

Three Times Dope "Straight Up"

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[VERSE 1: EST]

The texture of my voice is coarse and kinda hoarse
I'll tackle and crackle feelin no remorse
Hijack, rack and six-pack whoever's wack
Organize em all in one big stack
Powermove phony rhyme punks at random
Like I told you in the Dope Side, just can't stand em
When I rhyme reckless I knock ya senseless
Might have prevailed in the past, not with ES
To me hits cling, reproducin the offspring
That can only be a result of consistency
I'm insistin on bein consistent
And when you need a hand, man, no resistance
Over here, so don't you even think about it, Holmes
I recommend that you go for your own
Cause in this world you gotta do for you
Can't worry about what the others are up to
The game of survival is filled with rivals
Won't be held liable for styles I stifle
I activate, captivate and compensate
For every last jam suckers create
Of this you grow fonder, start to ponder
Put you back on track when you start to wander
A lot of you are waitin for 3-D to slow up
But on that tip, skip, ain't nothin up

Straight up

[VERSE 2: EST]

So you never think the style is old cause it's new
Changin up on ya like a Rubik's Cube
So many ways to see 3-D
On the real on the Hill or down HP
In my spare time I keep the rhymes bumpin
Stay scribblin that certain somethin
I'll use correct, exact or any adjective
That'll give give a hint to what lies in the contents
can't be the best unless
The cues that I use are crazy fresh
Gotta be an excess of hardcore funkiness
Before the ES can put forth emphasis

You could be small, tall, thin or enormous
If you love hip-hop you're gonna adore this
Cruisin right along on the song to the chorus
After this jawn better look out for us
Used to be just another Joe in the crowd
But what I spoke was dope so dig me now
And after that was said think I'ma let you get ahead
Say what Bud, ain't nothin up

Straight up

[VERSE 3: EST]

Superwack nuts cold killin me with boredom
Tryin to be fly, I'm in the Air like Jordan
The liver energizer, Holmes, the long laster
So all you Jaspers get like Casper
I'll pursue and keep takin it to you
The gear don't make the MC, the rhymes do
Runnin right through you, sharp as a ginsu
Make my approach, get closer and subdue
So don't you go and confuse the two
One's an necessity, the other's an accessory
Superficial MC's tend to be
Chameleons, livin off bleak opinions
Makin it worse they try to gag me
Their songs like to sprint, 3-D's got longevity
Takin you under, over and beneath
Let got the lingo, speak and secrete
Suggestions to all anti-Hilltop
Steppin to the wrong crew lookin to get popped
Chill, before you get jauned up
I'ma tell you straight up, still ain't nothin up

Straight up

Now I know the song is live but I'm gonna ask you
Is it live
Is it dope
Well is it funky fresh
To top it all off, Holmes, is it acknickulous?
Well if it is and if you're with it and you dig it
EST'll say peace
Now this is for all the party people that didn't get
enough of the dope stuff
3-D will remain to maintain and sustain the funkiness
So on behalf of me and the So Imperial, the Fly
Assassin
We is burstin
Peace

