Three Strikes

Spice 1

One for possession, two for the cells
Three motherfuckin' strikes, twenty five with an L
What part of the game is this?
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Twenty five with an L, three strikes and you can't post bail
How many niggas is you gonna catch without a strap
And at least an ounce of yayo
I know some niggas that want to smoke me G
But I ain't just rollin' up and catchin' no slugs
So these niggas can have their glory
Gotta bust back fast, do the dirt ski-mask, are-15s' split that ass
Fuck the po-po, I'm the nigga with a gat that's quick to blast
I'm takin' a case, cause case is a nigga when I take my life
Spendin' money on straps - but an A.K. is pretty nice
Gotta watch my back, when it comes to my life it ain't no price
Sippin' on this yak, peepin' out some niggas shootin' dice
Niggas roll by, niggas pull straps
Niggas peel caps and niggas get slugs in they fuckin' back
I'd rather be takin' a strike, me get my ass struck
Niggas load back and put one in your fuckin' gut
Motherfuck Ken Gillson and that three strike shit
I'm rollin' with hollow tip hot ones and about three extra clips nigga

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5-0 fuckin' off my high, pullin' up under they glocks
Talkin' 'bout here's is his block, tellin' me I can't serve no notch

Yola, Coca-Cola, hustlin' for my fetty
Kickin' them candy for them fiends blockin' it up and then you're ready player
But keep your eyes peeled, don't swing at least of all
They give your ass a strike, have you lookin' at cell walls
Niggas who slangin' them birds better watch out for your third
The judge'll trick a nigga and throw a fuckin' curve
That's when your ass is through, it ain't shit that you can do
Leavin' your ass stuck, out in your fifty two
Sayin' it ain't no sunshine when you're stuck in a five by seven
Twenty five years with a nigga that you don't know
Better rap with some two-eleven shit
They got you sharp in the shanks put 'em in a hole and take
That niggas' crazy psychiatrists say his mind go blank
But youse just trippin' up off the nigga that you left dead
Thinkin' they wasn't wet them motherfuckin' slugs to the head
Damn - but see you in here now
Should have got up on them po-po's, should have got off some rounds
Huh, should have got up on them po-po's, it goes

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I wonder who thought it for the shit that they leave to crow
Livin' it up in the city it ain't no motherfuckin' joke
Yo niggas smokin', some niggas they start to hop and get to flashin'
Creepin' on niggas and shit, make a nigga have to get to blastin'
See Mr. Officer I'm just tryin' to survive
Gotta keep my strap on my side or like a tick for my life
When they come to get me, shoot up my body and leave me numb
With a boss nine millimeter at these niggas,
And let 'em know where a G is comin' from
So don't try to put me in your concentration camp
Cause on my third strike a nigga like me just gon' straight up vamp
Three strike these motherfuckin' nuts, I ain't givin' a fuck
And you ain't takin' me out alive so you better be quick to duck
Fuck the system it's made for lockin' us niggas down
In the year 2010, take it out, now look around
See how many niggas is up in Tracy, Pelican Bay

Chillin' in San Quentin, no rock,
Or chino where them killers and all the G's lay

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