

# Wordz Of Wizdom

## 3rd Bass

Heart as, hard as, Chinese arithmetic  
Avante garder, not a heretic  
Figure out a right rhyme, stick it in my cranium  
Pete Nice, elemental like uranium  
Throwin' joints, blowin like a cool breeze  
Swimmin' in, I lift on juice, I wax MC's  
These hoes go frontin' on my Jimmy  
I smack em on the back, sit 'em down, say  
"Gimme some rhythm" (Rhythm!) baby loosen up my collar  
I'll lay you out, like a funeral parlor  
Ready willin', fillin', killin' for a billin', top  
I never stop, with Serch and Sam drillin' it  
Soul in the hole, MC's workin'  
Kickin' it, vickin', the suckers who be jerkin'  
Me and my posse are hardcore, you want some more  
Reason that I'm squeezin' your girl (You never please her!)  
So I pleased, then I threw her in the gutter  
Cut her off, my wisdom wiser so I muster  
Rows of all opposed, lows conquer all  
Those who pose as dope I say nope, I wear def clothes  
Dapper like Dan from, three the hard one  
Never stigmatize as a rapper or I'll slap ya  
You're stung from my tongue as you run from the drum  
(Diggy drum) Three the hard way, wordz of wizdom "This time there was three"  
"One two" "Three the hard way!"  
"This time there was three"  
"One two" "Three the hard way!" A branch of the hip-hop tip grills your dome  
You're toe ingrown low showin' you ain't got nobody home  
Prone to the microphone, light up, and take out  
Make you your will Bill, three is gonna break out  
The stylee, me and P-E-T-E  
Embark on a mission that's deadly, break out the ammo  
Aiyyo Sammo, hook up the beat  
And I'll lay the plan OH man  
You just got taken, I took a head out  
Attack on the back of the six of the Guinness Stout  
Usin abusin, those of the past tense  
Funning gunning, but I'm summing up the nonsense  
Three, the hard way, cards laid are OK

Gettin' up and settin' up, just for a payday  
The minister, sinister (I ain't no devil!)  
Ten snakes circle and scoundrel Sam level  
This track to SMACK, the smile off a doubter  
The brother's, another MC who's about  
Frontin' like he's buntin', deceivin' the delinquent  
Rappers on track, bustin' out a medium  
For those opposed, who manifest a diss  
Pete tell em: "Manifest this!"  
Not righteous, but might just, make you want to listen  
Yo I'm Elvis with the wordz of wizdom "This time there was three"  
"One two" "Three the hard way!"  
"This time there was three"  
"One two" "Three the hard way!" A ludicrous Buddhist, boo this when I do this  
So true to this, perpetrators view this  
Style, empirical, lyrical, it's critical  
Three the hard way, boy you need medical attention  
I'm like a surgeon in my left hand  
Hold a microphone like a scalpel so you understand  
Wordz of wisdom, woven like a spider  
Bitch on my tip, I get busy and I ride her  
Uptown, then I drown her like a psychopathic  
Cause I'm graphic on the mic I never let go  
Light skinner eat dinner like a soul man  
Prove with the rhyme I'm down, Sam's hands  
Transform strong (too strong) as a good pitch  
Switch up the wizdom, into word which  
Kicks out the Benzi in a frenzy it sends me  
Up the Bronx River back to Brooklyn apprehends me  
Like a d-tech bustin' my man in the projects  
I'll send you up North, I ain't givin' respect  
Prejudicial, your style artificial  
As live as limb that's attached to a cripple  
It's simple (so simple) eliminate you like Gotti  
I chill in Bed-Stuy and drive a Mazzeratti  
With the body of a freak on my side, how am I livin"?  
(How ya livin'?) Larger than large, with the wordz of wizdom Hyper-selective, Serch is attracting  
Females who focus on the future, not slacking  
Rhythmic it's too quick, feel it, I let it flow  
Sam Sever seas'll submerge, so let it go  
Throughout, or put out, lyrics like a d-valve  
Speak up, a deeper meaning as I leak out  
And seek out, a three the hard way endeavor  
Pete Nice, Serch, produced by Sam Sever  
Livin in my shoes boy, this is not Shoe Town

A showdown for Motown, it's a new sound  
Lyrics that lick, the tick off a timepiece  
Foamin' at the mouth punk, you need a leash  
What are you sick?? I'm a slick stupid scientist  
Rhymin' that you can't comprehend (but you're buyin' this)  
Record I'm wreckin', my homeboys are breakin'  
Hopin' that you're copin', no slopin', I'm not takin' no shorts  
'Cause I'm playin' the high post  
Ask any girl in the place, who's the fly most  
Brother with a cover, shootin' to my cribbo  
The tease wants a please, girl screamin' ditto  
So I did this, I needed the bed rest  
Hangin' with the bangin' on the strength, there's no contest  
Physically or lyrically, it's my kingdom  
Stingin' 'em and bringin' 'em the wordz of wizdom"This time there was three"  
"One two" "Three the hard way!"  
"This time there was three"  
"One two" "Three the hard way!"Shammo hook up the def mix!

Songwriters

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