Real Niggaz (Clean)

Planet Asia

[Asia] Yeah
[Ghost] Yo, yo Asia, whattup God?
[Asia] It's the God Wu-Tang shit
[Ghost] Uh-huh, yeah baby, let's just murder this track
[Ghost] That's my word
[Asia] Yeah, Supa Dave West
[Ghost] Uh-huh, yeah (yeah) aiyyo Lord spank 'em[Planet Asia]
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 why'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, maunfactures 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 why'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?[Chorus: Planet Asia]
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[Ghostface Killah]
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, velour laces
Dusted out in the staircase where {?} 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 coppertop 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[Chorus]
[Planet Asia]
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 want to gas me
Heard I did a song with Ghost nasty
My murder rap murder tracks, clean like a cat who dress flashy
why'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[Chorus]
[Ghostface Killah]
Yeah, yeah whattup? Ghost Deini, Planet Asia
why'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 why'all
The W, the Clan, for real
Hotter than a gun on the sun motherfucker
Yo...

Songwriters
GREEN, JASON C / WEST, DAVID NATHANIEL / COLES, DENNISPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., JELLYBEAN MUSIC GROUP

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/