

DJ Muggs & Planet Asia f/ Chace Infinite, GZA "Triple Threat"

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[GZA] Yo Check it, yo From slow grooves to Pro Tools to
8-tracks Cassette tapes to VHS to ADX Regardless of
the format, it's liver then Memorex Colorful megapixels
like the centreplex Feature film from the outer realm
and for the ears Enjoy ya own picture and stay in ya
mind for years My heart pumps and creates surround
sound I brought hip-hop to the top push the
underground nigga I'm 'Beneath the Surface' wit a
single purpose Make sure your ticket is worth the
purchase The story that'll come to ya straight off the
screen Knock ya popcorn and ya large drink upon ya
jeans Written by one of the best while getting high
Intoxicated from an idea that killed the living lie
Observe the flicks, roll wit the credits Hold that shit, I'll
catch you in the edits (Chorus) Planet Asia We throw
daggers and studied all the old tablets We going at it
wit the uncivilized savage Respect, on deck be the G O
D's On ya set for the fuck of it, betta keep it G [Planet
Asia] Yeah, fresh bracket, four metal jacket The best
crackers aligns fish specialist Ex-Panther, automatic
strapped counselor The worst chancellor Jamming up
the board amped up Polish professional, the patriotic
poor for life It's a long run using the side of the brain
that I write wit It's mind, body and soul, control wit the
mic Rip jewels to ya dome, segregates the devil from
righteous Black Guerilla, act ill, I'll act iller Wit the most
sophisticated assassigators who stack figgazz The
Language is Pain, the clique is gang On top I remain
and that's simple and plain (Chorus) Planet Asia [Chace
Infinite] I'm stealing the win, something serious, a
sinister blend Like mixing warm milk and gin Ya neva
stomach to taste Off balance wit the world on my face
Chace move like a Panther wit grace Stay lace, smoke
grass Pour that eighth in the backwood then fumigate
Necessary to make, people to relate to the way I
perform on the stage and prepare for Doomsday Wit
marvelous insane you'll get hit what the tools spray I
could give a fuck what a fool say I'm trying to bake until
a nigga make cartoon cake And sell like Cypress when
they drop on Sunday Inspired by the streets and alleys,
not them runways OG's in LA, Blacks, Whites and Ese's

You fuck around and best believe today will be ya
death day (Chorus) Planet Asia

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