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)

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*