

Shade Sheist F/ Nate Dogg, Kurupt

"Soul in the Hole"

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[MC Serch]

Knowledge on the court, observin what is all around
The light goes up, my mic blows up, the silence is now
sound
Hearin and fearin, the momentum of the stutter step
Shook to the left, because the brother slept
Crept into his ego, so he caught a bad one
Switched my next flip, he thought he had some grip
But my grip, is when my fingers curl around the mic
I know what it's like, a dog eat dog world
but I'm a carnivore, out on the parquet floor
Whether ballin, or callin out a sucker who is lookin for
static, me grab it every chance I get
One on one I'll never run and shoot the high off the net
This position isn't switchin, pitchin out a blind pass
Hindsight, my mind's right, time run through the
hourglass
Serch is my name, the game and my goal
3rd Bass settin soul in the hole

Yo man, why don't you give me the pole man?
Why are you freezin me out?
Yo man, cause you can't play, you ain't got no handle
Got your socks up to your knees like Michael Raines

[Pete Nice]

Drip liquid, pick up a park pill
Enduce a hand over freeform with this skill
Spills are spun, a crossover break slice
Sugar brother the pavement says
Scheamin on suicide to play post I slash
First step.. I shook ya ass
Step to wayside, ain't no weak side
Bassline I'm never givin, on the flipside
Grass to a mic like a hand palm rubber
Roll off a finger, you're gum, I rubbed ya
Sweep like a Knickerbocker, the 3rd stops ya
And after dark, I play the part of boot knocker
Twenty-four seven, always out to get some
Slap her on the concrete, bleed til the hand's numb
A way of life found, a rim stuck to a pole

An asphalt jungle, soul in the hole

Yo man, I got next!

Next? You ain't got next man

Yo go over there in the corner, with Michael Raines

and take a couple of tokes of the pipes man

Youknowwhat!msayin?

[Serch]

Point is in effect, callin for a play out

Lay out the plan, but your scammin for a way out

Figure of speech, spoken wise for a drum, three on one

Tchk! You know the outcome!

Point up the joints up, straight up for an uproar soarin

then you execute the score, then you fade away

This fade has been played

Gave the gift swift, you just got self-made

Execute performance, the 3rd step upon this

Me and Pete, complete, like sex endurance

Tip on the rim you reverse and rehearse

Coachin but you're slouchin, you can't be first

You want the rock? But you don't got the handle

I drop the French, cause Serch grilled your mantle

Face intense, you're sellin your soul

just for the action of soul in the hole

[Nice]

Pavement bounce off metal meets human flesh

Slum onside stagnate you got next

Each day evident, parks brothers throw down

One on one, it boils down to showdown

Spins reverb, soothe he goes a rip slip

by his larceny, or petty theft

Spectators move, lips into motion

Pop shit, get hit, the sewer then becomes an ocean

Water runs, springs and I let it fly

Slide a weak side, into vein

Try to terminate silk textures, of the fingertips

Three bases covered, as I dip

deeper into repoitire, the Minister an innovator

Take a sphere and a mic and I'll step later

under lamps of the Serch, cold

Shootin lava in the soul in the hole

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