

Three Hunnit (feat. Edo. G & Masta Ace)

Akrobatik

[Cuts: DJ Therapy aka Paten Locke]

Huh-ha!!!!

[Verse 1: Akrobatik]

Ayo

I'm throwin' off your hand-eye co-ordination
Now your modus operandi is subordination
Niggas notice how my band flies across the nation
Masta Ace, Edo, and I – the coronation
Radio guys: really, how can I support the station
They only play music from dudes who can afford to pay them
Fuck that – I'm stormin' through with different forms of mayhem
Whether you're sleeping in, or steppin' to the A.M
Y'all rap niggas is hysterical
That's why we're coming through to break down the walls like Chris Jericho
You turn blue like varicose veins
Soon as I shoot this convoluted venom dose to your brain (my nigga)
Yeah, and as your system shuts down
You recognize this is how the dope shit must sound
I'm from New England, so you know when I touch down
I'm in the spot with legends, and we're tearing shit the fuck down

[Hook]

All for one, one for all
You ready for the brawl, we answerin' the call
There's only three of us, and 300 of y'all
But we comin' with the battering ram to break the walls

[Cuts: DJ Therapy aka Paten Locke]

One for all, and all for one
All for one, and one for all
One for all, and all for one
One, One, One, Huh-haaa!!!

[Verse 2: Edo G.]

Edo, Ace. Akro – bold, not bashful
King of the castle, stop your ride, break your axle
Break the shackle of the rascals with wack flow
The baldy, dread, and afro – we assholes
You're the wrong groups hypeman
Unexcitin', Nazi – Adolf Eichmann
Fightin' the enlightenin', the bottle of lightning'
Encitin', no bitin' have you rappers re-writin'
Fuck conservatives and liberalism
Never been forgivin', 'cuz I am the rhythm
Fuck Illuminati and the symbolism
Free your mind, homie, from the mental prison – ay!
I been cocky, hip-hop hierarchy
Ak been marinating just like teriyaki
We don't die – you can't kill Rocky
Love DJ's, but hate Disc Jockeys

[Hook]

All for one, one for all
You ready for the brawl, we answerin' the call
There's only three of us, and 300 of y'all
But we comin' with the battering ram to break the walls

[Cuts: DJ Therapy aka Paten Locke]

One for all, and all for one
All for one, and one for all
One for all, and all for one
One, One, One, Huh!

[Verse 3: Masta Ace]

Listen – every verse that I spit, be on some personal shit
I'mma be cursin' every person you with
Man, I'm just trying to urge you to quit while you're behind
'Cuz before you ahead, you gon' be dead or lose your mind
You ain't verbally fit for the Fantastic Three – Ace, Ed, Ak
Send you back to hell in a handbasket
So beware – we go all out like a street fair
You speak out, and get stretched out like a beach chair
Don't be quick to be looking to claim a victory
'Cuz we swear – there's all kinds of defeat here
Now be clear, 'cuz it's all painfully obvious
This ain't a game, and our main aim is to body this
Any jerk, saying he lyrically do work
Ain't worth shit, and his workmanship is the shoddiest
This ain't a party, it's somethin' closer to Mardi Gras
We look at y'all and laugh at y'all, like 'hardy har'

[Cuts: DJ Therapy aka Paten Locke]

One for all, and all for one
All for one, and one for all
One for all, and all for one
One, One, One, Huh-haaa!!!

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