

Chris Lowe f/ Dinco D, Sadat X

"Treacherous 3"

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Yes y'all, the sounds you're about to hear, is devastatin
to your ear
Chris Lowe, Sadat X, and Dinco D is here
Treacherous 3, two-thousand and one

Chris Lowe (Sadat X) (and Dinco D)
[We're like the treacherous, treacherous, treacherous
three]
[Gonna rock it from the bottom, rock it from the
bottom]
[Rock it from the bottom to the T-O-P]

[Verse One: Chris Lowe]
I'm Chris Lowe, no doubt that's me
A brother you don't see on no TV
In the streets like the trash pilin up on yo' {ass} (uh-
huh)
A simple 12 inch, yeah you see it's a cinch
You ain't really heard a style like mine in a while
Smoother than a glass of milk boy (jot that down)
Top choice with my voice, advice is so precise
This {nigga} so nice he got ice up in his dice
It really ain't a thing when we start to roll
Like money breakin players, that got a whole lotta soul
So don't make no mistake when you talkin to Chris
If you aimin for my body, you bet' not miss

[Verse Two: Sadat X]
I'm, old New York like vice and gaming
Lay up with skins do a little dab of scramblin
My {nigga} hop off the turnpike
Take the woods and see deer, you got the woods we
gettin it there
With green, a magazine, and some beer
I'm calculated to that one point {*explosion*}
And I can pinpoint crabs
My heart turn black from {shit} like that
A six pack can't stop these slugs (never)
You lamp all day with broads, come downstairs late
and get grilled, for bein unskilled
Yo' physical build, got me beat by a hundred pounds

So imagine where I'm takin it (understand)
I see the branches fallin, off my family tree
But I gotta keep it movin cause the next could be me
The 'Dat-father, know me, understand me
Demand me fo' retail
And help a {nigga} get a sale
The Book of X, third chapter, first verse
Says before I thirst I'll burst, and that'll be worse
My emotions range from lust to hate
I'm fragile right now, that's why I made y'all wait
But when I'm ready let y'all, I'ma give y'all the date
But a {nigga} gets speedier when I grab off the plate

[Verse Three: Dinco D]

I coulda hit you with a pistolwhip or shot you with a
needle
Aim for your heart through your ears until I see you
It's the, D as in Dinco like, D as in Dinc so
It's me, Sadat X and the one Chris Lowe
Doin the math from 2 AM to 2 in the aft'
So many could be in the game but be an {ass}
Perpetual jetstreams from links (?)
I lock on my teams like Fred (?)
Remember my face in the dark as well as the light
It shines on ya sons and moonlights ya wife
See the next night in the bedpiece there's a moment of
silence
Right before she says she's been raped by my
comments
My dominance develops, swellin in ya melon
You just can't elope in the court, where I'm the felon
As big as the next two scoops to raise-on
Flipped it from beneath all the boards I played on
{*explosion*}

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