

Leapy Lee

"Planet Asia Freestyle"

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Meth and Redman intro

[Planet Asia]

I comes wit nuttin but heat, controllin the streets
I flow over beats, slow that's how I glow on these beats
The Pro-fessional for what ya know, I go
From out the F-R-E-S-N-O
Planet As, I blaze mics like fried rice from out the walk
Cuz all that toughguy talk can get ya outlined in chalk
Ya know, I pops my C-O-double-L-A-R hard
For all ya'll out there waitin just to catch me off-guard
We got tons of materials, guns without the serials
Ghetto celebs who stack funds like criminals
My wax be tax free, straight out the trunk without the
track sheet
That's how my work thickens
Haters who salt behind the back, we label em jerk
chickens
Fresh blessed, now let's test to get the best
Let's rest, get your vest cuz this ish'll split your chest
On the one-two, my tongue full-flip the thirty-six
Dirt in this fist, ya'll cowards just ain't *fuckin* wit this
You know why? Cuz on the block for ya
I got the knock for ya, even in spots for what the pots
boil
For what rhymes sometimes cessed-out
I come up wit the best stlyes
So buy me twice, rock this in your deck double-cassette
style
Get this straight, never get this misplaced
This face can leave your shh blown in two minutes
without a mistake
Out to destruct your mixtape cuz clowns is still minor
league
And it's a must they get ate like MC's I suffocate
A successful ceremony so my clients can tell
I'm the livest performing artist ever seen in this world
Leavin your stun like guns in the cut wit a *bitch*
I'm on Sunset yo, I'm wit my clid-ick
On the Wake Up Show, about to blow
On your radio, in your area wherever I go

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