

Janus

"Take it Back Home"

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"So step up if you wanna keep your rep up" [Phife]

[Planet Asia]

Focus hard, Yard intellect slang
World wide recognition with the picture in frame
Vocalist, quantum perfect movin motions melodic
Over oceans, overdosing off the cultures of product
Toastin this cut, react jazz cats be slappin glasses
Surrender to the method, yes I've kept it Yard Massive
status
Avalanche rap clientele from ambushing
We move quick wit new shit to get the fans pushin
From out the dynast of the School Yard camp
We start gettin the microphone just like two large amps
I'm tellin it, whenever I'm posted with endo to blow
I aim at domes like Double-Oh-Seven, Nintendo 64
James Bond style, secret agent calm bomb threat
Cali merchant, methodist keepin your pom-pom's set
Up in the air like that, this be that black entertainment
And now I got you flashin back on raps that I came with

[Chorus]

"Wit swollen pockets, we gon' take it back home"

[M.A.R.S.] 2x

"So step up if you wanna keep your rep up"

[Rasco]

It be me, Ras the mic grand imperial
Be killin these MC's that pump wack material
Bullshittin, bout to get their heads splitten, for real
When I'm rollin ten steps head to field
I the super dope master quotes
Hit ya'll in throat, be lyrics of wide scope
Go tell your friends, demand the vote
These niggas playahatin, can't make Ras to go
Now, we show em how we elevate
From the gate, Asia plus the Ras, we frustrate
Fantasize, we bringin it live, check the size
Of brothers enterprise, we breakin out the sides
Eyes scan the room, but this two man platoon
All set to meet em at high noon

Does set the blaze, lethal like the sun rays
Six days a week to Sunday's now

Chorus 2x

[Planet Asia]

From out the dynast of the Massive ranks the Yard mad
sarge
Eight bars of ever-ready for you wannabe stars
Lettin niggas know my purpose when it comes to the
vibe
Victoriously crushin careers that's three times my size
Ceremonial Master, wit the Soul Father Ras
Causin colonial disaster, lettin history pass
Through the trash era, stages of the game gotta
change
So Father Rasco, let these niggas know what's on your
brain

[Rasco]

We smash ya'll, for bringin that small off the wall
Idle chit-chat, we peelin yo' wig back
Feel that, you got rhymes nigga, where your deal at?
Killin folks, then where's your steel at?
Perpetratin, like you the man, only got five fans
Test me and get smacked with five hands
Obey all commands, I execute the plans
While ya'll still thinkin of ways to stack grands
Five hundred thou, no sweat of the brow
The shit they did then, I'm doin it right now
BLOW, bustin these shots off the top
The runaway train expressin it non-stop
Niggas ride coach, slow down for the approach
And bring a long toast for gettin yo' eggs poached
Even off the tone, top notch off the dome
It's me and Planet As, we takin it back home

Chorus 2x

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