

Ice Cube "Three Strikes You In"

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One mo' strike and I'm through, nigga
It's bottom of the ninth swingin', for my life
I'm up at the plate, goin' for the gate
They got my mom's seated in section eight

Been on deck since my last felony
I'm that 0 for 2 mothafucka
With the Louisville slugger Shay Whitie, that left hand
punk
Is on the mound and he comin' with dat off-speed junk

It's the westside hustlaz, verses these LA pigs
You can say the damned verses the nigs
My little homies in the dugout
They lookin' sad, 'cause fourteen niggas done struck-
out

My first offense was possession of weed
Now I'm in the major leagues and
That mothafucka Bill Clinton is a son of a bitch
Had the nerve to throw out the first pitch

I'm 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 it's one two three strikes you in

One two three strikes you in
Now how the fuck a nigga supposed
To stay out the pen, I'm on a blend
Of Gin and Hen, everyday of my life
With two strikes it ain't right

He's in the wind up
Here come the pitch I swing, aw shit, foul tip
They felt the chill 'cause if I get on first
You know the deal a niggas gets to steal

Like to steal home and I betcha
That I can run over, the LA pig catcher
Just because I'm black, with a bat
They wanna send a nigga back to the warnin' track

Fulla count they say I won't amount to shit
But fool I can hit like Kenny Grit
With a split in my mouth on the cellular phone
It's going, going, gone

And watch a pitcher get served
You from the LA pigs I know you comin' with a curve
Ay batter, batter is the chitter-chatter
I'm the designated hitter, a nigga much badder

Than babe ruth will I tell the truth and nothin' but the
truth
Hell yeah, I'd rather be shootin' hoops
'Cause 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
Another nigga on trial
Keep ya peanuts jeezuh and fuck you Cracker Jack
I hope I never come back

I got to root for my homeboys
If they don't win it's a shame
'Cause it's 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
I'ma hit this mothafucka a mile
In the batters box, high as Steve Hal

You can't salary cap my gat
No strike 'cause gangsta rap is on the map
I'm like Satchel Paige wit a gauge
Or Jackie Robinson, when I'm robbin' one

Of you cracker jacks fool I'm 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

One two three strikes you in
Now how the fuck a nigga supposed
To stay out the pen, I'm on a blend
Of Gin and Hen, everyday of my life
With two strikes it ain't right

One two three strikes you in
Now how the fuck a nigga supposed

To stay out the pen, I'm on a blend
Of Gin and Hen, everyday of my life
With two strikes it ain't right

Yeah, it ain't right
Playin' people like a game it ain't right
Human beings, puttin' 'em in a jar it ain't right
For double life, triple life it ain't right

Take me out to the ballgame, take me out to the crowd
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 don't win it's a shame
'Cause it's one two three strikes you in
Twenty-five years of pain you know my name
You know my name, you know my name
You know my name, you know my name

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, don't guess
If they check my nuts, you know who did it, get 'em

If they break my bank, you know who did it, yeah
If they pull my rank, you know who did it, get 'em
If they sock me up, you know who did it, yeah
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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