

## Lucky 7

### "3 To 10 / Cb's Caddy Part Iii"

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It's 3 to 10 the pigs are here  
Give me 10 seconds to slam my beers  
No wounded soldiers kill them all  
The pigs found me in a bathroom stall  
They called me an addict, fucking alcoholic  
Now I got bread and water, slamming  
In a room with padded walls  
I was very much alive when I stepped off of the  
southwest  
Thinking about the brew that is cool, cause we keep it in  
fridge, yes  
It's about six the fix, the fix running  
I drop the beat kid you keep it bumping  
Suzie's friends dropping hints, what am I supposed to  
do  
All the rooms are taken and the bitch's got a curfew  
Barely 18 and bro she's a freak  
I think she needs a piece of this 420 Geek  
All the rooms are taken, well there's always the  
backseat  
Keep that caddy rocking, well there's always the  
backseat  
Let's take this from the top cause on top's where I like  
to be  
Let me introduce you to my headboard girly  
On the queen size we're doing our thing  
Crack! There goes the boxspring  
Mama's knocking on the door "Who do you got in  
there?"  
"It's that god damn lucky boy!" Mama just wants to  
share  
I'd have given it to her mom, but daddy-o he had a  
shotgun  
Oh shit, your mama's knocking, well there's always the  
backseat  
Officer R. Cappelán treating me like a felon  
Don't make me get crazy on you like Curtis Mellin  
Unlawful consumption of alcohol by a minor  
I bet put down more than you old timer  
They know all about me ain't that a shame  
What's my claim to fame, my name, my name

To the undercover cop the lowest form of life  
They got a warrant, reason to fear  
They got a warrant, drop your beer

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