

# The Planet

## Paolo Barbato

[Guru]

Boom bash dash, I had to break, I had to getaway  
Packed my bags, to leave for good, it was a Monday  
Kissed my mother, gave my pops a pound  
Then he hugged me, and then he turned around  
I threw the duffelbag over my shoulder  
It was time to get props kid, cause now I'm older  
Time to fend for myself jack  
So I'ma go for mine, and maybe never come back  
Stopped at the lye spot before I hit the train station  
Needed some boom for the mental relaxation  
It took the last of my loot to make this move Troop  
But I ain't even tryin to work in a suit  
Plus my aunt's got a room that's for rent  
As long as there's no hoes and I don't come home bent  
So fuck the bullshit I'm audi  
I'm on a mission, cause if I stay I'll go crazy  
I'm gonna make it god damnit  
Out in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet  
They never fake it just slam it  
Out in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet Crash boom bang I used to hang at Four Corners  
And all the spots in Beantown where niggaz carry burners  
But I was more turned on by the micraphone  
So one cold morning, I left home  
Next I'm smokin blunts on?  
Or workin in a mail room Uptown, feelin sick and  
tired, of payin all these fucked up dues  
I wasn't tryin to lose -- I refused  
Had a chick Uptown, one in Queens and one in Jersey  
Sometimes all you need to get by, is a girlie  
But yo I still wasn't happy  
I seen a lot of ill shit on my block, happen nightly  
East New York is no joke kid  
And peace to my man Hass doin his bad  
I went to Flatbush to buy incense and weed  
Stopped at the bookstands for somethin to read  
That shit was rough cause my pockets was bare  
and like the sayin goes, sometimes life ain't fair  
But in my heart there ain't no quittin

So I stayed up late, to write some rhymes to some rhythms  
Seconds away from just flippin  
But fuckit I'll maintain, one day I'll be hittin  
See I'ma make it god damnit  
Out in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet  
I'll never fake it just slam it

There in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet And you can, walk the walk talk the talk but don't flaunt  
Cause little shorty's scheamin on your rings and fronts  
but don't sweat it, cause that's the life out here

A lot of niggaz, be livin real trife out here  
I got my own place in Bed-Stuy  
Known to many others, as Do or Die  
Malcolm X Boulevard and Gates Avenue  
Smokin up the fat trey bags with the crew  
Me and the niggaz Troy and Squeaky

Used to twist Dutch Masters, we got nice weekly  
I used to build with the brothers by the spot  
They had to hustle but they still knew a lot  
To get my haircut had to go to Fort Greene  
on Myrtle Ave, to get a fade with the sides clean

Then to Fulton just to look around  
Just to roam around, and find a chick to go Uptown  
and check a movie or some shit like that  
I couldn't spend much but yo my game was fat

I remember this one chick, she brought me a beeper  
Then one week later, she got me some sneakers  
But then I stepped, cause I found out about her rep  
And I ain't goin out bein no bitch's pet  
But anyway I used to lay up in the crib

Listening to Red and Marley, wishin I was on kid  
Saved my dough, stayed on the down low  
Lounged and drank 40's with Tommy, Hill and Gunsmoke  
And Lil' Dap used to come by strapped  
Nice off a L cause we stayed like that  
Sometimes I used to miss my moms

Gunshots in the twilight, people fightin every night  
But I'ma be aight still  
Cause I'ma keep writin shit and perfectin my skills  
I'm gonna make it god damnit

Here in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet  
I never fake it just slam it

Here in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet \*echoes\*