

## Three Times Dope "Improvin Da Groovin"

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(Wind it up, baby)

[ VERSE 1: EST ]

Knocker, don't ever try to clock the rocker  
Command a whole clan just like Shaka  
Can't stop the stylin when it's in effect  
If you're wet behind the ears, ock, ya stay damp  
Suckers oppose me soon as they hear me  
Dope stuff invites all kinds of theories  
But I eat up and have ate up all type of MC's  
Who couldn't quite write rhymes like these  
So tune your senses, make a consensus  
Of on the ball sentences written by ES  
Newsters cryin 'bout things so self-evident  
Only speak on issues that you know are relevant  
Or pertinent, rally with some structure  
Instead of blurtin out wild conjectures  
My knack the fact I'm black therefore I can adapt  
And gap ya with my rap as if I was fully strapped  
No need to watch your back, no need for sneak attack  
I'd rather be face to face when I wax  
Despite if ya hyped or psyched or comin right  
You fill me with no fright and will get bust tonight  
You'se a peon, been that way for eons  
Sayin the same weak rhyme ES got beyond  
Sure that you will find satisfaction Jackson  
In every line of mine and everything Chuck designed  
Hauntin ya so you'll never forget me  
Just like those who chose to roll with me  
Ultimately the result is for you bonkey  
Mh-hm, yeah, still on me like a monkey  
Way off the mark if you try to spark  
A little debate, ya crooked Holmes, set yaself straight  
I differentiate cause I'm the Unusual  
Don't you disillusion yourself, the deal is dealt  
Dig upon the Chuck Nice track, try to get with it  
To divide and conquer is the only way you benefit  
Like DJ Tat and Steady Boomin  
To get paid you must stay improvin da groovin

[ VERSE 2: EST ]

From inside of myself it's often the way I recite  
Usin lots of insight to shed a little bright light  
Cause after all you can't remain the same every time  
So I get new ways to rhyme  
Work dilligent, any piece of loose leaf I'm fillin it  
So I can be right to rock mics and be killin it  
Used to be they'd sneak in like two at a time  
But now everybody and they mom wanna rhyme  
The quality's lowly, some rely solely  
Upon their peers for the new ideas  
But not Sinister E, with it never shall be, see  
Cause I'm down with 3-D  
Seldom on a LP will everything be  
Hype and right till you wanna take flight  
To the Chumpy Chump, pick it up, burn the needle on it  
Cause you sort of can't stop rockin dances on it  
Chock-full of funky things to make you jump right on us  
The lyrics that be straight for your anus  
Come across the name 3-D, they can't explain us  
Spies on the inside always tryina drain us  
I can't slip, get whipped or be on somebody else tip  
So I gotta stay hip  
Tone, T, Black, Rock, Queed, can't forget my man  
Berton  
And on ya he put a hurtin  
Sy, Rod, Ice, Chuck Nice, DJ Wood, Cool C, T-a-t  
Boomin Steady, Killa Joe, what you know  
Baya-Atim, it seem never dread  
When what you're sayin is dead  
You gotta know the jam is in like Flynn  
And then my friend you won't have to pretend  
The boys from HP and Hilltop be bruisin  
Cheer me on stage and I'm improvin da groovin

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