

# Sons of 3rd Bass

## 3rd Bass

Here's my advice to all amateurs planin' to give a performace  
Speak up, and keep the act movin' Servin' the role, a sole step child

Talk of C.C. or keep sleepin'

While wakin' up to noise of 3rd B A S S, bass

Success is butter for Serch's space Spoken slang gets played like the lottery

Your lyrics are incorrect, so you step to me

Lookin' for the key to release that first piece

Three times two is six, Pete is one-three I'm the other half, known as the other trey

Tourin' to wild screams, the third son's born

Swarm to the lyrics 'cause Serch is your father

Screamin' "Hey ladies", why bother? Sons, slim ones flee from the 3rd

Words, spoken, a silver spoon stuck in the throat

Young useless, lyrically careless

Rhyme revolves around modes of mindless If everyone spoke of stick-up, it's pick of a beast'

Prone to a lick of a waste

Taste the flav' of the original

Orphaned trio, abandoned by lyrical Through us, the echelon exposed with the roll with no soul

Counterfeit style, born sworn and sold

Out with high voice distorted

If a beast to wish play fetus, I'd have him aborted Put to bed, three kids to a third track

Cap the front and grip, when they heard that

The crew from the L.Q. stepped to the Club Mars

Shook the beast and soon to be dubbed stars Starrin' roles stone-faced from the brothers

Ludicrous whinin', meanin' when the others

Stand by 'em, while they take the fall

The beast now lives in the capital Record wrecks sets, Def Jam a true wrecker

The label is nothin' but MC Black 'n' Decker

Three boys buggin' to the A.M

You step to the Serch and I slam Negative mind, paid as snakes who can't rhyme

Play the dude it's sucker time

I stand I take a bust in my nut

And gave birth to three bastard sons A record label, a king to 4th letter

Passin phases, non-legitimate trendsetters

Pop figures who figured they'd get paid

Exploitin' art the black man made Played out hardcore flaws, step to stage

Your biggest fan, nine years of age

Broke out 'cause the swindler took your Ducat

No talent on the tune, you might as well suck it Yo Serch, you know about that slum I'm speakin' on?

Word is Bond Pete, school 'em

You know about that silver spoon havin'  
Buckshot acne showin', L.A. weak-ass sellout  
Non-legitimate, tip-doggin', Jethro pseudo intellectual  
Dust-smokin', pretty boy playwrite posin'  
Folks wiggin', whinin' annoyin' Def Jam reject Devil  
White bread no money havin' slum village people clonin' step children  
Sam sever, serve the rest  
Yo Sam, school 'em  
He is stupid but he knows that he is stupid  
And that, almost makes him smart let's listen

Lyrics provided by  
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