

## Three Times Dope

### "Once More You Hear the Dope Stuff"

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Once more you hear the dope stuff  
3-D is officially in the house

[ VERSE 1: EST ]

I'm about to cold diss, and ain't no time to get warm  
So get ready for the brainstorm  
On my way and I'm comin on strong  
Oh so correct so you better get a move on  
Rollin, controllin and got soul, ock  
For a bankroll I'm crazy like a fox  
Keep a fresh knot down in my socks  
Never caught chillin with a baldilocks  
Now I came here to say some crazy knowledge  
Wax the suckers who need a good polish  
Joined by the Fly Assassin on the fader  
Shakin the cuts to rock the whole equator  
Played on your favorite radio station  
Hear the crystal clear manifestation  
Makin all the ones, takin the guns  
You hear the voice of the true Acknickulous One  
I was chosen to do all the shows and  
Make all the doughs and clock all the hoes and  
I'm not a brother with a little bit of say-so  
Freak your mind like you're puffin a turbo  
EST kicks it cause I got a passion  
I desire to stay in fashion  
Cold gettin busy on the tempo  
To let you know that I'm runnin the show

[ VERSE 2: EST ]

You wanna get stupid, I get just the same  
Didn't come here to play no games  
So don't trick or treat me  
Go for what you know if you think you can beat me  
Come on Holmes, if you're with this  
You can get bust with a little bit of quickness  
Never had to use a lot  
Cause soon as I open my mouth I get hot  
And I'll melt your recital  
Bugged out rhymes with a weirdo title  
Takin you out is vital

Shinin with the high pro glow cause I'm mellow  
EST the Unusual Fellow  
Make you shake, vibrate just like jell-o  
Cause I'm your loudspeaker  
Go without the fuss like a nutra sweetener  
Come on Gavlin, you know the beat's travelin  
So you might as well pack your bags and  
Listen to the smooth move rhymer  
To your ears it's like two weeks in the Bahamas  
Plenty of sunshine, plenty of dope rhymes  
Like caviar served with white wine  
Now you know  
Three Times Dope cold runnin the show

[ VERSE 3: EST ]

Hold up, what's up with all these suckers on stage?  
Make like a mixer and fade  
You ain't paid, so go on back to your freebie  
I'm the only beneficiary here, buddy  
Tellin you one time and that's it  
Don't touch the mic if your rhyme ain't the -  
And you know it ain't, so why don't you just splurge  
Swore up and down I was about to curse  
But the joke's on you, you nut  
Cause cursin on wax really is not cool  
Say what you gotta say, shout out peace  
Fade down beat and let the music cease  
I'll go on and on and on and on  
Because the Sinister writes the songs  
And they be fresh to make the whole world sing  
Chuck Nice gets wicked on the beatbox thing  
This goes out to all my competitors  
You better hurry up and go for yours  
But if you won't don't sweat it  
Don't even worry about it cause I get it  
Right about now 'pon the m-i-c  
Cold sayin what's up to where I come from, HP  
Just got put dee and now you know  
I'm rising over the top of ya and runnin the show

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