

# Soul in the Hole

3rd Bass

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

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  
YouknowwhatI'msayin?

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

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