

3rd Bass, Sons Of 3rd Bass

"Here's my advice to all amateurs plannnnnnnnning to give a performace:
speak up, and keep the act moving"

[MC Serch]

Servin the role, a sole step-child
Talk of C.C. or keep sleepin
While wakin up to noise of 3rd B-A-S-S, Bass
Success is butter for Serch's space
Spoken slang gets played like the lottery
Your lyrics are incorrect, so you step to me
lookin for the key to release that first piece
Three times two is six, Pete is one-three
I'm the other half, known as the other trey
Tourin to wild screams, the Third Son's born
Swarm to the lyrics cause Serch is your father
Screaming "Hey Ladies," why bother?

[DJ Richie Rich cuts "How can you be so stupid?"]

[Pete Nice]

Sons, slim ones flee from the 3rd
Words, spoken, a silver spoon stuck in the throat
Young useless, lyrically careless
Rhyme revolves around modes of mindless
If everyone spoke of stick-up, it's pick of a Beast'
prone to a lick of a waste
Taste the flav' of the original
Orphaned trio, abandoned by lyrical
Through us, the echelon exposed with the roll with no soul
Counterfeit style, born sworn and sold
out with high voice distorted
If a Beast' to wish play fetus, I'd have him ABORTED

[DJ Richie Rich cuts "How can you be so stupid?"]

[MC Serch]

Put to bed, three kids to a third track
Cap the front and grip, when they heard that
the crew from the L.Q. stepped to the Club Mars
Shook the Beast' and soon to be dubbed stars
Starring roles stone-faced from the brothers
Ludicrous whining, meaning when the others
stand by em, while they take the fall
The Beast' now lives in the Capitol
Record wrecks sets, Def Jam a true wrecker
The label is nothing but MC Black'n'Decker
Three boys buggin to the A.M.
You step to the Serch and I slam!

[DJ Richie Rich cuts "How can you be so stupid?"]

[Pete Nice]

Negative mind, paid as snakes who can't rhyme
Play the dude? It's sucker time
I stand I take a bust in my nut
and gave birth to three bastard sons
A record label, a King to 4th letter
Passin phases, non-legitimate trendsetters
Pop figures, who figured they'd get paid
Exploitin art the black man made
Played out hardcore flaws, step to stage
Your biggest fan, nine years of age
Broke out cause the swindler took your ducat
No talent on the tune, you might as well SUCK IT

[DJ Richie Rich cuts "How can you be so stupid?"]

[Nice] Yo Serch, you know about that slum I'm speakin on?

[Serch] Word is bond Pete, school em!

[Nice] You know about that silver spoon havin
buckshot acne showin, L.A. weak-ass sellout
Non-legitimate, tip-doggin, Jethro pseudo intellectual
Dust-smokin, pretty boy playwright posin
Folks wiggin, whinin annoyin Def Jam reject devil
White bread no money havin slum village people clonin
step children!

[Serch] Sam Sever, serve the rest

Yo Sam, sc-hool em!

"He is stupid, but he knows that he is stupid
and that, almost makes him smart.. let's listen"

[DJ Richie Rich cuts "let's listen"]