Harper Ben "3 Blind Mice"

Visit "3 Blind Mice" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1: Pete Nice

3 blind, see how the run

Schemin on the corner, Puerto Rican, black and white the one Risin each day, the conflicts of culture Hopeless the racist, he rip you like a vulture Sippin on the wines, cause it eases off the mindset All shades of color owe the other one respect Master of another, mad discrimination Yo, they used to play him at the corner bus station Back in the days in the backs of the busses Dealin with the devil and his deragotory cusses White cracker man called the other man a nigger Swingin on a slugger like a baseball swinger Swing batter, swing, but that's a cavalier thing When you reminisce on Rodney King You see, it's hard to keep a good man down dead last So the black mouse smoked up some white ass

Chorus:

3 blind mice see how they run, y'all (Repeat 3x) When they're lookin down the barrel of a shotgun

Verse 2: Pete Nice

White mousetrap'll keep you under in the ghetto
Livin and what you do, the drinkin 40s, shootin celo
Always on a mission, out to dominate the other
Got the go-for-self-vibe, always dickin down his brother
Now the mouse is out on his way to public school
Act a fool, classmates pack shanks and pack tools
It's not the old twist of Crabtree and Weezer
50 in a class with the underpaid teacher
Textbook straight out the 60s
Pebble off the rocks, pull a pocket full of 50s
If he got papes out his ass, yo, what do we need a book
for

Busted in a month, and you don't know what to look for Victim of the system, and you're fallin off real quick

Try to beat the system, and they have you suck the man dick

The mouse just tryina put the grub on his plate But in reality a blind man hates

Chorus x4

Verse 3: Benz

3 blind mice, they on the 20 steppin
The difference between the 3 is that the black mouse
got a weapon
Schemin on robbin, but ain't his own kind

Schemin on robbin, but ain't his own kind
Anybody with a lighter pigment catches the nine
He thinks he's a rebel, he's flipped all the levels
Cause he was taught to always see the white man as a
devil

That's how he was taught and brought up as a youth As far as the black mouse goes, this is the truth He pulled out a gun, the white mouse starts to run He said, "If you don't stop, then come to get done" The white mouse stopped, and it wasn't even funny The black mouse shot him after he took all the money

Verse 4: Kurious Jorge

Hey yo, mouse number 3 had on a hoodie and jeans The cracker called him 'spick', cause he eats the rice and beans

Never understoood for what all the discrepancy Never went to jail convincted of a felony It's kinda funny, his gear was rather bummy But he never stole a penny, even when he needed money

The high school suspension, forgot to mention In a black and white world, he don't get that much attention

Rumours, rats, the roaches, and the welfare 16 in the house, and they share the same underwear Stereotypes, but he likes the pure potent Wines, what you find soon enough, a dead rodent

Chorus x2

Visit <u>Harper Ben</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.