

Planet Asia, Real Niggaz

(Asia) Yeah

(Ghost) Yo, yo Asia, whattup God?

(Asia) It's the God Wu-Tang shit

(Ghost) Uh-huh, yeah baby, let's just murder this track

(Ghost) That's my word

(Asia) Yeah, Supa Dave West

(Ghost) Uh-huh, yeah (yeah) aiiyo Lord spank 'em

(Planet Asia)

Yo, powerful rap robotic style off chronic to cosmic

Follow this flow from out the projects

My shine timeless, clique +Criminal Minded+

My time spent, knockin out daily assignments

The capacity of my writtens make y'all niggaz look mindless

In Mortal Kombat, I leave a challenger spineless

This five-five-nine shit, three strike off

Dirty cop killer music that the streets can absorb

Old souls run deep in my pores, your desperation

predate the Earth, formin the path of civilizations

Nappy academy, maunfactures the new slang

My singles be the jingle like, pockets of loose change

My crew bang to set the mic a-fire with Wu-Tang

school y'all, Wu-Tang all in your poontang

Bullies of the block knock, gun in your face

Run in your house, tie you up and run in your safe

I'm from a sheisty-ass place where the gangsters dwell

Crack sellin to rap federal, we takin this mail, what?

(Chorus: Planet Asia)

From borough to borough, block to block

It don't stop like paper when the new shit drop

To all my peoples in the hood on their way to the top

Get yours, whether anybody likes it or not

From city to city, and coast to coast

Real niggaz in the spot gotta profit the most

To all my peoples in the hood on their way to the top

Get yours, whether anybody likes it or not

(Ghostface Killah)

Aiiyo it's Tony the rapper, Starks the ballplayer

I won't rock Wally 'til they make more flavors

+Bulletproof Wallets+, take off gators

And my .22 shotty'll take off faces

Eighty-eight Pumas, velour laces

Dusted out in the staircase where {?} pays me

So many hits I need both stages

Your two.. your two cars can't touch my four bracelets

One of the most Williest niggaz from Staten

Ran through Manhattan with Wally's made of satin

Cherry-pop coppertop niggaz rattin, guest what happened?

Had to end a nigga with the mac-10

Masquerades, feds ask and raid like

Raekwon shallah still be in my PJ's

They knew it was them, plus they saw him do well

On tour with Theodore Genie actin full ill

(Chorus)

(Planet Asia)

Bust your gun, but I still touch ya son

I don't run cause a nigga got, dusty lungs

And when I talk people be like, you must be from

the N.Y. but them I tell 'em nah I'm straight Californian

Blunts make me born again, ballin where the Warlords dwell

I still rank first place in the tournament
Go 'head, act cocky, and meet your match
Next time I see you bet you'll be one of the speechless cats
Voice raspy suddenly all the hoes wanna gas me
Heard I did a song with Ghost nasty
My murder rap murder tracks, clean like a cat who dress flashy
Y'all niggaz what's the ass be, they whole style trashy
Uncut live I got to say one thing
I'm the hardest workin EVER to step foot, in Chung King
Unclean, this year, show you who run things
Dumb things, more than a hundred thousand funding

(Chorus)

(Ghostface Killah)
Yeah, yeah whattup? Ghost Deini, Planet Asia
Y'all know how we do, straight up
I got my man Perm meetin me in the booth
A.C.T., word up, it's like that
Stark Enterprise, screw y'all
The W, the Clan, for real
Hotter than a gun on the sun motherfucker
Yo...