Debbie Gibson % Keeth Stewart ''Handlin Business''

Visit "Handlin Business" on MotoLyrics.com

(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 sevenand-a-half ounces Divine actions I carry out wit persistance 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 architecht of pages intellect of the great ?imotec? 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 uncivilzed 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 Xed 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

Visit <u>Debbie Gibson % Keeth Stewart</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.