3rd Ward Court Date

U.N.L.V.

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 I'm bout to show her boo-koo love
I'm 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
Gangster's whisper found slug and some coke
That was stashed by a bush bill twenty worth of coke
With a snug I'm feelin' hard I'm eighty strong from the third
I scored a fuckin' quarter jetted quick down to fossil
So I slipped now I'm caughtChorus: {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 dateVerse two: {tec-9}Three cops and I'm 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' I'm a come back home
I like to think that way but evidence shown
Prints plus a murder weapon
I'm up shit creek watchin' for vanish on the proud
Got me losin' sleep I'm gettin' lots of letters
But I don't give a fuck I'm stuck like chuck and she
Wouldn't put the house up
Will I get probation?
Or will I get free? I'm facin' the court date
My destination is the threeChorus: {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
I'm seein' old gee's 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 couldn't 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 I'm 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
Gangster's on the phone talkin' to them hoes
Call sterol on the three and do a pere
'cause I'm a villain and I'm chillin'
It's six six three oneVerse 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' stun'n
What the fuck am I gonna do
I'm 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 i'm
Holdin' my right hand
I caught juvenile life plus a extra to exist
Like my nigga tec said (ahh shit I'm in effect)
Peewee's fuckin' playhouse don't want them havin' fun
'cause all our strafe a cation clucker a sucker that ain't no gun
My heat is smokin' I'm thinkin' hard all you fake ass new jack
Pussy better hold that noise they must see what I see
Yes, I'm big I'm bad I'm buff motherfuck that p.t. shit
'cause here I come to bust here come the guard friday night
At night no more visitation he leave sit back ain't shit
I'm bout to take a lil' vacation bog boy be chillin'
And I'm from that one two three
But you better be cool before he slang you with that heat now
I'm buckin' in the hole nigga be real don't shed no tears
'cause early thursday mornin' bitch I'm goin' to stylevilleVerse five: {lil' ya}I call my nigga baby he's at the office
Doin' paper work try'na 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
Try'na give me time on my third ward court dateChorus: {yella boy}
{2x}

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