

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 moving Servin' 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 aborted How 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 itHow 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 listenLet's listen

Songwriters

NASH, PETER J. / BERRIN, MICHAEL / CITRIN, SAM
Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>