

Son's Of 3rd Bass

3rd Bass

Here's my advice to all amateurs planning to give a performance
Speak up, and keep the act movingServin' the role, a sole step-child
Talk of C-C or keep sleepin'
While wakin' up to noise of third 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
Screaming "Hey Ladies," why bother?How can you be so stupid?Sons, slim ones flee from the third
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 abortedHow can you be so stupid?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
Starring roles stone-faced from the brothers
Ludicrous whining, meaning when the others
Stand by em, while they take the fall
The Beast' now lives in the Capitol
Record wrecks sets, Def Jam a true wrecker
The label is nothing but MC Black 'n' Decker
Three boys buggin' to the A.M.
You step to the Serch and I slam!How can you be so stupid?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
How can you be so stupid? 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 playwright 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
Let's listen

Songwriters

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