

3rd Bass "Monte Hall"

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3rd place is everything
C'mon, I'll show you

Tight fit, dim lit spot, is where I'm movin' to
Sweaty but these slow tracks start soothin' you
Light-skinned, steps into the picture
Program is fixed, the mix will let you get your

Hand around waist, space drippin' from moisture
Strokin' the neck, you suspect that she'll voice her
Approval, whippin' and flippin' your pelvis
Brothers step in, step off, you get selfish

Yours for the take-home, so she can take up space
At your place, but then you start to wake up
Groove goes to fade, introductions are made
Love my name is Serch, now step for some shade in
the dancehall

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Soulfully smooth, she slithered to a solo
Spot to drop her bass and I'll follow
Fiend on a focus, I spoke this figure of speech
Supposed to sway those who seek

Such wisdom, wildly workin' towards a woman
Therefore she's drawn, to the other man's
Intentions of a G, tryin' to stump me
Announced presence in the house of Mr. Puffy

Smoke filled the tight packed system
A rack of skirt, kit for a victim
A three-stage pleasure on a principle
As I step and drop a syllable

A syllabus spoken by the 3rd on sss-swooin'
A female, to impale, push-up, smooth
And turn to spurn desire, that all?

Another episode in the dancehall

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Step to the A.M., playin' a song that's slow
Low tempo kicks lyrics to those who show
A need to step to a def 3rd Bassment
A wink of eye, the smile of a face

And I'm D O W N to send shock waves
Up the spine, while the clock saves
Just enough ticks to lick neck to your lips
Mouth to mouth, palm upon hips

Sigh in pleasure, measures the heat up
Nibble my neck, the affection I eat up
Dine like a diner, hot enough to simmer
Jam comes to a close, come give a

Number of seven in regard to the residents
Told the mob that I slobbered and showed evidence
Lipstick on the quill, a digit to call
Another lovestruck, stuck to the wall of the dancehall

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Steppin' over heads that swayed
You move over and the record's played
Swayed over smoothly, soothin' a listener
Undergoes wanted death of a dancer

To twist over you rises your liquor
Slight panic on a dancehall picture
Motion flows, scene gets hectic
Freakin' bones like an epileptic

Melody moves scenario to chaos
Pursue principles and then you shoot livest
So called, it's boots that rise and fall
Steppin' to the A.M., in the dancehall

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