

# The Gas Face (feat. Zev Love X)

## 3rd Bass

Ey yo man, my labelmate Don Newkirk

Man step to him Thanks Serch!

And now for the Prime Minister

Sinister Pete N-hi-hi-hi-hi-hice!

Nice Nice Nice Kick 'em in the grill Pete!

Verse One: Pete Nice

Gas, past tense, made facially

3rd Bass'll express, KMD

Three blind mice on sight

Zev Lover, gave it the first light

A grin shows a trick up a sleeve

What a tangled web they weave

Deceivers, stupefied through fable

Say Let's Make a Deal at the dinner table

Put you on tour, put your record on wax ("Trust me!")

Sign your life on the X

You eXit, X-off, but what you really get:

A box of Newports, and Puma sweats ("damn!")

Tex feeds and frowns upon Emus

To give up Gas Face he drinks from a Thermos

Sub Roc cut at you with a clipper

Gas Face given, I beg to differ Pete that was real def man but I gotta get serious now

Ey yo Don, step to 'em again Everybody MC Serch! Black cat is bad luck, bad guys wear black

Musta been a white guy who started all that

(Make the Gas Face!) For those little white lies

My expression to the mountainous blue eyes

Then form a face, and shake my skull cap

Dismiss the myth, that evil is not black

But opposite spectrum, this done by red man

With horns on his head, laid down the ill plan

Got all his helpers, said, "Make it snappy!"

Tell all the people that their hair can't be nappy!"

Blonde and blue-eyed, or dark-skinned half a G

A disease, created by leprosy

Don't speak of bleach, bend them to right

Say, "It was night WAY before the light"

Put aside spooks, Serch leaves a trace

I've set 'em correct with the effect of the Gas Face Next up Don A Gas Face, can either be a smile or a smirk

When appears, a monkey wrench to work one's clockwork

Perkin his brim to the rim of my cup  
Don't tempt me, you're empty, so fill'er up!  
Is I'm talkin' coffee or cocoa, is you loco?  
Cash or credit for unleaded at Sunoco  
KMD and 3rd Bass is just ace in the hole  
I mean soul, so make the Gas Face (ha)  
Damn, if looks could kill  
You look like host was a ghost from your grill  
But still, what's the new fed, to recollect  
To our passing phase to facades to Eddie Decker  
For my label reads Hood, street might have a tattoo  
Don't pick any card or no rabbit from my hat  
Never a magician if I ever tricked 'em  
"Oh shit!" Another Gas Face victim  
There it is, yo fellas man  
Why don't you step to the mic man?  
That's how I kicks it, for Eddie Decker  
Ey yo, good lookin' out Don man  
peace

Punji, yo who gets the Gas Face?  
Little Vic for the Gas Face  
Tony Dick, gets the Gas Face  
No Gas Faces for Plugs One Two and Three  
No Gas Face for Professor Prince Pa-paul!  
? My friend Tina gets the big Gas Face  
No Gas Face for DJ Subroc  
No Gas Face for KMD  
Hammer, shut the fuck up! Gas Face! !  
What do we think about Hammer?  
? GYP  
Get Yours Posse does not get the Gas Face  
But P W Botha gets a Gas Face  
? Dante Ross gets the Gas Face  
Yo stop dissin Dante on records y'all!  
Elroy Elroy Elroy Cohen, gets the Gas Face! That's all

Songwriters

HUSTON, PAUL E. / BERRIN, MICHAEL / DUMILE, DANIEL / NASH, PETER J. / FRANKLIN, ARETHA  
/ WHITE, TED

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