

## Professa Nuts

### "3 Strikes Ya' Out"

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{\*whispered\*}

Love me.. give me love..

Give me love food..

Give me love, so that I can.. kill..

Give me love, because I can.. kill..

He's not real.. (the devil) and she must die..

Die.. (he is the son of man, he is the son of God)

{\*beat drowns out whispered vocals\*}

[King Tee]

Three strike you're out they're makin niggaz behave

No more slaps on the wrist gettin 90 days

Welcome to the next level, it's the new world order

Snatch ya like a tractor, might kill ya for a quarter

I put that on my moms, that's on everything I love

Nigga what? Catch a L, make you cry like a dove

So sucka free is the only way for me

You don't get paid just for bein O.G.

We've been had, we've been tricked, we've been  
played

right when we, went left, for what? We shoulda stayed

Stressed all the homies just to show they mean  
business

Rushed 'em with the quickness, killed 'em with the  
sickness

Tried to save his life, give him CPR, huh

Somethin for the lungs, fat African drums

So clear up your sinus and keep your nose clean

Khakis so hot it makes the one-time stop

[Chorus]

Three strikes, you're out, then a nigga pays

We in the cage, black man is bein slayed

Three strikes, you're out, then a nigga pays

We in the cage, black man is bein slayed

[King Tee]

Get with the lyrical miracle whippin up

gingerbread cookies out you rookies, huh

I can't stands no more, grab the floor

Hit the deck when I let loose the tec (c'mon)

'Nique, freak any beat nigga  
Westside 106 (?) Street, uhh  
The loco's, chocolate like cocoa  
Get your punk-ass balled up in the trash (AHH!)  
You stepped on my stars, motherfucker say sorry  
This wild style's like lion country safari  
This is for my loc's back at the Ponderosa  
Check my file, bring it to trial  
Get with that new, ninety-fo' shit  
Yes it's funky like a jackass, don't even trip  
I got pages and pages of metaphoric phrases  
Too complex for the human eye to catch  
It's the, gangsta boogie, do you want a example  
or do you just wanna taste a sample?  
Out of control, gone, warped, zoned, toned  
Hand me the heater, I need the speakers  
Sparks, flames, no name but peep game  
Smoke like a choo-choo train  
It's the criminal minded nigga King Tee  
with the Westside Riders, comin creepin crawlin like  
spiders  
We've been bit by the dog, call the catcher stretcher  
Judge Fletcher betcha, raise your blood pressure  
The unsolved mystery, mixed up our history  
Put us in the twist, we no longer exist, like  
.. dinosaurs dissapeared, then it's like  
.. mine and yours dissapear, so it's like  
servin soon, here comes your doom  
Right when the world go ka-boom, so am I  
sane, or, sick in the brain?  
Or do everybody style sound the same? (Yep)

[Chorus] - 2X

[Outro]

Yeahh... beat terrorist.. (?)  
TR, the funk ignitor  
My nigga King Tee with the funky West shit right?  
Check this out..  
Beat terrorist, beat terrorist, beat terrorist, beat  
terrorist, (?)

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