that's fatal
The royal highness wit the final approach
To the throne of life
>From birth I took the sword out of the stone
Sight of Asian Knights are within me

I'm way beyond trendy
Ideas never appear cuz my tolerance is unfriendly
Wit the uncivilized listeners, caught in a trance
Of the glamor rappin MC's
Wit these degrees advance
I politic stats wit knowledge of the facts of the art
Snatchin hip hop from the light and bringin it back to dark
Wit smarts I blueprint, so I can give a fuck about your two cent
Of speach, because to me you're just a student to teach
So just support heart, cuz inspiration causes me to work hard
In the School of Hard Knocks, MC's be runnin from report cards
Lingering fear, everytime my single appear
Crews run and hide cuz I provide a tingle in the air
Here's a masterpiece sketched out, my brainwaves stretched out across land
My vocal cords will bring the music's best out
I write my lyrics like I'm stressed out
Westbound sound, Fresno Cal, test the style and get X-ed out

Chorus 2x

(Planet Asia)
Yeah yeah, like like uh
S-Y-P, School Yard wit the Planet A, Planet Asia
Planet on the track, Potto Block weed in this
Trend Setters, what's up?
What....Fresno, yeah
A Fresno yeah, a Fresno, 93706