

NWA**"3 The Hard Way"**

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Artist: N.W.A. f/ Dr. Rock, Fresh K, The D.O.C. (The Filafresh Crew)

Album: N.W.A. and The Posse

Song: 3 The Hard Way

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[Intro: The D.O.C. & (Fresh K)]

Here's a mix to make you move, smooth enough to soothe

Slow and lower you can go inside a bassed up groove
(So funk it!)

It's gotta be, ain't no need to discuss it
(Yo Doc!) I finna kick this shit, alright! (Alright, then bust it!)

[Verse One: The D.O.C.]

Rhymes created by the Doc, most definitely down!
I could be bitten by this brother with some bad ass brown

It ain't no joke, he needs some scope

Cause his breath is (cold!) dope

As he talks I can smell it, and I'm seeing the smoke
That's the bad breath bandit, you know what's in store
Stay away cause they breath will knock you (to the floor!)

That boy is (rough!) de soda (tough!) I don't understand

Tests his breath inside his palm, and burned his hand!

He's a tucks destroyer, a Listerine killer

A cavity employer, a yuck-mouth filler

(Say man, you bullshit!) no, that's a fact Fresh K

I wish Velamints could take his breath away

But he's.. always in effect, smelling like dead vermin

Honking the bitches with his firewalls burning

Winch his witch as a curl, just as funky as well

I mean he has a little woman that can match his smell
(Yes!)

He has a girlfriend, this is not pretend

She uses deodorant to spray for men

(Scratch and sniff wallpaper all over the house)

Aww shit! (Yeah boy, that's what I'm talking about)

They need ten bars of soap, three boxes of Tide
To make them presentable to go outside
Now my story is true, and my opinion candid
But that is my tale of the bad breath bandit

[Interlude:]

[The D.O.C] But you know, that ain't even half of the shit

[Fresh K:-] Man, what's up?

[The D.O.C] This bitch who stay around the way, you
know her K!

[Fresh K:-] Yeah?

[The D.O.C] Y'all want to talk about her?

[Fresh K:-] Bust it!

[Dr. Rock:] Oh kick her ass, man

[Verse Two: The D.O.C.]

Let's talk about girl who's a bonafide witch!

Name is Tammy, better known as bitch!

The boys in the hood all treat her like liquor

Quick is the way they pass her around and then stick
her

I'm not saying she minds, she's a first class skeezer

Always on the jock, but only if he's uhh..

Man with the money and the looks to show

(So you saying she's a witch?) yeah Tammy's a
material whore

You're getting laid, if you can rock a cross-fader

You got the bank, to make the bitch who'll get paid

Tagging Tammy's a process like when you use a
computer

Use her and do her like they did in the old days (Shoot
her!)

A whore and she knows it, yeah the knowledge is there

So they say that she's slutty and she tell them she don't
care

But y'all I'm keeping my clear, even though she is
pretty

(Cause we only use Tammy for a guest to the city) right
on!

[Interlude:]

[The D.O.C] But bust this, Tammy ain't the only fucked-
up freak in the city

[Dr. Rock:] Well who else, man?

[The D.O.C] Aww, come on Rock, you know her now, You
know her

[Dr. Rock:] Seabiscuit breath, right?

[The D.O.C] Yeah, that's her

[Dr. Rock:] Yo! Go on! Bust it homes!

[Verse Three: The D.O.C.]

You stand around the bitch and your nose turns white
You ever thought about what Big Bird's shit smells like?
Well, you take that aroma, multiply it times two
And you think about Sue (Sour-smelling Sue!)
She's a girl that has the power to kill a fresh flower
Rock smelled the whore and said (Damn that bitch is
sour!)
Now, I don't judge, I mean that's not what I'm thinking
People do what they want, and I guess she like stinking
But whatever the deal, I think someone should call
Genius
Cause this is kicking a scent that fucks up K's tennis
shoes
And a dress, dress it fresh to impress
She really ought to be embarrassed because that girl is
a mess
If you ever see her, you'll duck and cover
She looks like your sister but smells like your brother
And since they tell me Trey, honestly phrase:
I let her know that she reminded me of the Gunsmoke
days
But it ain't no (thing) if she stink she'll (sing)
But to me it's like she needs a little (Irish Spring)
You ought to know what I'm saying, I hope I made
myself clear
About the three ass whores, but Troll I'm out of here

[Outro: The D.O.C.]

Yo yo yo, these three people make me so sick that I
gotta go 1988 on it
Tammy your momma ain't got no legs be talking about
I ain't gonna stand for this.. Ha ha ha ha!

[Dr. Rock]

Boy you sick man! You sick! Yeah yeah

[Fresh K]

Yo man! I gotta story from 1988, check it out
Sue, you got so much butter on your teeth
that when you brush your teeth you have to use a butter
knife
Ha ha ha ha!

[Dr. Rock]

Get ready for the king, here I come, now check this out
Sour smelling Sue got so much dirt in her ear
that she can grow potatoes, Ha ha ha ha!

