

## Planet Asia

### "Schoolyard Riders"

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f/ Obi 1, Phoof, Qubic, Shake

[Planet Asia]

Yard Members, School Yard Riders namsayin?

Bring it back to this real shit (Hey, we recordin?)

(Our block, our block) (We're about to ride on you suckas)

(You know who y'all is and you know what you done, right?)

Westside (We about to bring it)

(Let me tell you something, let me tell you something)

[Shake]

I ain't takin lip from nobody

You better respect this game before you feel the shotty

I gave you the game and didn't tell nobody you got pissed

You got scared of the accomplishments, it's politics

It's game plus plus, player ain't no stoppin this

When I'm poppin this, droppin this

I've been a fool since my teens, chasin paper wit my dreams

Big Cali things, big baller things is what I want but I

Have not, a baby knot is what I fold

But when I flow to the beat, they say "Shake sounds

sweet"

We make you turn it up, while you burnin on the sax

We had to sho' you up, and put Fresno on the map

Now we sowed it up, now you haters hate back

While I keep it movin, showing and provin my craft

I been told by my older folks good niggas finish ?

Right before I roll wit drug dealers and thug niggas

And bitches who trap niggas for they skrilla

I used to be humble but life is makin me a killa

[Qubic]

Yo, now check this, see I be lookin at the positive

See where your logic is

How I be choppin is to get you something to chew

And take my messages and let em lodge in your piper  
wear

We block hustlin, spot rushin, feather rufflin

In the cuts again wit cats full of corruption

But it's from our folks, expressin all our ways to the  
custom

G-affiliate, supremely illustrated

Like supreme troop stated

Niggas be in court testifying like the plaintiff

I came here to bring the pain in

Escortin MC's out like the bailiff in this real life  
containment

Potential I'm tryin to reach it from my Day's Inn

Wit the earth gettin hot enough to dry weak jeans just  
like raisins

All I'm thinkin about is havin my paper

Hot as fuck ?, a muderers, thugs, and rapers

Hustlers and players, and average Joe's all havin they  
scratch

In the same neighborhood where I max, now figure that

[Phoof]

Now this goes to all move-fakers and bullshitters

Gets caught in the Breeze, steppin to these Yard ?  
slitters

Buck fifty wit the razor blade, buck down when the  
pistol's sprayed

When I put, the guns away niggas done advance to  
hand grenades

Fully penetratin when in situations, mind over matter

Straight love you wit the steel ? when shit splatter

Make my way, through the back cuz I attack wit the mac

Militant pussy-bwoy dan wan test, me got dem nine  
killer

So Sim-Seema, Who Got the Keys to the Cutlass

And let em know when we bust

Ain't no justice, it's just us

[Obi 1]

We got the hot wax, polish number five Channel

The School Yard Riders indentify yourself

Rap race contested for the great hurdle, radio

Promotional guest appearance, calculate the ratios

O-1 on Planet As, third rock from the sun light

Round up hard hitters front line strateg gun fight

Bitches retreat, can't sleep we'd rather club hop  
Trendsetters fuck fools like Krush Groove dub rocks  
Located on the fresh coast, nationwide bus pass  
Street sweep, analyst bring the dutch pan  
Musical sounds got the crew wanted in five states  
Book Royal Caribbean, who ready to migrate?  
Cali finest side-winders, it's a everyday scam  
Your everyday man couldn't duplicate the getaway plan  
Five finger discount, rob America blind  
Rob smartest con artists, ?in here? to crime  
Fanatik beat smugglin, the Oakland grade A shit  
Me and Kemet and Qubic throw niggas off the Bay  
Bridge  
You know how it's that Yard shit, that hard shit  
Our stage show made yo' other artist look garbage  
[Planet Asia]  
Discrete, I delete fleets to retreat speech  
Servin a twenty-five-to-life on this concrete street  
I'm in the driver's seat, tacked out, act out  
Whoever's liver than me, come forth and I'ma blow  
your fuckin back out  
Aiyyo, I be havin rap blackouts, I set the traps out  
Through the underground tunnels, Planet Asia takes  
the back routes  
The power forward crash you boards just like  
Stackhouse  
The S-Y rhymers, due to the death time shiners

A bunch of test-tide rhymers, into the left you can find  
us

Nigga, ain't nobody tighter than the School Yard Riders

\*bragging and boasting to the end\*

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