

Sons of 3rd Bass

3rd Bass

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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
<https://damlyrics.com/>