

## Three

Masta Ace

It goes a one, two, three and-

Hear the gospel when it's chosen scripture  
It's the hitman for hire when he goes and gets ya  
Kinda violent when I hold and hit ya  
Yo, we can take this in the alley like a bowlin' picture  
You'll get two 'cross your lips like Sanford & Son  
These dudes fall for these hoes, won't stand for they sons  
These boys young and they lost and in need of directions  
When everything falls apart, you don't see the connections  
Karma is a bitch and she packin' a Glock  
And you 'bout to get shot like you back on the block  
Yo, I go to war like I'm wearin' fatigues  
Stevie Wonder in his prime, there's hair in them beads  
Not tryin' to say I'm a musical genius  
But understand, what I done, you don't usually see this  
This is thirty years of excellence  
Cop your tickets, see ya all at the next event

EMC

In the place to be  
As it is plain to see  
Dig it now  
One, two, three  
Ace, Strick, Words  
EMC

Yo, I know you miss me, yup, I've been gone for a minute  
It's 'cause I got a real job, somethin' like a lieutenant  
Tryin' to find me, truth be told, to be perfectly honest  
More than likely I'm in the mill with the homie Onyx  
Or in the lab with Marco, 'cause him and Ace is cookin'  
'Bout to eat on this beat in a small place in Brooklyn  
The game's mine, your little space is taken  
Shorty a G, of course she with me, that's just in case you lookin'  
Throw on some Timbs, now your life is gully  
That's absurd, you still a nerd and your wife is ugly  
Your credit bad and rappin' is not your forte  
I did verses for 4K out in Norway  
It's EMC 'til they drop the casket  
It's no question, so please don't even stop to ask it  
Wordsworth, Masta Ace and me  
Wherever we at is the place to be, three

One, two, three  
EMC  
In the place to be  
As it is plain to see  
Dig it now  
One, two, three  
Ace, Strick, Words  
EMC

Every bar marvelous, I'm a artist and novelist  
Full of danger like a bullet chamber in a revolver is  
Came as far up to par, to y'all, a narcicisst  
Where the ball party is I'm a star like Bob Marley is

Watch your car, parkin' it while you shop in in Target  
Have your car targeted to blow you up your car startin' it  
We start arguin', I'll take a blade and then sharpen it  
Like Goodfellas, stab you in the trunk on your car carpetin'  
The other theory, the life of this brother's scary, he  
Is blessed like my mother is Mary and God fathered it  
My album release date on your forehead I'm carvin' it  
For marketin', found guilty then have the President pardon it  
Your arms too short to box with God, get dropped and scarred  
And bar-for-bar I'm too smart for y'all to spar with it  
Bring it back 'cause you're involved with it, talkin' solvin' it  
But the bottom of the problem is y'all part of it

Three