

# Word to the Third

3rd Bass

Verse 1 MC Serch

In the heat of the night I step swift  
jettin to the spot that got the most gift  
a who to do sittin in my drum loop  
pistol loaded and I'm ready to shoot  
see my gun is my tongue and it runs like a track star  
not much happening but I got a fast car  
e-x double vex and we're strong like sex  
cut the corner hit the next left  
reside to the westside a hole in the ground  
not paradise but a nice boomin sound  
party packed with nuff heads,  
some black, some white some hood and some dreads  
surround the club, with the dub that swayed em  
the remixed version of Steppin to the A.M.  
played the club like a crumb to the curb  
and this kid greased my palm and said word to the third

Verse 2 Pete Nice

You can flip my lip I throw joints out  
out the box I stop some for some doubt  
took you out last album I was steppin  
now your clickin on my gold disc and flippin  
on the third fly is fingers and Kev swab  
seven signs on the walls your your head bobs  
mouths will move to this you ain't through with this  
this ain't a suicide so why'd you grip your wrist  
I take a listen to the lyrics I formed up  
slidin in the green hornet as I warm it up  
cause the third is like a lyric dispenser  
for hire like Spencer but my trigger fingers tenser  
my sixth sense getting loopy as a Soloflex  
turn to soupy and ask which duck is next  
hookin phrases clauses nouns and verbs  
steppin off set it off it's word to the third

Verse 3 MC Serch

P-E-T-E and me now step to the back  
tracks are stacked the party dumb packed  
the sweat off my brow is glistening  
and in the dance hall not one kid missing  
a step while the non step don't step  
they chill on the side or reside to the left  
a mack daddy makin a move smooth  
whisper sweet nothings or something to soothe  
the savage beast at least get the number to the residence  
while you flash mad presidents  
crazy grants a few Jacksons  
grip got traction to show that your maxin  
but she ain't down with the bum rush  
and she better pick up moves off a lint brush  
so you got played word to Herb  
don't slip money grip its called word to the third

Verse 4 Pete Nice

As you move and your following the Serch-lite  
writing music up and fixin up the mix right

some tight on the pockets and the being  
I see em jettin from the 3 and deep fleein  
Keyin up like a master lock picker  
figure that I stop cause I'm out quicker  
not Mr. Rogers I'm rollin with Mr. hood  
menace and doom not a friendly neighborhood  
as a crew it ain't only me myself  
just the third knocking fiction off the shelf  
make your moves on 33 1/3  
daddy rich cuttin records of spoken words  
rollin up like this cause I'm pissed  
you Serch what's the word oh yeah there it is  
or is it just a figure of speech Herb  
3rd bass puts in place the word of the third