

DJ Format

"3 Feet Deep"

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[Abdominal]

We're ready to begin so grab your spot on the floor

As if you didn't know

My name is Abdominal and I'm a sophomore

Format released lots in store cos we dropped again but this

time with a slight twist, I brought a friend

Also hailing from the snowy north shores of Canada

Format fans, I introduce to you

The man of year but I would even stretch so far but to say the decade

Watch him go crazy when the record plays

So please join me ladies and gentlemen in giving your

Nicest Format welcome to emceeeeeeeee D-Sisive.

(Thank you, thank you, no really your too kind)

[D-Sisive]

Since nineteen eight to the o I've been taking control

Blazin the glow with the blue flame flow

On a chase for the throne with the flow so dope and

Smooth you'd think I was a toupe's owner

And I can't stop, til my name's known

And I got love like Ray Barone

Hip-hop proclaim, illest master of ceremone ever born on Canadian soil

Even if I got a sore throat and a cold sore formed on the corner

Of both lips makin it harder to open my mouth and

Blurt out these dopest hits,

I'ma rock til I don't exist

Alongside Abdominal and Format

Watching the crowd throw their hands up like Horshack

[Abdominal]

Abdominal flippin the intricate like asian origami,

Behind me a wake of devastation like the course of tsunamis

And swarming armies couldn't force me from my chosen path

A juggernaut with a microphone in his grasp

[Chorus]

Check (check) the (the) way (way) that (that)
You cant see us like needles in haystacks
When (when) we (we) rock (rock) mics (mics)
Roadies know where to focus the spotlight
On (on) D- (D-) Si (Si) sive (sive)
And Abdominal then amplify the hypeness
with the beat {beat} by {by} disc {disc} jocks {jocks}
Fomat we're not just tight we're zip-locked.

Calling all cars, we just got warning
D-Sisive and Abdominal's on a song,
Taking the law in their own palms back to back
In a pose similar to Jean Claude
Superimposed in the poster as both men play with his own twin brother
in the blood.

And you can root for the Leafs or follow man, q man,
You unanimously call on this olive tanned
Jew with the two-man borderline-albino
Crew for your musical needs
Cause if I looked up beats,
We weave effortlessly in and out of snares bass kicks
Coming tighter than a Cher face lift
Do you believe in life after love?
I hope so, cause
Once you touch the mic you get no love from any zone yo,
D, grab the mic and just drop your fucking poem

[D-Sisive]

Ready to blast off and blast y'all with just one strum,
Like Luther Vandross getting handjob from a tanned blonde
With her pants off but her hands on his man sausage in his own tour
of the sandwich.

[Chorus]

"Y'all cats rap fast, I cant grasp that
All them big words I done thought I miss heard
Then I rewind, got worse the second time
Abs, D-Sisive, Format,
Sorry boys but you're crap"

[Abdominal (D-Sisive)]

Abs will pick up the paddle to kick off this lyrical table tennis

Spit's sacred like phlegm in a sink of the people dentist
(And I could win a mic fight by using the same line twice,
Ripping me is like a mic fight)
Versus Vincent Van Gogh, sorry, Van Gogh
Even the Pillsberry Dough Boy says you're damn soft
(Abdominy ziggy star, y'all cant touch us
Like a dirty tampon with pants on)
The illest can't comment easy to see
(We getting played all the way to the BBC)
Leaving you 3 feet deep like a dead midget
(Floating in the river like a widget in a Guinness
Pissed cause he couldn't make the swim team)
So just swam his final race, up shit's creek
(So don't forget we crazy swift)
I'm Ed Burnstein
(And I'm Derek Christe)

[Abdominal & D-Sisive]

Start pissed off with kids who spit soft,
Rip-offs, contaminated hip-hop with shit songs,
They like criss-cross they careers need pit stops
When we're in the mix - PAUSE

[Chorus]

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