

3rd Bass, Wordz Of Wizdom

[President John F. Kennedy] "And so, my fellow Americans
Ask not.. what your country can do for you
Ask what you can do for your country"

"And now, back to New York"

[Pete Nice]

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!"

[MC Serch]

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
Aiiyyo 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 wanna 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!”

[Pete Nice]

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 psycho-pathic
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 criple
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

[MC Serch]

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!”

[MC Serch]

Shammo.. hook up the def mix!
Hahahahahahaha...
Ahh, ahahaha hahahahah tch tch tch

Hahahaha
Ahh ahahahahaha hah

□"All but three of the defendants were found guilty"
□.
□"All but three of the defendants were found guilty"

Hahahahh ahahhahhah

..

See-ya! [echoes]

□[some singing]

Yo yo... that's ridiculous.. [echoes]