

Planet Asia

"Bringin It Back"

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f/ 427

[427]

I put it down cuz y'all be puttin too much weight on it

Twice as nice on thin ice, create the figure eight on it

Puttin words together like a verbal 'Recta-set

Disrespectin your copyrights, you nerds just ain't
protected yet

Inject the set of def lyrics into the vein

I know you hated that you received the mutated strain

Wit no immunity, to walk the underground community

Ingenuity the key difference 'tween you and me

(Yo who is he?) The question asked by cats who know
class of

Dope-ass track collab let you know just what you have

In your presence, relaxin your skull like Herbal Essence

This water's full of dull-ass rappers who need
flouresecnts

Like the undecidable low-rider on golden thangs

I'm a fighter and a writer whose eyes on controllin
thangs

Like a Aussie enthusiast, got radio control

Me and Asia amaze y'all wit all this soul

Pourin out of every hole that it can

I stand respected, poeticizing all of the experince I've collected

To all of y'all who ever thought that you wrecked it

Use the scientific method and make sure that you jack because

[Chorus] (Planet Asia) 4x

"All of these beats and these rhymes attached

Mean that real niggas on the mic bringin it back"
[Freddie Foxx]

(Bringin it back)

[Planet Asia]

Yo I puff a long stick, hook up the pen for insight flame

That's when I, invite your brain to the wind pipes of pain

Identify, from the streets stealin soft cats, just wish they possums

No need for actin tough cuz the government got satellites

That could leave all my people snuff, wit the physical zap

Over digital DAT's, I trap cats wit twenty-four tracks of pro-Black

Most of these rap acts, skills they have bar-e-ly

One-hitter quitters shit, that glitter shit is momentarily

My raps is bomb that might leave MC's on shook

So bomb I can't even travel on planes wit my composition book

I cause natural disasters when I fold you in a sentence

My smart bombs leave your soldiers blown in the trenches

And regret this for the war between the devil and flesh

And hungry niggas in the ghetto, they don't settle for less

My attitude is incompatible, pro-Black radical

Hold ya thoughts before you talk, we even walk mathematical, what

Chorus 4x

[427]

We gives a fuck but never rehearse a curse

Snatchin you weak MC's purses wit these strong-ass verses

[Planet Asia]

It's like that y'all, we focusin on cleanin the Sticks

(School Yard!) The type of niggas who be feindin for bricks

[427]

And take it serious, clear as a fiber optical incision

Cut your rap life short, now you need to make a decision

[Planet Asia]

Street talk venomous spit, dynamic duos stayin true though

Shittin on niggas' verses like feces from out your cool-o

[427]

You know, nickel and dime, the 2-0-9's finest rhymers

Go ahead and rewind us cuz you'll never find what's behind us

With your blinders on, we grind long hours and take showers

To refresh, in the West we invest in rhyme powers

And climb towers tall enough skyscape, so why fake

[Planet Asia]

Phony MC's we make migrate

Bologna MC's just hit the side gate for exit

Wit all these beats and rhymes attached

Y'all cowards know we on some next shit, now...

(We bringin it back)

Chorus 4x

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