

Hot Boy\$, 3 Strikes

[Lil Wayne]

I got popped in 94' them people caught me with some coke
But I pleaded as a user so the judge let me go
Now I'm back on the streets with six months of probation
Can't go out the state so I can't take no vacation
Got to watch my conversation cause them people a fool
Got to be in before 11 and I can't miss school
But I was talkin to that nigga sammy
Tryin to see how I'm a get these 20 bricks from miami
On a chip phone so I'm thinking they aint tracin mine
Two days later I'm in that place facing 99
But slim and baby bought a lawyer for a half a mil'
And he kept fightin and he got me out appeal
My niggas real
So I know I got to play it light
I gotta watch what I do cause I'm on my second strike
But if I ever fall agian I'm history
So I'm a keep everything low so they cant get to me
3 strikes nigga

[Chorus]

3 strikes you out, 3 strikes you lose
3 strikes you fall, 3 strikes you catch the blues
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[Turk]

Look

If they pop you nigga fo sho you goin ride
The judge aint playin they givin you 99
They dont giva f**k who you is they dont descriminate
Come up with a decision there it is closed case
Aint nothing you can do nigga you goin do that time
Take it like a man dont cry you done the crime
Seen a lot a niggas fall short like that
I done seen a lot a niggas run through cuts with a gat
I done seen a lot a niggas get they wig pushed back
I done seen a lot a niggas get busted for crack
Not me 'causein as long as I'm with CMB 'causein
Got my mind straight I'm no longer on that D 'causein
So tell me how I'm a do wrong I'm doing right
You feds can't f**k with me cause I'm doing right
So you can take all the bitches you want
You can play numba down you cant stop me

[Chorus]

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[B.G.]

I know any day it can happen go to jail or get killed
Thats why I try to walk light but on the streets its too real
I just had a lil girl so hard I try to chill
But I still find my self on the block chasin the mil

Ask the lord to guide me right keep my mind of bad
Got this monkey ride my back tellin me to a bad
Got a judge front a nigga tryin to send me away
Cause I got my second gun charge possession of a A-K
Now I'm due for sometime 15 with a bail
But I refuse to take that cause I'll never get well
But I promise if the lord hold me from under this
Aint got to worry about me coming back for shit
Never thought when I get older they would offer me 10
I was waiting for my uncle come home looking like I would meet him in the pin
I aint let em worry me real is what ive been
Now I'm on my third strike but I'm a hit the streets agian

[Chorus]

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[Juvenile]

What in the f**k you mean I got an attachment
They got crooks out here bitch harrass them
I used to pull it all I used to sell dope
I used to whip hoes I used to snort coke
I used to shoot at niggas I used to steal cars
I used to start wars up in that 3rd ward
I used to disrespect old people and talk crazy
Untill a nigga got his mind right and met baby
Im pushin neener neener
Light on my pinkey finger
Motherf**k a sapena
Cause I'm a rap singer
Dont want no charges
Even though I got a stash in my garages
You bitches looking at me as if I am retarded
But you can never twist me up with all that war shit
Whodi you heard me
You bitch now you want to make sure that I'm gone
Away from my kids reposes my cars and my home
thats what you want

[Chorus]

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