

## **Debbie Gibson % Keeth Stewart**

### **"Holdin the Crown"**

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[Planet Asia]

C'mon...

Yeah-yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

9-3-7-0-6. 9-3-7-0-6 you don't...

I'm just unwinding, brainstorming wit word connection  
We do this in the summertime, lovely in your section  
Bleedy eye blitzin the zone, reppin FC  
Westside, Fresno Cali got me bubblin like Pepsi  
Wit hot shit ya'll, Planet Asia done did it  
Once again for the fans and fools, and rap critics  
I'm all round, seasonal, ya'll niggas is part time  
Artists is fake thug niggas, rappin regional  
I came to slapbox wit you, my gladiator thoughts bring  
up issue  
Got you leavin, feelin like I dissed you  
But if the shoe fits you, there ain't shit you can do  
But praise the Asian  
Amazing in effect, I stays in  
Hear to let you know we bout to blow over the decibel  
wit  
Straight up soul food like rice, beans, and vegetables  
I let the ink flow from start to finish  
And this was thoroughly thought out before the rhyme  
got printed, like

[Chorus] 2x

One for the As, two for the spades

This is how another session gets blazed

It's Planet As, still holdin the crown, controllin the  
ground

For all my niggas holding it down

[Planet Asia]

It's Planet Asia, back again on vacation

Secret best kept is how I rep the foundation

Some MC's only make music for modulation

But then I came wit heated beats from out the  
soundstation

Darkman recorded by the 4-27 Eclipse

Straight up slumpin, yo this shit, we be the shit

(Unrelieved!) On some unknown, independent  
It's called the priveledge, printed by the indigenous  
Non-religion is a visionist, something to feel  
But can't touch this year, we added on like plus  
Slang exhaust dust, splurgin no matter how much it  
cost us  
We bomb like stealth off of knowledge of stealth  
Type selfish and I rhyme like I don't need help  
Cuz all I need is my health, a little weed and some  
wealth  
As I proceed to hit your dome up wit the keys to the  
Yard  
Y'all niggas don't want me to start, start breathin all  
hard  
Like it's me again, back in effect in 3-D again  
To crews, I break the late night news on CNN  
Where you can find your child missin, listenin  
To the artist whose ambition is write like he got a life  
sentencing  
Interesting and convincing, get ran through  
All around the globe, from Japan, Africa to Vancouver  
Now get wit me, I spit journals in staccato sickly  
And informal, photograph take it quickly  
And correct man, when it's in your face respect game  
I used to front it frequently, but now I'm on jets and  
planes  
Rental cars, cabs, checks and trains  
So may chapters in my cabbage, I be stashin rhymes in  
baggage claim  
Rhymes in the Range, I'm no square mileage for the  
scholars  
I polish jewels and never put the wisdom 'fore  
knowledge  
Before the dollars, I been puttin it down  
Unassisted like ? wit my foot to the ground

Chorus 2x

(Holding the crown)

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