

Soul in the Hole

3rd Bass

Knowledge on the court, observin what is all around
The light goes up, my mic blows up, the silence is now sound
Hearin and fearin, the momentum of the stutter step
Shook to the left, because the brother slept
Crept into his ego, so he caught a bad one
Switched my next flip, he thought he had some grip
But my grip, is when my fingers curl around the mic
I know what it's like, a dog eat dog world
but I'm a carnivore, out on the parquet floor
Whether ballin, or callin out a sucker who is lookin for
static, me grab it every chance I get
One on one I'll never run and shoot the high off the net
This position isn't switchin, pitchin out a blind pass
Hindsight, my mind's right, time run through the hourglass
Serch is my name, the game and my goal
3rd Bass settin soul in the hole

Yo man, why don't you give me the pole man?
Why are you freezin me out?
Yo man, cause you can't play, you ain't got no handle
Got your socks up to your knees like Michael Raines

Drip liquid, pick up a park pill
Enduce a hand over freeform with this skill
Spills are spun, a crossover break slice
Sugar brother the pavement says
Scheamin on suicide to play post I slash
First step.. I shook ya ass
Step to wayside, ain't no weak side
Bassline I'm never givin, on the flipside
Grass to a mic like a hand palm rubber
Roll off a finger, you're gum, I rubbed ya
Sweep like a Knickerbocker, the 3rd stops ya
And after dark, I play the part of boot knocker
Twenty-four seven, always out to get some
Slap her on the concrete, bleed til the hand's numb
A way of life found, a rim stuck to a pole
An asphalt jungle, soul in the hole

Yo man, I got next!
Next? You ain't got next man
Yo go over there in the corner, with Michael Raines
and take a couple of tokes of the pipes man
YouknowwhatI'msayin?

Point is in effect, callin for a play out
Lay out the plan, but your scammin for a way out
Figure of speech, spoken wise for a drum, three on one
Tchk! You know the outcome!
Point up the joints up, straight up for an uproar soarin
then you execute the score, then you fade away
This fade has been played
Gave the gift swift, you just got self-made
Execute performance, the 3rd step upon this
Me and Pete, complete, like sex endurance
Tip on the rim you reverse and rehearse
Coachin but you're slouchin, you can't be first

You want the rock? But you don't got the handle
I drop the French, cause Serch grilled your mantle
Face intense, you're sellin your soul
just for the action of soul in the hole

Pavement bounce off metal meets human flesh
Slum onside stagnate you got next
Each day evident, parks brothers throw down
One on one, it boils down to showdown
Spins reverb, soothe he goes a rip slip
by his larceny, or petty theft
Spectators move, lips into motion
Pop shit, get hit, the sewer then becomes an ocean
Water runs, springs and I let it fly
Slide a weak side, into vein
Try to terminate silk textures, of the fingertips
Three bases covered, as I dip
deeper into repoitore, the Minister an innovator
Take a sphere and a mic and I'll step later
under lamps of the Serch, cold
Shootin lava in the soul in the hole