

## House Of Love

### "Third Stone From The Sun"

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Here come the pecker  
Wood mic wrecker  
Sweet like nectar  
MC selector  
Come again, keep the style I'm bustin'  
You think I'm droppin' acid ???only super cold does it???  
Feel the rushin' through your blood and cerebellum  
And any man that defies, eyes will be swellin'  
So whatcha smellin', kid, I'll bust your melon  
Then I spit out the seed, you got dirty deeds  
You're done, dirt cheap, I'm on the greek don't sleep  
Melee cause the circus, but bullets run deep  
And talk is cheap, kid, it's time to make moves  
It's time to make capital gains with my brains  
The song remains, the same as it ever was  
And you can say my crew's fallin' but it never does  
I'm white chocolate, clockwork apocalypse  
Inter-dimensional like Prince be sensual  
My interplanetary sub-galactic tactic  
Got ya wearin' vests like prophylactics  
My verbal waters rock your sons and daughters  
And I'll tell more lies than priests and rabbis  
And all the allies put together in a cipher  
My skin's my cell, no parole on my life

#### CHORUS:

Doin' time on the third stone from the sun  
Lucy got me on the run, kid, hold my gun  
I'm dealin' with the pressures, son, life ain't fun  
Doin' time on the third stone from the sun

I'll be gettin' down and dirty by 2030  
Sippin' off my forty, out deep in your shorty  
Lordy, glory, hallelujah  
Like a big Samoan my sig's gonna boo ya  
Do-a-ditty, oh what a pity  
I'm blowin' up the spot like Oklahoma City  
We might terrorism and hold plagerism  
And blood shot vision 'cause I smoke major 'ism  
If you got sob stories, kid, don't tell me 'bout 'em

'Cause them tin boots you wearin' I'm a lift you outta  
'em  
With two shots to your bid, I ain't playin' kid  
I know the games that you runnin' and all the things  
you did  
And you'll say 'holy cow' if my gun go blaow  
Click-bang, watch me do my thang  
My element's in order, my attribute's eternal  
And all you duck MC's are smellin' just like the Colonel  
You're all fried chicken with your back side lickin'  
I'll play you like a snitch with the ice pick stickin'  
Out your eye socket and if I wanna cock it  
I play remelzee and pull it out my pocket  
I pull it out my pocket, I pull it out my pocket  
Yeah, I play remelzee and pull it out my pocket

#### CHORUS

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