

Unlord

"3Rd Ward Court Date"

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Verse one: {tec-9}

It all started in the streets at the age of ten
I started hangin out late snatchin purses with my
friends
I went solo one day on st. charles you see
Lookin for a white lady that was peepin id
I see one in sight skin was white as a duck
She just don't fuckin know Im bout to show her boo-koo
love
Im bout to beat her up so I asked the hoe the time
She looked down and broke her crown she bent down
Stupid clown I jetted with her purse and I hear some
Gangsters whisper found slug and some coke
That was stashed by a bush bill twenty worth of coke
With a snug Im feelin hard Im eighty strong from the
third
I scored a fuckin quarter jetted quick down to fossil
So I slipped now Im caught

Chorus: {yella boy}

Until I used to rap rap rap
Rap shit everyday now the name of
My rap is third ward court date
I used to rap rap rap
Rap shit everyday now the name of
My rap is third ward court date

Verse two: {tec-9}

Three cops and Im caught I can't believe
They got me locked down up in this place
My first offense and I caught myself a murder case
Parish prison blues gave me no time to choose
I either get myself a knifer or be taken by yo lifer
Shit my woman still sendin me money
Thinkin Im a come back home
I like to think that way but evidence shown
Prints plus a murder weapon
Im up shit creek watchin for vanish on the proud

Got me losin sleep Im gettin lots of letters
But I don't give a fuck Im stuck like chuck and she
Wouldnt put the house up
Will I get probation?
Or will I get free? Im facin the court date
My destination is the three

Chorus: {yella boy}
{2x}

Verse three: {lil ya}

Layin in my cut thinkin of a deaf rhyme
Got to make it short because I don't have a lot of time
Im seein old gees from the past
Smart like a motherfucker I wonder how they last
Niggas had fades, and bushes and shit
Just like on the street the third was runnin it
You couldnt step close to the blue
Like jefferson said ya fat I thought you knew?
Here again with the juror food for days that's what
The motherfucker kept Im chillin in lower nine
With my mind on my money and my money on my mind
Ced on parole he's in the house with a boot in his
mouth
Boot up back and make him knock it out
Gangsters on the phone talkin to them hoes
Call sterol on the three and do a pere
Cuz Im a villain and Im chillin
Its six six three one

Verse four: {yella boy}

Up early in the mornin time to catch the
White bangor the roof so we can
Put the heat in my back
I caught the first charge
The coke charge a
Gun charge to sittin in the u stunn
What the fuck am I gonna do
Im chillin in my jail cell talkin to the attorney
He said did you pull the trigger if so your goin on
A long journey on the court session
Standin tall like a man
They got my feet, and arms shackled im
Holdin my right hand
I caught juvenile life plus a extra to exist
Like my nigga tec said (ahh shit Im in effect)
Peeweess fuckin playhouse don't want them havin fun
Cuz all our strafe a cation clucker a sucker that aint no
gun

My heat is smokin Im thinkin hard all you fake ass new
jack
Pussy better hold that noise they must see what I see
Yes, Im big Im bad Im buff motherfuck that p.t. shit
Cuz here I come to bust here come the guard friday
night
At night no more visitation he leave sit back aint shit
Im bout to take a lil vacation bog boy be chillin
And Im from that one two three
But you better be cool before he slang you with that
heat now
Im buckin in the hole nigga be real don't she'd no tears
Cuz early thursday mornin bitch Im goin to styleville

Verse five: {lil ya}

I call my nigga baby he's at the office
Doin paper work tryna get me out
But his lawyer actin like a murk
Feedin him the wrong arm damn right
We had to communicate to keep shit tight
I sit at the kite some nights
When I flight and write
To my niggas and bitches who was close and all right
May the ninth was my court date
No witness no gun so they threw away the case
I was free july the twelfth down for armed robbery
Imagine how a nigga felt and fuck that judge
Because that bitch came late
Tryna give me time on my third ward court date

Chorus: {yella boy}
{2x}

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