

## **Manhattan Transfer F/ Ruth Brown, B. B. King**

### **"3 Tha Hard Way"**

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#### First verse

Salutes 2 action be tha latest enter-ree 4 illadel  
colonies da get da  
cream like cherry jubalee - my steeze put cha at ease  
like  
methamphetamines or like Tony Shakks "fan-na-ces"  
about his wallabess  
slice fit-een yo meen Big East be comin' through ghetto  
magic plusa da  
bullies back it what me now Buddah Blessed 4 I and I  
provide da  
Greatest Natur-role pure as life that exit from Nah  
gent-ta-tillc  
styles interna-sha-nile likde direct connects to internet  
verbal text  
blossum like chia pets per-fect wit da mic devices  
Bahama-dee be tha'  
nices bringin' nix rap thing 2 the light like osyrus - 4  
tha' 9 pound  
ex-ced-da-ra-saaloom 2 GangStarr and my nigga K-  
Sarrah

#### Second verse

Ha yo, I'm doing this for the cruuz claimin' that there  
better I'm  
tickled, ya must be like Sanford on the ripple little by  
little, I  
kick verses from the middle of my brain, the Riddler  
couldn't fuck wit  
Kannon Riddles I remain the undisputed you should of  
known if you knew  
it, Montell couldn't tell you how we do it and few get the  
chance to  
even so the Kannon Dance wit da Kannon Band shit be  
slammin more than  
Larry Nance and plus it's in me to give you more like  
Demi, I do easy  
leave aardway to penny, as I display skillz for what it's  
worth sent

to this earth to stop the curse of wake lic's upon my  
turf, this is  
the end like Armagedin your settin a bad example  
niggaz still using my  
samples times ample ha yo swyft never said she was  
the baddest but I  
kept it real, you niggaz frontin talkin bout you packin  
steel your  
sportin a first all up in rectum by the central kid's sitting  
all up  
in the bullie section

### Third verse

Do you remember those you chase to forget back when  
ya ears was wet  
and now ya preachin' ya releasin' mini-tec I need a mic  
check because  
da static come sparatic emcee's be hooked like addicts  
while  
casualties stay tragic there ain't no glamour in that  
story all guts  
no glory entrenced in jealousy just like the suckers who  
abhor me they  
tell but they don't know the core, so raw is now my  
reference like  
Mumia there is no evidence to say that I'm more tha I  
am undbending  
neve revending similar to million men me say "Just-us"  
you say me bust  
bust mental stagnation like the cancer patients eatin'  
cow fuss as the  
minds rust from dawn to dusk I rest in Mecca the words  
sound power as  
in energy see Heka to die because ya black simply be  
no cause at all  
surreality just like the lengends of the fall initial looks  
of the  
shook hearted kids who shouldn't started lyrics leave  
like spirits and  
and the waters Moses parted Do or Die's ya slogan but  
niggaz slip with  
Trojans major mental corrosion like Murray's meat  
unfrozen I am the  
chosen Earth Sun Moon and Stars hard for me to find a  
top contender  
just to spar some peep the exterior and believe inferior  
next ya know  
they callin for a sound bwoy burial D&D Studio B wicked  
catch wreck  
for infinity one love peace to Bahamadia

### Last verse

Like Salt & Pepa, I take it to the next platoe niggaz  
scream nay what  
dis Brown Sugar like D'Angelo I make it better fo'  
fantanics fienin  
for da Buttaz Boo like 25 to lifers do from lack of gettin'  
douce  
u-ooou, I put my little thing in action smoother, than sat-  
tin or  
special Ed when he was taxin' headz relax and play tha'  
back when I  
spill I regulate a flow like chicks on birth control pills-ill  
anitics  
keep it movin' on bouncin' like nylon from illadel 2  
Lebanon - (no doubt)

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