

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 spaceSpoken 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-threeI'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 mindlessIf 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 lyricalThrough 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 abortedPut 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 starsStarrin' 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 capitalRecord 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 slamNegative 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 sonsA 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 playwright posin'
Folks wigglin', 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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