

Three Times Dope

"Believe That"

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[VERSE 1: EST]

Once again I get clever on another endeavor
While you try to get it together and come better
The so Sinister rhyme go-getter
Gotta be a winner, that's why I'm the Administer
Tell ya what's my function from the introduction
3-D and the Hilltop are all in conjunction
Makin it right, makin you twist
Makin conversation, hand over fist
Programmin myself to be the premier MC of the century
Speakin my peace but it ain't for anybody
It only pertains to you loudmouth smarties
Who love to see me stumble and my empire crumble
You know best, so under your breath you mumble
You know it ain't gon' happen when you hear the hand
claps
You knowin that I'm flowin countin all the green snaps
Pullin up in my DJ's ride
To Crush and Bust and bring you over to the Dope Side
Ya first saw, then dropped your jaw
You didn't even know the ES was a young boy
The way I roll makes you think I'm old
So there's really no need for my age to be told
Kicked the wisdom and you still say I'm a new jack
You're full of it, plus on the tip, believe that

[VERSE 2: EST]

Some of you think I will shrink, lose my lyric boldness
I am like the South Pole when it's at its coldest
Coolin like an ice cube in the refrig
While you little league lyricists try to hit big
I ain't colossal, but I'm in the right direction
Searchin for affection, EST will keep steppin
The way I'm inclined, sort of like a mic ripper
Get off the tipper, skipper, I'm the big dipper
My speech like an iron claw, cuttin like a saw
Givin you a crystal-clear idea usin metaphors
About to show you all who's hardcore
When your'e stamped on and amped on in front of your
boys
We all originated from the very same place

Identified by race but all by God's grace
With a deep mental perspective and I'm quite receptive
And I perceive what my brothers don't believe
But that's a little far fetched to conceive
My boys lose faith? Man, never down HP
The way I rap is that of a real cool cat
And you know my pockets gonna stay fat
Believe that

[VERSE 3: EST]

Seriously, this is a message to you wanna-be's
You're all garbage in the first degree
Segregatin suckers, the streetwise lone ranger
You ain't been exposed, you's a stranger to danger
Soon as you see a little competition you flee
I tell all the the sucker MC's come to me
And I know there's someone out there secretly tryin to
dis
But home-b, you don't want none of this
I return your diss just for spite
Matter of fact, I pimp-smack you in the head with the
mic
You see, they call me Sinister, start with me, I finish ya
Rap like a beginner and thus become a prisoner
Charged with wackness, rockin out of order
Sucker type don't even deserve bread and water
Some of you old heads jammin like new jacks
But yet you get over like a fat rat
Everytime our jams play out, you know that on the
comeback
We're gonna bumrush, believe that

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