

Bruce Lee (feat. Rasco & Chace Infinite)

Planet Asia

- Planet Asia and various other comments]

(Oh shit!

'State, Aiyo that's Bruce Lee, my nigga!

Aiyo, Bruce!

Aiyo, shit that nigga got an afro too, my dude

(That's really motherfuckin' Bruce Lee!)

Aiyo, I knew yo' ass wasn't dead, my nigga!

Teach me some shit... move my chi

Fuck one of you niggas up...)

1 - Planet Asia]

Yo

Back in your section, everything goes in this battle

Chinatown wars, Chinese connection

Comic book Coogi color, cloth kente

Five Percent-ey, avenge the death of the sensei

Break out the bad guy, so I can kill 'em with styles

I've been honing my craft so long I got spiderwebs on my blend tapes

In shape like a ape, fresh off the Himalyan mountains

Wylin' off bananas and grapes

Cop diesel, OG Bubba and Sour Diesel

Skies burn, 'cause nigga it's my turn like Steezo

Steady-B mentality, cool seek propositions

It's for my killas in the streets without a pot to piss in

Don divas, calm leaders, beyond eager

Golden glove thugs, bob and weavers

You just a non-believer that's hating, 'cause I done hit

Every House of Blues, the only thing left is coliseums

Another loose leaf, who's chief?

Give you a two-piece

To the beat

This is Bruce Lee!

(Jeet-Kune-Do, mother fuckers!

Get yourself fucked up coming around here!

Murder one of y'all niggas, man!)

Righteous roundhouse, Deathblow dojo

King of the dumb-out, I'm on my Bruce Lee mojo

Breaking bricks there's money to get

Or get your money stripped

We revolve around scientists

Another looseleaf, who's chief?

Give you the two-piece

Nocuit, nigga2 - Rasco]

(Nigga, that is not no Bruce Lee, that's Jim Kelly, man!)
 Chop suey, you're andouille, ya backflip
 Double stack grip, play games, smash shit
 Cartoons get smacked soon, we black goons
 Get in tune, these niggas soft like sand dunes
 Cats get it, they bowing down, the god spit it
 The odd digit is seven, dog, you last minute
 Stay ahead of these wack lames, exact range
 Pointed right at your eyeball, we fly y'all
 Better look to the sky y'all we up there
 Roll a Benz, you ask mama for bus fare
 In the plush where, you really should rush there
 Burn your whole click, leave nothing but dust there
 Just the tip of the iceberg, we still cold
 Smash dudes and take it out of their billfold
 (What the fuck is wrong niggas, I'mma kill you niggas) Righteous roundhouse, Deathblow dojo
 King of the dumb-out, I'm on my Bruce Lee mojo
 Breaking bricks there's money to get
 Or get your money stripped
 We revolve around scientists
 Another looseleaf, who's chief?
 Give you the two-piece
 Nocuit, nigga3 - Chace Infinite]
 Fly as a falcon in a cockpit
 Flying cranes, guillotines
 Breaking down K's with chopsticks
 Obnoxious African arts, nigga my reflex sharp
 I roundhouse Abdul-Jabar
 I achieve doctrines, Wu shu postures
 Two-piece, backhand niggas with no problem
 Master of any street you know
 Come see the Jeet-Kune Do
 Iron fist lunge, lethal blow
 Every nigga on the street should know
 'Cuh-razy, not karate', putting holes in your body
 You tough niggas is the first to get shot in the party
 While I'm smoking like the samurai, Afro
 Taking heads, discipline my enemies
 Fuck that, I paint the town red
 With the remains of y'all
 Really it's not a game at all
 Bruce Lee, nigga, sweat suit, gold chain and all(That's some heavy shit
 Let me explain something to you, Super Nigga
 I don't answer questions, I ask 'em
 Even if I did know who killed that jive-ass brother of yours
 What make you think I'm going to tell you?
 Get your black ass, off of my joint
 Before we beat you, like a rented mule)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>