

# Soul In The Hole

## 3rd Bass

Knowledge on the court, observin' what is all around  
The light goes up, my mic blows up, the silence is now sound  
Hearin' and fearin' the momentum of the stutter step  
Shook to the left because the brother slept Crept into his ego, so he caught a bad one  
Switched my next flip, he thought he had some grip  
But my grip is when my fingers curl around the mic  
I know what it's like, a dog eat dog world But I'm a carnivore out on the parquet floor  
Whether ballin' or callin' out a sucker who is lookin' for  
Static, me grab it every chance I get  
One on one I'll never run and shoot the high off the net This position isn't switchin', pitchin' out a blind pass  
Hindsight, my mind's right, time run through the hourglass  
Serch is my name, the game and my goal  
3rd Bass settin' soul in the hole Yo man, why don't you give me the pole man?  
Why are you freezin' me out?  
Yo man, 'cause you can't play, you ain't got no handle  
Got your socks up to your knees like Michael Raines Drip liquid, pick up a park pill  
Induce a hand over free form with this skill  
Spills are spun, a crossover break slice  
Sugar brother the pavement says Schemin' on suicide to play post I slash  
First step, I shook ya ass  
Step to wayside, ain't no weak side  
Baseline I'm never givin', on the flip side Grass to a mic like a hand palm rubber  
Roll off a finger, you're gum, I rubbed ya  
Sweep like a Knickerbocker, the 3rd stops ya  
And after dark, I play the part of boot knocker Twenty-four seven, always out to get some  
Slap her on the concrete, bleed till the hand's numb  
A way of life found, a rim stuck to a pole  
An asphalt jungle, soul in the hole Yo man, I got next! Next, you ain't got next man  
Yo go over there in the corner with Michael Raines  
And take a couple of tokes of the pipes man  
You know what I'm sayin'? Point is in effect, callin' for a play out  
Lay out the plan but your scammin' for a way out  
Figure of speech, spoken wise for a drum, three on one  
You know the outcome Point up the joints up, straight up for an uproar soarin'  
Then you execute the score, then you fade away  
This fade has been played  
Gave the gift swift, you just got self-made Execute performance, the 3rd step upon this  
Me and Pete, complete, like sex endurance  
Tip on the rim you reverse and rehearse

Coachin' but you're slouchin', you can't be first  
You want the rock? But you don't got the handle

I drop the French, 'cause Serch grilled your mantle

Face intense, you're sellin' your soul

Just for the action of soul in the hole  
Pavement bounce off metal meets human flesh

Slum onside stagnate you got next

Each day evident, parks brothers throw down

One on one, it boils down to showdown  
Spins reverb, soothe he goes a rip slip

By his larceny or petty theft

Spectators move, lips into motion

Pop shit, get hit, the sewer then becomes an ocean  
Water runs, springs and I let it fly

Slide a weak side, into vein

Try to terminate silk textures of the fingertips

Three bases covered, as I dip  
Deeper into repertoire, the Minister an innovator

Take a sphere and a mic and I'll step later

Under lamps of the Serch, cold

Shootin' lava in the soul in the hole

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