

Three 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 mothafucka
With the Louisville Slugger
Shay Whitie, that left hand punk
is on the mound and he comin wit dat off-speed junk
Its the Westside Hustlaz, vs these LA Pigs
You can say the damned vs the nigs
My little homies in the dugout
They lookin' sad, cuz fourteen niggas done struck-out
My first offense was possession of weed
Now I'm in the major leagues and
that mothafucka 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 cuz 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
fulla 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 tha LA Pigs
I know you coming with a curve
Ay 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
Cuz 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 dont win its a shame
Cuz 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 mothafucka a mile
In the batters box, high as Steve Hal
You can't salary cap my gat
No strike, cuz 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 mothafuckin 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

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

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You know my name (wha what, wha what) [x 4]

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)