

Three Times Dope "Original Stylin'"

Visit "[Original Stylin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[VERSE 1: EST]

Suckers still wanna take me the wrong way
So now it's nothin but the rhyme and the beat playin
You can call call it plain but once again
Shootin stupid etiquette up in your membrane
People thought I couldn't come no dooper than the
Giddy Up
Now since I'm runnin the show and I'm yo, Straight Up
Check out the way I like sizzinay the rhizzyme
It be wooping each and every tizzime
Don't get too close or I'ma start to poke
You're probably thinkin man this dude ain't no joke
My thoughts exactly, you're right on the money
Talk about precision, I'll vouch for that decision
Don't worry too much 'bout my physical appearance
I focus the hocus pocus on perseverance
I was blessed to look so fresh
On the seriousness, I'm so right I'm left
Don't mean to brag but Holmes, you know it is the truth
Goin all the way back to Roots
Now come on soul sisters, shake your hips a
Little bit faster, just got to have ya
Sassy, brassy rockin your chassis
Just plain thump-bumpin it nasty
The ES, the Chuck Nice, the DJ Wood
Spreadin like the plague in your neighborhood
From Huntingpark to Hilltop
You wanna say a little somethin, then try me
From Huntingpark to Hilltop
Comin out with a shout and it's original stylin

[VERSE 2: EST]

See everytime me turn around sucker look me up and
down
And then he keeps on biting
Hey, everytime I turn around sucker lookin me up and
down
And then he keeps on biting
No matter what me say and no matter what me DJ play
They gonna keep on bitin
And when me step up and say 'Hey!' they look the other

way
And then he keeps on biting
On the real it's ridiculous
He's just mad because he ain't acknickulous
Then he tries to take it out on me, you know
And yo, he'll go and steal Chuck Nice beat
Everytime me turn around sucker look me up and down
And then he keeps on biting
Hey, everytime I turn around sucker lookin me up and
down
And then he keeps on biting
Try not to give me respect
Cause you know damn well I'm in effect
And everytime make a rhyme gonna get the fat royalty
check
And I'm paid, so what the heck
This is dedicated to all the fly sisters
EST's d to rock your transistor
Hawkin like winter there when you enter
But part of you don't wanna because you know I'm
gonna
Have you at my feet causin you grief
Makin MC's lessons is just an obsession
Cuttin no corners, warnin you goners
Press you like a vest, steam ya like a sauna
People see me as EST the great
And be like, 'Man I can't wait to rock this tape!'
Sendin in a demo that sounds like Chuck
Off it goes, into the dump
Only quality is gettin produced
By the organization takin juice
The Yankees I got stacked up in a pile and
All because me just original stylin

Yo, comin to you straight from the HTH
I like to give some shouts out to my man Steady B
DJ Tat and Turntable Savage
(?) some stuff with BDP
Comin out on the new album, knowmsayin?
So dig that
We got my man that's all pure hip-hop, Chuck Nice on
the box
DJ Woody Wood the funky record player Fly Assassin on
the fader, yamsayin?
The Mega Flex, Misty and Tiffany cold rockin the steps
We got my man the Almighty Cool C and his dancers
Fatal Attraction, Donna, Marie
We got Thick & Thin, Steady's dancers, E-Marvelous
and Jojo clockin all the dough, yanamsayin
My manager LG, small time hustler Qu'ran,
yaknamsayin

We got all the people from the HTH personel
And everybody that's down with us, you
yaknawmsayin?
All the brothers with the fade, check this out
I'm outta here like a breeze through the trees
When I flow I'm takin all the leaves
Now peace

Visit [Three Times Dope](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.