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 conversate
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

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by NASH, PETER J. / BERRIN, MICHAEL / CITRIN, SAM
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/