

Sway And King Tech

"3 To The Dome"

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[Carried over from previous song]

[Kool G Rap]

Aiyyo check it out yo, this is Kool G Rap

Lettin you know from the foundation, Road to the Riches

Sway & Tech represented for a cat

The next album, Wanted Dead Or Alive

My man Sway & Tech represented, yaknamsayin

The next album, Live And Let Die

What goes on from 4, 5, 6

And now The Roots Of Evil

They kept it real through all the freestyles

Wit me, Big Daddy Kane, KRS-One

Namean?, the list goes on and on

No doubt, namsayin?

[Big Daddy Kane]

Uh-huh, you in the perils of the lyrical heroes

That rule just like the pharoahes

Robert DeNiro's got it covered just like sombreros

Seek shelter, here comes the warpath

Anyone who's tryin to reign, I change the whole forecast

If I slip, half a herd he learned

This murder he earned? in turn? turned his body to third-degree burns

You're purely pathetic, I won't let it

And once I set it, the after-party's in the paramedics

Vulgars, come back when you're older

Talkin like you're grown, you cats is small soldiers

Enough of them as the god muscle in, it's puzzlin

You couldn't carry weight if you was hustlin

Style ain't even de-cent, them not gonna squeeze none

Please dun, give me one rea-son

What I, say in a verse will be slayin you worse

As I wet em up just for the sake of obeying my thirst

Anytime anywhere, without any fair

I'll do it with any hair, what da deal, ain't he there? wha what

What I do will be crucially brutally

Usually legal and rippin stupidly, ain't nuttin new to me

What I spit attract felons, crack melons
Leave the chickenheads back swellin
Game tight wit the way I'm livin
I bag birds and I stuff em like Thanksgiving
My bad self, get more love than tennis
>From New York to Venice
Black as a dentist here to represent to live wit the
menace
To win the apprentice, if your heart shows stealth
You better watch yo' self before I stop yo' health
Cuz then the props here baby, you ain't gettin
You better recognize, the true and livin
You played yourself fast, put two quarters in your ass
What I meant? Arcades done went up to fifty cent

[Chino XL]

That lyric tarantula, Chino about to make this example
of
Wit one verse, shittin on a whole label roster sampler
My first name:Chino, my last name:Went There
Leavin rappers curled up and dyed like Immature's hair
Wit lyrical warfare, when I spray shit
My style like AIDS, half a y'all got it just none of y'all is
sayin shit

I hate and spit at devils that want to posses Chi
Jesus came in the vocal booth, like "Nigga, you the next
me!"
So test me, battle and you will become a dead man
And there's a lot of fake Chino's like Craig Mack's a
fake Redman
But I'm above the surface of this rap circus
Writin more incredible verses on accident than you can
on purpose
You a worthless waste of flesh, like fat asses on a nun
I'm God's bastard son, that blasts and thinks
bloodbaths are fun
I hate you wit a passion, make white chicks faint like I'm
Hanson
Historically know for bringin down the house like I'm
Samson
My damn tongue bursts, in the the first verse there's a
bad curse that
Hurts
I'm leavin wack church passengers inside of a fast
hearse
Escapin the wrath of Jerse
It's a sad earth when my pen dirts
Axe murderer type of massacre occurs if we match
words
I'm past blurs, I smack herbs

Gritty-green eyes like Badu
Leavin minds fucked up like Maxwell's hair-do
And I'ma be the sickest till I'm dead
The type to rent Halloween 4 eight times just to laugh
at LL's head
My new album is Flo-Jo's heart, watch it blow up
You ain't just wack, you're what wack wants to be when
it grows up

[Kool G Rap]

The Godfather saga, hit you dead in the chest like
shots of Vodka
Funer-als crowded like soccer while I'm watchin opera
Last like Sinatra, blast like Binaca
Binoculars is how I'm watchin droppin from the chopper
Mafia imposter
You're left for dead wit your face inside of your plate of
pasta
?Freddy in a hasa?, salute to my crew to prosper
(salute)
You know how we do, we icepick the boulder
You get dabbed over glasses of ice wit the Bolla
Blood on your shoulder, make costra nostra
Keepin the heater wit the toasters
Dough in the sofa, cashmeres and gator loafers
We bullet-proof the Rovers, pimp-smack you sober
Our whole crew is?skippin? lieutenants and soldiers
Flip on you the way Montana did to Minola
Condition vulgar holdin on blowers older than Yoda
Leave bad odors when we give cobras crystal like Yoga
Colder than the caps that's in the Polar, bubble like
soda
?Been in Egypt for loader foreliners over?
Cross me, cut our your momma's ovaries
Kid you know the steez, have your wake smellin like
potpourri
On the low-key, ship keys to over-seas
My shit gets sold quicker than groceries
K-double-O-L-and-G, you know it's me

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