

3Pc**"Word To The Third"**Visit "[Word To The Third](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1 MC Serch

In the heat of the night I step swift
Jettin to the spot that got the most gift
A who to do sittin in my drum loop
Pistol loaded and I'm ready to shoot
See my gun is my tongue and it runs like a track star
Not much happening but I got a fast car
E-x double vex and we're strong like sex
Cut the corner hit the next left
Reside to the westside a hole in the ground
Not paradise but a nice boomin sound
Party packed with nuff heads,
Some black, some white some hood and some dreads
Surround the club, with the dub that swayed em
The remixed version of Steppin to the A.M.
Played the club like a crumb to the curb
And this kid greased my palm and said word to the
third

Verse 2 Pete Nice

You can flip my lip I throw joints out
Out the box I stop some for some doubt
Took you out last album I was steppin
Now your clickin on my gold disc and flippin
On the third fly is fingers and Kev swab
Seven signs on the walls your your head bobs
Mouths will move to this you ain't through with this
This ain't a suicide so why'd you grip your wrist
I take a listen to the lyrics I formed up
Slidin in the green hornet as I warm it up
Cause the third is like a lyric dispenser
For hire like Spencer but my trigger fingers tenser
My sixth sense getting loopy as a Soloflex
Turn to soupy and ask which duck is next
Hookin phrases clauses nouns and verbs
Steppin off set it off it's word to the third

Verse 3 MC Serch

P-E-T-E and me now step to the back
Tracks are stacked the party dumb packed
The sweat off my brow is glistening

And in the dance hall not one kid missing
A step while the non step don't step
They chill on the side or reside to the left
A mack daddy makin a move smooth
Whisper sweet nothings or something to soothe
The savage beast at least get the number to the
residence
While you flash mad presidents
Crazy grants a few Jacksons
Grip got traction to show that your maxin
But she ain't down with the bum rush
And she better pick up moves off a lint brush
So you got played word to Herb
Don't slip money grip it's called word to the third

Verse 4 Pete Nice

As you move and your following the Serch-lite
Writing music up and fixin up the mix right
Some tight on the pockets and the being
I see em jettin from the 3 and deep fleein
Keyin up like a master lock picker
Figure that I stop cause I'm out quicker
Not Mr. Rogers I'm rollin with Mr. hood
Menace and doom not a friendly neighborhood
As a crew it ain't only me myself
Just the third knocking fiction off the shelf
Make your moves on 33 1/3
Daddy rich cuttin records of spoken words
Rollin up like this cause I'm pissed
You Serch what's the word oh yeah there it is
Or is it just a figure of speech Herb
3rd bass puts in place the word of the third

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