

## **DJ Muggs & Planet Asia f/ B-Real**

### **"Lions In the Forrest"**

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[Planet Asia] Yo, slap-box 52, hand combat, man down  
Now you getting treated like a liquid youth Pearl  
handle, black ruger popping up It's the return of the  
Trench Coat Mafia You got a clique but I bet they won't  
die for ya Last nigga that fronted I moved more  
Khadafi them I'm busting lead in, Armageddon, God is  
seven Top of the dome is embedded I set it, step in the  
realms and get sweat it My foes get beheaded, live wit  
no edits, shred it Negative thoughts about the G-O-D  
you betta dead it Cuz that's bad credit All night me on  
the mic is athletic High heights seeing my sight is like  
heaven Fire fly, flying higher flights a bad weather  
Whateva, get it together, my neck leather Once again  
welcome to the fucking next level Metal plus nada,  
stretch limousine Machine guns running up wit 26  
fillings Fuck everything tho, we fight for the children  
(Chorus) Planet Asia 2x Ten steps - draw - who want  
war? Raise your swords and prepare for the Lords  
Running around like 'Lions In the Forrest' But we came  
to conquer the lands just like wars [Planet Asia] I'm  
throwing blind guillotines for Philistine Came wit an iller  
team to run up in ya castle and kill ya King I'm doing  
my thing, dance wit the Lord in the rain Standing firm  
in the square like Butterbean I'm hotter then  
Shambhala Draw swords, perform makada Rude boy  
shot up the top dolla I'm not a fake ass that's not solid I  
got it, to say I'm the hottest is just modest My asses  
could melt down anything So anything in my lane  
mane, I'm killing it Two bottles of jewels, once spooned  
an ignorant It's the vigilant spit, chemist is injuring Any  
chump wanna act bigger then I --- Is getting victimized  
and that's minimum Emcees who wanna compete, I'll  
take ten of 'em Clowns in the streets want heat, I got  
dillinger's And that's how it really goes Soak if I'm  
really wit it And stop looking at the mothafucking  
videos Choose yo weapon, my tools is lesson True  
connection, wrong, you lost all your profession  
(Chorus) Planet Asia 2x [B-Real] Let the rhythm hit 'em,  
chew 'em up, spit 'em out Get 'em out, let's see if the  
barrel will fit in his mouth Hear the lion roar, watchu  
crying for? Don't let the hot gates open the iron door

I'm the king of the jungle, so ready to rumble Gun  
shots put the room on humble I flip beats and make the  
words tumble And flip bricks and not sleep on a bundle  
Claiming you raw off the chain, homie I'm off the board  
Dunk in yo face; I'm the Lord of War I'm so much more;  
you bitches will neva step up I neva let up, you fuckas  
will neva get up Ice in my veins, ice on my chains I'm  
nice in the lane, think twice 'fore you range Shoot  
around like Tice in the game, you crap out Break your  
bones when I make you tap out (Chorus) Planet Asia 2x

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