

## Lucky 7 "3 To 10"

Visit "[3 To 10](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

Visit [Lucky 7](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.