

3rd Bass

"Portrait Of The Artist As A Hood"

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Today I'm prepared to bring specific charges
Against certain members working in an industry
That reaches into every household in the country

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Hoods is up so skills is up
It's a stick-up, so why'd you interrupt?
So such bust material cerebral
I'm eatin' cereal with spoons sippin' cepacol

Daddy-O slipped me some 'cause my breath stank
White gold, but no accounts in Swiss Banks
Think tanks once rolled on the city streets
I used to meet your moms between the sheets

Universe is versus hoods prospectus
True flam, flammin' words on wax discus
So they dismiss this as vulgarity
And once laughed and pointed at the university

Some perk without skills and push a pen
I send surreal scenes where you never been
Looked out, gave you three strikes, you struck out
Pop shit with the 3rd, knock your fronts out

Blew your blunts out you wings stuck up your ass
Gassed you up then slap you with my staff
I seen your skins like to go to the motels
But your ass won't know to the hotels

'Cause a lip is zipped, I paint pictures
A portrait, a self far from [Incomprehensible]
My discussion of impression ain't ignorance
So don't label the hoods on appearances

You never thought that a gangsta could talk sense
But this artifice flipped, your beans is spent
Took your papes out your pocket and just stood out

The focus, the portrait of the artist as a hoods-up

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Portrait planned it back in the days
Young strays, posted at the L.Q. on Friday's
Waitin' for dice to give the go ahead
Hawkin' 50 Cent, puttin' heads to bed

For a herringbone hear the tune of the audio two
Milk was chillin' as I chilled in the back room
Listen to snaps, cuts by scoob and scrap
Union square, to tear up the KRS tracks

Torn up by the Kent, the Clark dark
As the brothers try to spark
We knocked boots and the boots got knocked
Three a.m. and it was off to the rooftop

Hip-Hop star ski, the masters of ceremony
Ka-ka-cracked out, was hookin' property
Five a.m. it was the S and S
A hundred and forty-fifth street, down on Lennox

Star child made all the hoes squeal
For a dollar crack heads armor-alled your wheels
Whippin' home in the sunshine, fun time
But now you can't find

Clubs like this that kept the music in the street
And pop rap couldn't get a dime to eat
Yo, they're makin' mills but what about the hood?
A parking lot where the Latin quarter stood

A landmark marked in the cranium
But now I bring it back in front of packed stadiums
Picture painted with the goals and the good
The portrait of an artist as a hood

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Yo Pete man, yo where the hoods at Pete?
Yo the hoods is in Brooklyn, Queens, Bronx

Money-makin' strong island
Yo can't forget Newark New Jersey
Philly, D.C

From Detroit to mobile Alabama
Memphis Tennessee Cleveland
Yo, money-makin' Miami, Chicago
East St. Louis got crazy hoods
Oakland Compton watts wearin' the hoods

Yo true indeed, Louisville
Boostin' Houston got crazy hoods
New Orleans, Seattle
North Carolina cannot forget about Atlanta

Shock master [Incomprehensible] got crazy hoods
Listenin' to his program
And the hoods are holdin' their joint and they're out
True indeed, see-ya

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