

Ice Cube "3 Strikes You In"

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One mo strike and Im through, nigga
Bottom of the ninth swingin, for my life
Im up at the plate, goin for the gate
They got my moms seated in section eight
Been on deck since my last felony
Im that 0 for 2 mothafucka
With the louisville slugger
Shay whitie, that left hand punk
Is on the mound and he comin wit dat off-speed junk
Its the westside hustlaz, vs these la pigs
You can say the damned vs the nigs
My little homies in the dugout
They lookin sad, cuz fourteen niggas done struck-out
My first offense was possession of weed
Now Im in the major leagues and
That mothafucka bill clinton-is a son of a bitch
Had the nerve to throw out the first pitch
Im just tryin to get rich like trump
The home run king is now in a slump, pass me a hunk
How the fuck can I stay out the pen
When its one-two-three strikes you in
Chorus:
One-two three strikes you in
Now how the fuck a nigga supposed
To stay out the pen, Im on a blend
Of gin and hen, everyday of my life
With two strikes it aint right
Hes in the wind-up
Here come the pitch
I swing, aw shit (foul tip)
They felt the chill cuz if I get on first
You know the deal - a niggas gots to steal
Like to steal home and I betcha
That I can run over, the la pig catcher
Just because Im black, wit a bat
They wanna send a nigga back to the warning track
Fulla count they say I wont amount to shit
But fool I can hit like kenny grit
With a split in my mouth on tha cellular phone
(its going, going, gone!)
And watch a pitcher get served
You from tha la pigs

I know you coming with a curve
Ay batter, batter is the chitter-chatter
Im the designated hitter, a nigga
Much badder, than babe ruth
Will I tell the truth and nothing but the truth
Hell yea, Id rather be shootin hoops
Cuz a niggas guaranteed to win
Against a bullshit loss and three strikes you in
Take me out to the ballgame
Take me out to the crowd (wha what, wha what)
Another nigga on trial
Keep ya peanuts jeezuh
And fuck you cracker jack
I hope I never come back
I gots to root for my homeboys
If they dont win its a shame
Cuz its one-two-three strikes you in
Twenty-five years of pain you know my name
They wanna nigga to run and get hung
High strung, so this pig can win the cy-young
Ima hit this mothafucka a mile
In the batters box, high as steve hal
You cant salary cap my gat
No strike, cuz gangsta-rap is on the map
Im like satchel paige wit a gauge
Or jackie robinson, when Im robbin one
Of you cracker jacks fool Im a mothafuckin vet
And fuck yo seventh-inning stretch, so
Take me out to the ballgame,
And see my neighborhood name
In your ghetto hall of fame
Chorus x 3
Yea (it aint right)
Playin people like a game (it aint right)
Human beings, puttin em in a jar (it aint right)
For double life, triple life (it aint right)
Take me out to the ballgame
Take me out to the crowd (wha what, wha what)
Another nigga on trial
Keep ya peanuts jeezuh
And fuck you cracker jack
I hope I never come back
I gots to root for my homeboys
If they dont win its a shame
Cuz its one-two-three strikes you in
Twenty-five years of pain you know my name
You know my name (wha what, wha what) x 4
If I die tonight, you know who did it (you know)
If I ride tonight, you know who did it (you know)
If they sheck me up, you know who did it (dont guess)
If they check my nuts, you know who did it (get em)

If they break my bank, you know who did it (yea)
If they pull my rank, you know who did it (get em)
If they sock me up, you know who did it (yea)
If they lock me up, you know who did it (get em)
If they smear my name, you know who did it
If they kill my game, you know who did it
Remember me (you know who did it)
Wha what, wha what (you know who did it)

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