

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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