

Planet Asia

"Handlin Business"

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(Planet Asia)

[Chorus] 2x

I be handlin my business when it comes to the wax

Steady conjurin the concepts for the conscience in
tracks

I'm on a worldwide mission for my shit to get heard

Destinies I manifest cuz my protection is words

[Planet Asia]

Yeah ha ha, the Secret Agent, Planet Asia

Melodically as I come into this like

Universal greetings

To all the lost pharoahs locked behind bars

And tons of pressure charged for hustlin

I face life scarred

As the world turns, I let the incense burn

Which ables me to invent chapters till I capture a nerve

The way of life, for the black man, woman, and child is
math

Due to knowledge that the brain weighs out to seven-
and-a-half ounces

Divine actions I carry out wit persistence

A father ain't a father till he furthers your existence

Infinite, I elevate boys to build and destroy

Infinite, I elevate girls from fools to precious jewels

My Asiatic secrets, the deepest kept

The architect of pages intellect of the great Aztec
amazes

Hip hop scholars solve equations like calculus

Whether MC's bring light from the supreme alphabet,
it's massive

You ain't a king unless you governin your own aspect

Measures is drastic, pleasure niggas is plastic

Patternizing, you bitin what you writin got my analyzing

You vandalizing like taggin over my pieces

It seems your style is no different from what the beast
is

In alien form I storm thesis, telekinesis

Telepathically know where the streets is

Without a flaw from out the jaws of the sound boy

Layin down the laws of virtue

Full circle from the vocal to the mental

Hip hop essentials, niggas is givin out the wrong info

Chorus 2x

[Planet Asia]

You can't deal wit that, Planet Asia

Planet Asia, word

Handlin Business, Secret Agent back again right

Nuttin but classical, cuts I create

For international crowds compact personas wit the
spoken token

Of the language broken into fragments unseen

Release energies in the records so the mental can feed

Off what I read off, or in between the lines I drop a seed
off

'Bout time you figure me, I'm like a tree for you breathe
off

Fantastically, my raps is drastically drawn

Strictly for, the audacity of writin platinum songs

Compassionate, the humble conquerer, that's known
for torture shit

I live the laboratory wit the gift to gab, it's fortunate

A dysfunction to be the founder of the gesture I chose

To be best of what I wish for cuz my essence was torn

Into the lessons I toured, to make my expressions more
stable

Now I'm fresher than ever wit the preception that's fatal

The royal highness wit the final approach

To the throne of life

>From birth I took the sword out of the stone

Sight of Asian Knights are within me

I'm way beyond trendy

Ideas never appear cuz my tolerance is unfriendly

Wit the uncivilized listeners, caught in a trance

Of the glamor rappin MC's

Wit these degrees advance

I politic stats wit knowledge of the facts of the art

Snatchin hip hop from the light and bringin it back to
dark

Wit smarts I blueprint, so I can give a fuck about your
two cent

Of speach, because to me you're just a student to
teach

So just support heart, cuz inspiration causes me to
work hard

In the School of Hard Knocks, MC's be runnin from
report cards

Lingering fear, everytime my single appear

Crews run and hide cuz I provide a tingle in the air

Here's a masterpiece sketched out, my brainwaves
stretched out across land

My vocal cords will bring the music's best out

I write my lyrics like I'm stressed out

Westbound sound, Fresno Cal, test the style and get X-
ed out

Chorus 2x

[Planet Asia]

Yeah yeah, like like uh

S-Y-P, School Yard wit the Planet A, Planet Asia

Planet on the track, Potto Block weed in this

Trend Setters, what's up?

What....Fresno, yeah

A Fresno yeah, a Fresno, 93706

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