Real Niggaz

Planet Asia

Yeah
Yo, yo Asia, whattup God?
It's the God Wu-Tang shit
Uh-huh, yeah baby, let's just murder this track
That's my word
Yeah, Supa Dave West
Uh-huh, yeah aiyyo Lord spank 'em
(Yeah)Yo, powerful rap robotic style off chronic to cosmic
Follow this flow from out the projects
My shine timeless, clique 'Criminal Minded'
My time spent, knockin' out daily assignments
The capacity of my writtens make y'all niggaz look mindlessIn Mortal Kombat, I leave a challenger spineless
This five-five-nine shit, three strike off
Dirty cop killer music that the streets can absorb
Old souls run deep in my pores, your desperation
Predate the Earth, formin' the path of civilizationsNappy academy, manufactures the new slang
My singles be the jingle like, pockets of loose change
My crew bang to set the mic a-fire with Wu-Tang
School y'all, Wu-Tang all in your poontangBullies of the block knock, gun in your face
Run in your house, tie you up and run in your safe
I'm from a sheisty-ass place where the gangsters dwell
Crack sellin' to rap federal, we takin' this mail, what?From borough to borough, block to block
It don't stop like paper when the new shit drop
To all my peoples in the hood on their way to the top
Get yours, whether anybody likes it or notFrom city to city and coast to coast
Real niggaz in the spot gotta profit the most
To all my peoples in the hood on their way to the top
Get yours, whether anybody likes it or notAiyyo it's Tony the rapper, Starks the ballplayer
I won't rock Wally 'til they make more flavors
'Bulletproof Wallets', take off gators
And my .22 shotty'll take off facesEighty-eight Pumas, velor laces
Dusted out in the staircase where [unverified] pays me
So many hits I need both stages
Your two your two cars can't touch my four braceletsOne of the most Williest niggaz from Staten
Ran through Manhattan with Wally's made of satin
Cherry-pop copper top niggaz rattin', guest what happened?
Had to end a nigga with the mac-10Masquerades, Feds ask and raid like
Raekwon shallah still be in my PJ's
They knew it was them, plus they saw him do well

On tour with Theodore Genie actin' full illFrom borough to borough, block to block
It don't stop like paper when the new shit drop
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Get yours, whether anybody likes it or notFrom city to city, and coast to coast
Real niggaz in the spot gotta profit the most
To all my peoples in the hood on their way to the top
Get yours, whether anybody likes it or notBust your gun, but I still touch ya son
I don't run 'cause a nigga got, dusty lungs
And when I talk people be like, you must be from
The N.Y. but them I tell 'em nah I'm straight CalifornianBlunts make me born again, ballin' where the Warlords dwell
I still rank first place in the tournament
Go 'head, act cocky, and meet your match
Next time I see you bet you'll be one of the speechless catsVoice raspy suddenly all the hoes wanna gas me
Heard I did a song with Ghost nasty
My murder rap murder tracks, clean like a cat who dress flashy
Y'all niggaz what's the ass be, they whole style trashyUncut live I got to say one thing
I'm the hardest workin' ever to step foot, in Chung King
Unclean, this year, show you who run things
Dumb things, more than a hundred thousand fundingFrom borough to borough, block to block
It don't stop like paper when the new shit drop
To all my peoples in the hood on their way to the top
Get yours, whether anybody likes it or notFrom city to city, and coast to coast
Real niggaz in the spot gotta profit the most
To all my peoples in the hood on their way to the top
Get yours, whether anybody likes it or notYeah, yeah whattup? Ghost Deini, Planet Asia
Y'all know how we do, straight up
I got my man Perm meetin' me in the booth
A.C.T., word up, it's like that Stark Enterprise, screw y'all
The W, the Clan, for real hotter than a gun on the sun motherfucker
Yo

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