

3rd Bass "Ace in the Hole"

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Ace is the place with the helpful hardware
Prime's got a spare, it's truth or dare
Stare into the face of a kid who is a hypocrite
Take all that hate, why don't you try flippin' it?

I never went out, out drinkin' Pepsi sips
And never laced up my boots in fruity bits
I ain't pretty so my fetish ain't knighthood
'Cause no one wears sequins in my neighborhood

'Cause my feet are firmly planted on the concrete
High-top fade, with no need for a blonde streak
Now let me chill, it's a sign of maturity
And I would never steal a chant from a Black Greek
Fraternity

Elvis, Elvis baby, too bold, too bold
Ice, ice baby, no soul, no soul

Last year we gassed, ya up
Now herbals fill your pastures
Masters of movement and mayhem
While last year record shows stopped for a Racist
Countin' cards and blackjacks, throwin' aces

Places I've seen and I've seen all types of grills
It's the K. M. D., 3 R D fills
Which builds up the fence for the fibs you're sprayin'
My ace is in the hole
So whatcha playin'?

K. M. D. and 3rd bass is just ace in the hole
Ace in the hole
(I mean soul)
K. M. D. and 3rd bass is just ace in the hole
Ace in the hole
(I mean soul)
K. M. D. and 3rd bass is just ace in the hole
Ace in the hole
(I mean soul)

That's it right? Check it this

Humm goes the kick, check out how I flick it
As the thumb presses quick, suckers on the mix
And, yeah, the birthstone kid, Zev Love X
And Mr. X took a lickin', so Onyx, what's the time it is?

Time is to get my cocka-doodle rooster yappin'
Wakin devil heads with my poor style rappin'
Time is a quarter shorter that in order be sorta
Tap in my line and just knowledge me

Eats the baby food with no bib
And ad-lib from the reverend rib's crib
The lesson is, yeah, someday true and fix
Yeah, all garbage no fib
I'm talkin' bout the nubians, yeah, the Black man
No sugar sweet snacks for the sour sap
To see home, why should I have to check the maps?
The haps is negative I give many many caps

For a heavy, heavy gun, about a ton it weighs
That keep you, bustin' off for days as sure as every
sucker pays
In time, tis mine
The 'cause is a hole where the bass is ace for rhymes

Evils in my midst bound to get crushed, rushed
Helps to manage, we're causin' much damage
So we go on and on, word bond
Mic's they got torn by the 'cause long as Jimmy cracks
corn bores
Hamhand gets no support
By the God Squad, God body, for short call me God
born
Headnod to this like a King Of Swing, thing and
Check the verse I disperse, see what I'm bringin'

Is an ace in the hole
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, a ace in the hole!
Yeah, ace in the hole?
Uh huh, uh huh, a ace in the hole!

The Zev Love X
(Ace in the hole)
Subroc
(Ace in the hole)
MC Onyx
(Ace in the hole)
To MC Search
(Ace in the hole)

Dj Richie Rich

(Ace in the hole)
Spankor
(Ace in the hole)
To cool Poppa Sha
(Ace in the hole)
My man Smoke
(Ace in the hole)

To one and another
(Ace in the hole)
Sig Luva
(Ace in the hole)
Boogie man J Quest
(Ace in the hole)
To Curious Jorge
(Ace in the hole)

And Jump to Bobbito
(Ace in the hole)
To the
(Ace in the hole)
To SD 50's
(Ace in the hole)
To G. Y. P.
(Ace in the hole)

To my man, Sam Sever
(Ace in the hole)
My man, Prince Paul
(Ace in the hole)
To the Crackhead Gams
(Ace in the hole)
To the one Chubb Rock
(Ace in the hole)
To Vanilla Wafer, later!
Word to your motha!

Your mother, man, oh, man, word to your mutha!

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