

3-D "Crushin' & Bussin'"

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[Verse 1]

[E.S.T]

I'm on your mind in what you say and in your mind in
what you think

Your mic don't work cos I'm also the jinx

I'm your worst nightmare, your truest reality

With a touch of mystery, you know who it's gotta be

The sinister head minister, risin' over top of ya

My posse's shootin' up your system like the Mafia

And when the smoke clears we seem to disappear

Automatically fillin' your heart with fear

My personality inflictin' much pain

To the point where you're faintin' when you hear my
name

I'm not bad, nor out to kill

Just comin' down with a bad case of gettin' ill

And for real there is no reason

It ain't even the season

Right now it's chilly chill time

Lay back and relax to my rhyme

If you lack the knack then you're phony

This jam is for members only

The issue is how I'm gonna get you

You chose me, cousin, I didn't choose you

You try to bust with your kiddy-hop groove

Yo dude, straight up, that was a dummy move

If you were in a battle, should've rocked it right

But you had to go say some loony lines on the mic

I never argue or holler, never fussin' or cussin'

Cos the music stays dustin'...a-while I'm crushin' and
bussin'

Yeah, we got Hilltop in the house from right to left, you
know what

I'm sayin'? My man Cool C about to get on the mic and
bust a cold

stupid rhyme, sayin' it just to get paid. So, yo Cool...

Bust it...

[Verse 2]

[Cool C]

Cool C, I'm not here to play
I'm just here with somethin' to say
About the crew 3-D
Chuck Nice, Woody Wood and E.S.T
They're down with the Hilltop band
And I'm a hustler with the mic in my hand
Out to rock MC's
With the style to make you weak at the knees
Devastatin', rhyme creatin'
Traacherous, and I'm not fakin'
On the mic to do what's right
Certified by me, so don't bite
If you do, you'll hang by my rope
You can't cope, cos man, it's just dope
I never argue, I'm never fussin'
You know why? I'm crushin' and bussin'

(Yeah, that was dope, Cool) Man, you know it.

Yo, E.S.T...show 'em what happen if they mess with the Hilltop.

Go ahead, kick it...

[Verse 3]

[E.S.T]

If me and you battle, when you win you're number one
But if you lose, you're done
Rock bottom's where you'll stay for the remainder
As I get known as World's Hottest Entertainer
Bustin' out with the right style
My unique figure of speech makes you listen a while
To word pauses, harmonises, and party phrases
Beat breaks in just the right places
To make you feel real when you hear it playin'
Go around singin' all my hit sayings
MC's from miles around
Listen to the radio because I'm on the countdown
You're outdated and you've just begun
You're a jack of all trades and a master of none
I never argue or holler, never fussin' or cussin'
Cos the music stays dustin'...a-while I'm crushin' and bussin'

Yeah, once more do we hear the dope stuff. 3-D is officially in the house to cold crush and bust all suckers. Yo, Cool C, we outta here.

As-salaam alaikum, boy, on the acknickulous tip

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