

The Cactus

3rd Bass

Verse 1

3rd bass deals with the first place

of where your mind is

the kind of stuff that you want to smoke blunts with
take pictures, like allen funt would.

snapshots get the crack hot

good to get it, but don't sweat it

cause if you pursue she'll chalk the cue

and boom, stroke the 8 ball

stick and run and were having fun

prickin my cactus like I'm shooting my gun

quickly til it explodes and I unload

the cactus

Verse 2

I stand for lust of quenchin,

G sit on cactus and rotate

enough time to clock a digit

ass so large it won't quit

so I step to kick to

the oval office in my intro

throwin low bass to the third line

a girl on mines a prop

so I found loops to hold

and then a boomin butt to go

to go lo solo readily

it's the cactus behind door 3

Verse 3

The smart villain, chillin like Gilligan

out on an island

fishin with my string and bamboo

caught somethin in a see thru nighty

might be a little tasty A 300 pound white girl

no on to see this, boom I dropped my fluid like a chemist

shes contained and I'm a lame brain

but doing the wild thing

kicked the fat thing off of my swing

larger than Jim Backus it's the cactus

Verse 4

No boots your money spent

last call for toxicants

one move to reach a throttle

eyesight is through a goggle

I trips to the hype type
good looking in the dark light
it's appetizing to converse
to a fossil pushing 58
all bags and her butt sags
in the desert no price tag
a household tool and a stank ho
the cactus turned Hammers mother out

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