

Planet Asia, School Yard Riders

(Planet Asia)

Yard Members, School Yard Riders namsayin?
Bring it back to this real shit (Hey, we recordin?)
(Our block, our block) (We're about to ride on you suckas)
(You know who y'all is and you know what you done, right?)
Westside (We about to bring it)
(Let me tell you something, let me tell you something)

(Shake)

I ain't takin lip from nobody
You better respect this game before you feel the shotty
I gave you the game and didn't tell nobody you got pissed
You got scared of the accomplishments, it's politics
It's game plus plus, player ain't no stoppin this
When I'm poppin this, droppin this
I've been a fool since my teens, chasin paper wit my dreams
Big Cali things, big baller things is what I want but I
Have not, a baby knot is what I fold
But when I flow to the beat, they say "Shake sounds sweet"
We make you turn it up, while you burnin on the sax
We had to sho' you up, and put Fresno on the map
Now we sowed it up, now you haters hate back
While I keep it movin, showing and provin my craft
I been told by my older folks good niggas finish ?
Right before I roll wit drug dealers and thug niggas
And bitches who trap niggas for they skrilla
I used to be humble but life is makin me a killa

(Qubic)

Yo, now check this, see I be lookin at the positive
See where your logic is
How I be choppin is to get you something to chew
And take my messages and let em lodge in your piper wear
We block hustlin, spot rushin, feather rufflin
In the cuts again wit cats full of corruption
But it's from our folks, expressin all our ways to the custom
G-affiliate, supremely illustrated
Like supreme troop stated
Niggas be in court testifying like the plaintiff
I came here to bring the pain in
Escortin MC's out like the bailiff in this real life containment
Potential I'm tryin to reach it from my Day's Inn
Wit the earth gettin hot enough to dry weak jeans just like raisins
All I'm thinkin about is havin my paper
Hot as fuck ?, a muderers, thugs, and rapers
Hustlers and players, and average Joe's all havin they scratch
In the same neighborhood where I max, now figure that

(Phoof)

Now this goes to all move-fakers and bullshitters
Gets caught in the Breeze, steppin to these Yard ? slitters
Buck fifty wit the razor blade, buck down when the pistol's sprayed
When I put, the guns away niggas done advance to hand grenades
Fully penetratin when in situations, mind over matter
Straight love you wit the steel ? when shit splatter
Make my way, through the back cuz I attack wit the mac
Militant pussy-bwoy dan wan test, me got dem nine killer
So Sim-Seema, Who Got the Keys to the Cutlass
And let em know when we bust
Ain't no justice, it's just us

(Obi 1)

We got the hot wax, polish number five Channel
The School Yard Riders indentify yourself

Rap race contested for the great hurdle, radio
Promotional guest appearance, calculate the ratios
O-1 on Planet As, third rock from the sun light
Round up hard hitters front line strateg gun fight
Bitches retreat, can't sleep we'd rather club hop
Trendsetters fuck fools like Krush Groove dub rocks
Located on the fresh coast, nationwide bus pass
Street sweep, analyst bring the dutch pan
Musical sounds got the crew wanted in five states
Book Royal Carribean, who ready to migrate?
Cali finest side-winders, it's a everyday scam
Your everyday man couldn't duplicate the getaway plan
Five finger discount, rob America blind
Rob smartest con artists, ?in here? to crime
Fanatik beat smugglin, the Oakland grade A shit
Me and Kemet and Qubic throw niggas off the Bay Bridge
You know how it's that Yard shit, that hard shit
Our stage show made yo' other artist look garbage

(Planet Asia)

Discrete, I delete fleets to retreat speech
Servin a twenty-five-to-life on this concrete street
I'm in the driver's seat, tacked out, act out
Whoever's liver than me, come forth and I'ma blow your fuckin back out
Aiyyo, I be havin rap blackouts, I set the traps out
Through the underground tunnels, Planet Asia takes the back routes
The power forward crash you boards just like Stackhouse
The S-Y rhymers, due to the death time shiners
A bunch of test-tide rhymers, into the left you can find us
Nigga, ain't nobody tighter than the School Yard Riders

bragging and boasting to the end