

O.G. Style

"10 B 3"

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Sittin in the county and I stake out
Lookin at the window thinkin should I break out
Honey Bun steps on the set
They call him Honey Bun but he's kinda hard, bet
And Vince is a madman
Crazy motherfucker with a gun in his right hand
The new house steps in for the new air
And Lala calls 'em to the square
He's a white boy so they wanna gank
I got a shank, motherfucker better think
10 B 3 is the location of the cell block
Where the deputies are happy when they clock out
The boss comes in and hollers, "Rec time"
I'm my own boss, I got my own mind
Little Robert is a kid that you shouldn't trust
Motherfucker tried him out bit the fuckin dust
The deputies ran to the cell block
The posse's in effect, so we bailed out
Made it to the elevator swiftly
Takin out the cameras was easy
Then jettied through the first door
Went to get some guns and we'd meet 'em on the sixth
floor
The plan was to escape from this hell hole
They couldn't stop us, cause 10 B 3 was too cold
Shots were fired and a lot of people died
Fuck a trustee, nigga's on the other side
I knew a homie who's a sergeant
But the brother wore a badge and a gun so I dodged
him
If we ever met face to face
I'd buck him down and I'd shoot him in his fuckin face
Cause this is a crew song
And if you ain't down with B 3 you gettin clicked on
Gary West was strapped with a gat
Shot a guard in his back as we ransacked
Headed for the first floor
The hard part, but we was ready for a real war

Yo man, that was the easy part, man
Gettin out that motherfuckin cell, man

But yo, we get out this elevator, man
We gotta start bustin ass
(Man, fuck them motherfuckers)

Here is the set and the action as it takes place
We on the first floor headed for the big chase
Over the loudspeaker they shouted red alert
The deputies were goin bezerk
Out of the elevators we crept out
Honey Bun and Vincent fired as we stepped out
A lady deputy spotted us and she yelled, "Stop"
I said yo, she turned her head and all you heard was
pop
By now they knew we wasn't fakin
Blood over the floor, bodies layin there shakin
One of the homies got popped
It was police, I figured he was an undercover cop
I guess he knew he wouldn't take that
That's why he's layin on the floor, .45 bullet in his back
Lala made it to the computer room
A guard followed him, so that's where he met his doom
As he erased all the records of the cell block
The captain caught him so he turned and he shot
By now HPD was notified
But little did they know the outcome would be a
homicide
Better yet a massacre, a disaster
10 B 3 comin atcha

Yo man, there is Boss in the van, man
And five-o right across the motherfuckin street
Man fuck that man
Yo man, let's just get to the hideout man, see where we
go from there
Aight bet

Back in the city in the streets we dwell
It is better to be free than in a fuckin cell
They couldn't take us when they tried to
So if you ever heard the B 3 soft you bein lied to
Wait a minute before we step light
Vince, make the block and make sure that the escape's
tight
There's nobody who can swallow us
Two blue suits lay in peace who tried to follow us
The posse's safe, we in our hideout
The mood is mellow, the noise has died out
Makin plans for the future to come
Money on our mind, Harold says, "Let's go get some"
Robert looks out the window
He yelled, "Jump out boys at the front door!"

It was time for the fun to end, or begin
Either way B 3 couldn't win
Kicked in the door and they yelled out, "Freeze!"
"Everybody on their motherfuckin knees!"
Honey Bun reached for the cop's gun
Now 10 B 3 is minus one
From out the backroom Harold shoots
Now a cop wears a red and a blue suit
Gun's empty and he flees from the scene
Shot from behind Harold dead at 17
Gary West and Vince broke out runnin
Out the backdoor, HPD gunnin
Layin in the backyard, blood and buckshots
Pushin up daisies cause they went the wrong route

Yo E, told 'em motherfuckers was comin the other way,
man
Shit man
(10 B 3 comin atcha)
But yo, we can't sweat that, gee
So why don't we just call Scarface and get our dope
Aight

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