

### 3 Strikes You In

Ice Cube

One mo' strike and I'm through, nigga  
Bottom of the ninth swingin', for my life  
I'm up at the plate, goin for the gate  
They got my moms seated in section eight  
Been on deck since my last felony  
I'm that 0 for 2 motherfucker  
With the Louisville Slugger  
Shay Whitie, that left hand punk  
Is on the mound and he comin' wit that off-speed junk  
Its the West side Hustlers, vs these LA Pigs  
You can say the damned vs the nigs  
My little homies in the dugout  
They lookin' sad, cause fourteen niggas done struck-out  
My first offense was possession of weed  
Now I'm in the major leagues and  
That motherfucker Bill Clinton-is a son of a bitch  
Had the nerve to throw out the first pitch  
I'm just tryin' to get rich like Trump  
The Home Run king is now in a slump, pass me a hunk  
How the fuck can I stay out the pen  
When its one-two-three strikes you in

One-two three strikes you in  
Now how the fuck a nigga supposed  
To stay out the pen, I'm on a blend  
Of Gin and Hen, everyday of my life  
With two strikes it ain't right

He's in the wind-up  
Here come the pitch  
I swing, aw shit (foul tip)  
They felt the chill cause if I get on first  
You know the deal, a niggas gots to steal  
Like to steal home and I betcha  
That I can run over, the LA Pig catcher  
Just because I'm black, wit a bat  
They wanna send a nigga back to the warning track  
Full of count they say I won't amount to shit  
But fool I can hit like Kenny Grit  
With a split in my mouth on tha cellular phone  
(It's going, going, gone!)  
And watch a pitcher get served  
You from the LA Pigs  
I know you coming with a curve  
Hey batter, batter is the chitter-chatter  
I'm the designated hitter, a nigga  
Much badder, than Babe Ruth  
Will I tell the truth and nothing but the truth  
Hell yea, I'd rather be shootin' hoops  
Cause a niggas guaranteed to win  
Against a bullshit loss and three strikes you in

Take me out to the ballgame  
Take me out to the crowd (wha what, wha what)  
Another nigga on trial  
Keep ya peanuts Jeezuh  
And fuck you Cracker Jack

I hope I never come back

I gots to root for my homeboys  
If they don't win its a shame  
Cause its one-two-three strikes you in  
Twenty-five years of pain you know my name

They wanna nigga to run and get hung  
High strung, so this pig can win the Cy-Young  
I'ma hit this motherfucker a mile  
In the batters box, high as Steve Hal  
You can't salary cap my gat  
No strike, cause gangsta-rap is on the map  
I'm like Satchel Paige wit a gauge  
Or Jackie Robinson, when I'm robbin' one  
Of you Cracker Jacks fool I'm a motherfuckin' vet  
And fuck yo seventh-inning stretch, so  
Take me out to the ballgame,  
And see my neighborhood name  
In your Ghetto Hall of Fame

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(3x)

Yea (It ain't right)  
Playin' people like a game (It ain't right)  
Human beings, puttin' em in a jar (It ain't right)  
For double life, triple life (It ain't right)

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You know my name (wha what, wha what)  
You know my name (wha what, wha what)  
You know my name (wha what, wha what)  
You know my name (wha what, wha what)

If I die tonight, you know who did it (you know)  
If I ride tonight, you know who did it (you know)  
If they sheck me up, you know who did it (don't guess)  
If they check my nuts, you know who did it (get 'em)  
If they break my bank, you know who did it (yea)  
If they pull my rank, you know who did it (get 'em)  
If they sock me up, you know who did it (yea)  
If they lock me up, you know who did it (get 'em)  
If they smear my name, you know who did it  
If they kill my game, you know who did it  
Remember me (you know who did it)

Wha what, wha what (you know who did it)