

3x's Dope

Shaquille O'Neal

(Intro)

(Clark Kent)

Sonja Blade, Shaq Diesel

T.W.IsM. fam uh-huh

That's right uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

Say what, say what, say what

(Shaquille O'Neal)

All these destinations with split second acceleration
It caps enough time to witness you're gone evaporation
Slash paragraphs that emphasize my emphasis
Abbreviate lyricist the lyrical short hands
I kidnap planes for atmospheric advantage
My lyrical damage the rise for mental mechanics
With the Mic in hand I'm immortal to hu-mans
My diaphragm allows me to kill a whole clan
Verse reversal get your verse reversed
Battle rhymes since fear in mid-air and change course
I've been held captive for scientific attractions
Nuclear rays made my brain radioactive
Knock the world off it's axis re-design the atlas
Re-construct the globe with gee-saw geographics
Rhythmical mathematics calculated you to average
More elves than 90 Degree angles and graphics

(Hook)

(Clark Kent)

Aiyyo you rap cats better sit back and relax
We getting stacks while the rest of you cats getting attacked
By the fever y'all bad you wanna be with us
Leaving players with 20-20 they ain't seeing us

(Shaquille O'Neal)

Aiyyo I leave you check form
I respect for when the sex raw inside the Lex four
Which really means I'm not the one
And these Billie Jean chicks kids they not my sons
Tryin to scratch my rips tryin to match my chips
And yo Shaq..... snatched my chips
So my position is to strike with opposition
Y'all wouldn't know pop the kids who always choose not to listen
So..... I'm relentless
End it like a seven-day inventiss
Who wanna play against this?
Get rich is senseless ya rather get bent
While I stack cash you cats never spit
It evident I flow predicates flows as evidence
Hittin chicks yelling they celebrant for the hell of it
In the chest is where the metal went
Never delicate is how I'm tellin it
So anything else is irrelevant, the what

(Hook w/ variations)

(Clark Kent)

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Leaving players with 20-20 they ain't seeing us

(Sonja Blade)

Aiyyo I go to war and break Mics
From daylight to late night
And blades strike just like a snakebite
Kiss the venom is toxic
Call me clumsy cause I always drop.....
Don't have to lick slugs at men
I spit rays as like Pac in "Above the Rim"
I'm above him or her, Jim or Gin, the fur
And Tim's, the tennis skirts forelimbs to mini firms
And if I spit first you get it worst
Get a nurse or leave in a tenant Hurst
Suit yourself it's hot..... towards boots to melt
It's murder either way so shoot yourself
Let me know you want war yes or no?
My crew link like exinal a chick with a lot of testicles
Especially those freshly clothed
So please don't test me hoes
I guess these flows got you beating your Johnson
Eating a Swanson and wishing for my death like Charles Bronson

(Hook)

(Clark Kent)

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(Outro)

(Clark Kent)

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
What, this is how we do
Uh, yeah mop crew
What, what, what, what, what, what, what, what
Shaq diesel, T.W.IsM. fam
Sonja Blade word from
Clockworld, Supaman
Yeah, hahahahahahah
You know, we know
Uh-huh, yeah from now until whenever
How we get down, Big 'cause
Around the boards, record lord