

Debbie Gibson % Keeth Stewart**"It's On"**

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"It's on"

"It's on"

"It's on till the death"

"It's on till the death till we settle the score" [Inspectah Deck] 2x

[Planet Asia]

Ceremonial Master, crackin at your function

I bless tracks lovely off a fresh pack of Dutches

I'm cruddy to the floor, catch me runnin with the grimy ones

Big up to my seventh grade teacher, Mr. Jamison

Peace to Shirley Roe who made sure I graduated outta high school

And peace to my peers who never hated

This is for ya'll, I spit and take raps to new horizons

Jiggy on some Tip shit, I make the bitches get Vivrant

Buttnaked in the tell-all X, ain't nuttin sacred

I write rhymes dolo on the low-low, blowin ???

Whether you're thuggin for the cause or on some space shit

I place photos of grateness to ya, totally wasted

Khalil collective, revealin now we real selective

I spill a to perfection is done

Give a fuck if cats feel myrecords

This be the chamber, tunnel vision apply

To the mic, just like science of mind behind numbers

Note that I came from

Fresno, California where my game's from

A place I met Ras before there was a Cali Agents

We been in the trenches for years, and hittin up stages

And we, still in the game, still shakin ya'll niggas cages

Worldwide from armaggedon, trasmittin transcripts

Plans mission place your bets and watch your man get ripped

And this is the part where my manuscripts transists

From state of thought to something self scientific

Cali Agent Number two, bloody eye

Who wanna run with the some of the

Illest niggas in the mothafuckin Western Conference

Bring it on and I'ma smash yo shit

My School Yard click, we got cash to get

[Chorus] 2x

This is how it goes, we be killin the flows
We illin in shows, next year ya'll be stealin the clothes
Chillin and blow, fresh gear, with the video shown
And hoe knows I keep the cities on sown
IT'S ALWAYS ON!

[Planet Asia]

Rockin it raw, exactly who I'm rockin this for
I'm rockin this for, Cali Agents, Potle Block and that's all
Don't stop and it's more
We droppin it hot in the store
In the mall, niggas was plottin and get socked in the
jaw
We be eight deep, fifteen deep, twenty deep
I also bungee jump beats one deep to keep myself
company
I switch i-deas while you sit and write "Bobby"
Unaware and about to get slapped lopsided
As the legacy unfolds, the saga begins
Another decade of warriors still holdin ON
To rituals for cats to stil follow the trends
Of those before us, two thousand next level and now
we back again
Time mind travelin
Divine rhyme gatherin
Prime imperial incognito on a Saturday
I'm like a stimulant for those whoneed a fix
Appealin when it's time to shine
And tell my foes to eat a dick!
I blow spots just like radical groups
Give a fuck if your crew sucks
I'm draining all of they battery juice
To all my niggas livin large, watch me
Capitilze and invest in property
While I'm still sellin copies
For the love of the art, this is where the bubblin starts
Lord soundwaves supreme, the quiet thunderin dark
Cold winded type of cat to pull a plug in your part
Ain't nothin sweet, we leave niggas with slugs in they
heart, for real

Chorus 2x

"It's on" "It's on"
"It's on" "It's on till the death"
"It's on till the death till we settle the score"
"It's on"
"It's on til the death till we settle the score"

"Yeah...that's right"

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