

Portrait Of The Artist As A Hood

3rd Bass

Today I'm prepared to bring specific charges
Against certain members working in an industry
That reaches into every household in the country3rd Bass
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3rd BassHoods is up so skills is up
It's a stick-up, so why'd you interrupt?
So such bust material cerebral
I'm eatin' cereal with spoons sippin' cepacolDaddy-O slipped me some 'cause my breath stank
White gold, but no accounts in Swiss Banks
Think tanks once rolled on the city streets
I used to meet your moms between the sheetsUniverse is versus hoods prospectus
True flam, flammin' words on wax discus
So they dismiss this as vulgarity
And once laughed and pointed at the universitySome perk without skills and push a pen
I send surreal scenes where you never been
Looked out, gave you three strikes, you struck out
Pop shit with the 3rd, knock your fronts outBlew your blunts out you wings stuck up your ass
Gassed you up then slap you with my staff
I seen your skins like to go to the motels
But your ass won't know to the hotels'Cause a lip is zipped, I paint pictures
A portrait, a self far from [Incomprehensible]
My discussion of impression ain't ignorance
So don't label the hoods on appearancesYou never thought that a gangsta could talk sense
But this artifice flipped, your beans is spent
Took your papes out your pocket and just stood out
The focus, the portrait of the artist as a hoods-up3rd Bass
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3rd BassPortrait planned it back in the days
Young strays, posted at the L.Q. on Friday's
Waitin' for dice to give the go ahead
Hawkin' 50 Cent, puttin' heads to bedFor a herringbone hear the tune of the audio two
Milk was chillin' as I chilled in the back room
Listen to snaps, cuts by scoob and scrap
Union square, to tear up the KRS tracksTorn up by the Kent, the Clark dark
As the brothers try to spark
We knocked boots and the boots got knocked
Three a.m. and it was off to the rooftopHip-Hop star ski, the masters of ceremony

Ka-ka-cracked out, was hookin' property
 Five a.m. it was the S and S
 A hundred and forty-fifth street, down on Lennox
 Star child made all the hoes squeal
 For a dollar crack heads armor-alled your wheels
 Whippin' home in the sunshine, fun time
 But now you can't find Clubs like this that kept the music in the street
 And pop rap couldn't get a dime to eat
 Yo, they're makin' mills but what about the hood?
 A parking lot where the Latin quarter stood
 A landmark marked in the cranium
 But now I bring it back in front of packed stadiums
 Picture painted with the goals and the good
 The portrait of an artist as a hood
 3rd Bass
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 3rd Bass
 3rd Bass Yo Pete man, yo where the hoods at Pete?
 Yo the hoods is in Brooklyn, Queens, Bronx
 Money-makin' strong island
 Yo can't forget Newark New Jersey
 Philly, D.C From Detroit to mobile Alabama
 Memphis Tennesse Cleveland
 Yo, money-makin' Miami, Chicago
 East St. Louis got crazy hoods
 Oakland Compton watts wearin' the hoods
 Yo true indeed, Louisville
 Boostin' Houston got crazy hoods
 New Orleans, Seattle
 North Carolina cannot forget about Atlanta
 Shock master [Incomprehensible] got crazy hoods
 Listenin' to his program
 And the hoods are holdin' their joint and they're out
 True indeed, see-ya

Songwriters

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