Planet Asia "Real Niggaz"

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Yeah
Yo, yo Asia, whattup God?
It's the God Wu-Tang shit
Uh-huh, yeah baby, let's just murder this track
That's my word
Yeah, Supa Dave West
Uh-huh, yeah aiyyo Lord spank 'em
(Yeah)

Yo, powerful rap robotic style off chronic to cosmic Follow this flow from out the projects
My shine timeless, clique 'Criminal Minded'
My time spent, knockin' out daily assignments
The capacity of my writtens make y'all niggaz look mindless

In Mortal Kombat, I leave a challenger spineless
This five-five-nine shit, three strike off
Dirty cop killer music that the streets can absorb
Old souls run deep in my pores, your desperation
Predate the Earth, formin' the path of civilizations

Nappy academy, manufactures the new slang My singles be the jingle like, pockets of loose change My crew bang to set the mic a-fire with Wu-Tang School y'all, Wu-Tang all in your poontang

Bullies of the block knock, gun in your face Run in your house, tie you up and run in your safe I'm from a sheisty-ass place where the gangsters dwell Crack sellin' to rap federal, we takin' this mail, what?

From borough to borough, block to block
It don't stop like paper when the new shit drop
To all my peoples in the hood on their way to the top
Get yours, whether anybody likes it or not

From city to city and coast to coast Real niggaz in the spot gotta profit the most To all my peoples in the hood on their way to the top Get yours, whether anybody likes it or not Aiyyo it's Tony the rapper, Starks the ballplayer I won't rock Wally 'til they make more flavors 'Bulletproof Wallets', take off gators And my .22 shotty'll take off faces

Eighty-eight Pumas, velor laces
Dusted out in the staircase where [unverified] pays me
So many hits I need both stages
Your two your two cars can't touch my four bracelets

One of the most Williest niggaz from Staten Ran through Manhattan with Wally's made of satin Cherry-pop copper top niggaz rattin', guest what happened? Had to end a nigga with the mac-10

Masquerades, Feds ask and raid like Raekwon shallah still be in my PJ's They knew it was them, plus they saw him do well On tour with Theodore Genie actin' full ill

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Bust your gun, but I still touch ya son
I don't run 'cause a nigga got, dusty lungs
And when I talk people be like, you must be from
The N.Y. but them I tell 'em nah I'm straight Californian

Blunts make me born again, ballin' where the Warlords dwell

I still rank first place in the tournament Go 'head, act cocky, and meet your match Next time I see you bet you'll be one of the speechless cats

Voice raspy suddenly all the hoes wanna gas me Heard I did a song with Ghost nasty My murder rap murder tracks, clean like a cat who dress flashy Y'all niggaz what's the ass be, they whole style trashy

Uncut live I got to say one thing I'm the hardest workin' ever to step foot, in Chung King Unclean, this year, show you who run things Dumb things, more than a hundred thousand funding

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Yeah, yeah whattup? Ghost Deini, Planet Asia
Y'all know how we do, straight up
I got my man Perm meetin' me in the booth
A.C.T., word up, it's like that Stark Enterprise, screw
y'all
The W, the Clan, for real hotter than a gun on the sun
motherfucker
Yo

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