

# 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 mindless  
In 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 civilizations  
Nappy 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 poontang  
Bullies 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 not  
From 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 not  
Aiyyo 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 faces  
Eighty-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 bracelets  
One 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-10  
Masquerades, 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 ill  
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 not  
From 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 not  
Bust 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 Californian  
Blunts 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 cats  
Voice 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 trashy  
Uncut 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 funding  
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 not  
From 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 not  
Yeah, 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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