

# Ace in the Hole

## 3rd Bass

Ace is the place with the helpful hardware  
Prime's got a spare, it's truth or dare  
Stare into the face of a kid who is a hypocrite  
Take all that hate, why don't you try flippin' it? I never went out, out drinkin' Pepsi sips  
And never laced up my boots in fruity bits  
I ain't pretty so my fetish ain't knighthood  
'Cause no one wears sequins in my neighborhood 'Cause my feet are firmly planted on the concrete  
High-top fade, with no need for a blonde streak  
Now let me chill, it's a sign of maturity  
And I would never steal a chant from a Black Greek Fraternity Elvis, Elvis baby, too bold, too bold  
Ice, ice baby, no soul, no soul Last year we gassed, ya up  
Now herbals fill your pastures  
Masters of movement and mayhem  
While last year record shows stopped for a Racist  
Countin' cards and blackjacks, throwin' aces Places I've seen and I've seen all types of grills  
It's the K. M. D., 3 R D fills  
Which builds up the fence for the fibs you're sprayin'  
My ace is in the hole  
So whatcha playin'? K. M. D. and 3rd bass is just ace in the hole  
Ace in the hole  
(I mean soul)  
K. M. D. and 3rd bass is just ace in the hole  
Ace in the hole  
(I mean soul)  
K. M. D. and 3rd bass is just ace in the hole  
Ace in the hole  
(I mean soul) That's it right? Check it this  
Humm goes the kick, check out how I flick it  
As the thumb presses quick, suckers on the mix  
And, yeah, the birthstone kid, Zev Love X  
And Mr. X took a lickin', so Onyx, what's the time it is? Time is to get my cocka-doodle rooster yappin'  
Wakin' devil heads with my poor style rappin'  
Time is a quarter shorter that in order be sorta  
Tap in my line and just knowledge me Eats the baby food with no bib  
And ad-lib from the reverend rib's crib  
The lesson is, yeah, someday true and fix  
Yeah, all garbage no fib  
I'm talkin' bout the nubians, yeah, the Black man  
No sugar sweet snacks for the sour sap

To see home, why should I have to check the maps?  
The haps is negative I give many many caps For a heavy, heavy gun, about a ton it weighs  
That keep you, bustin' off for days as sure as every sucker pays  
In time, tis mine  
The 'cause is a hole where the bass is ace for rhymes Evils in my midst bound to get crushed, rushed  
Helps to manage, we're causin' much damage  
So we go on and on, word bond  
Mic's they got torn by the 'cause long as Jimmy cracks corn bores  
Hamhand gets no support  
By the God Squad, God body, for short call me God born  
Headnod to this like a King Of Swing, thing and  
Check the verse I disperse, see what I'm bringin' Is an ace in the hole  
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, a ace in the hole!  
Yeah, ace in the hole?  
Uh huh, uh huh, a ace in the hole! The Zev Love X  
(Ace in the hole)  
Subroc  
(Ace in the hole)  
MC Onyx  
(Ace in the hole)  
To MC Search  
(Ace in the hole) Dj Richie Rich  
(Ace in the hole)  
Spankor  
(Ace in the hole)  
To cool Poppa Sha  
(Ace in the hole)  
My man Smoke  
(Ace in the hole) To one and another  
(Ace in the hole)  
Sig Luva  
(Ace in the hole)  
Boogie man J Quest  
(Ace in the hole)  
To Curious Jorge  
(Ace in the hole) And Jump to Bobbito  
(Ace in the hole)  
To the  
(Ace in the hole)  
To SD 50's  
(Ace in the hole)  
To G. Y. P.  
(Ace in the hole) To my man, Sam Sever  
(Ace in the hole)  
My man, Prince Paul

(Ace in the hole)  
To the Crackhead Gams  
(Ace in the hole)  
To the one Chubb Rock  
(Ace in the hole)  
To Vanilla Wafer, later!  
Word to your motha! Your mother, man, oh, man, word to your mutha!

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