

King Tee, 3 Strikes Ya Out

{*whispered*}

Love me.. give me love..

Give me love food..

Give me love, so that I can.. kill..

Give me love, because I can.. kill..

He's not real.. (the devil) and she must die..

Die.. (he is the son of man, he is the son of God)

{*beat drowns out whispered vocals*}

[King Tee]

Three strike you're out they're makin niggaz behave

No more slaps on the wrist gettin 90 days

Welcome to the next level, it's the new world order

Snatch ya like a tractor, might kill ya for a quarter

I put that on my moms, that's on everything I love

Nigga what? Catch a L, make you cry like a dove

So sucka free is the only way for me

You don't get paid just for bein O.G.

We've been had, we've been tricked, we've been played

right when we, went left, for what? We shoulda stayed

Stressed all the homies just to show they mean business

Rushed 'em with the quickness, killed 'em with the sickness

Tried to save his life, give him CPR, huh

Somethin for the lungs, fat African drums

So clear up your sinus and keep your nose clean

Khakis so hot it makes the one-time stop

[Chorus]

Three strikes, you're out, then a nigga pays

We in the cage, black man is bein slayed

Three strikes, you're out, then a nigga pays

We in the cage, black man is bein slayed

[King Tee]

Get with the lyrical miracle whippin up

gingerbread cookies out you rookies, huh

I can't stands no more, grab the floor

Hit the deck when I let loose the tec (c'mon)

'Nique, freak any beat nigga

Westside 106 (?) Street, uhh

The loco's, chocolate like cocoa

Get your punk-ass balled up in the trash (AHH!)

You stepped on my stars, motherfucker say sorry

This wild style's like lion country safari

This is for my loc's back at the Ponderosa

Check my file, bring it to trial

Get with that new, ninety-fo' shit

Yes it's funky like a jackass, don't even trip

I got pages and pages of metaphoric phrases

Too complex for the human eye to catch

It's the, gangsta boogie, do you want a example

or do you just wanna taste a sample?

Out of control, gone, warped, zoned, toned

Hand me the heater, I need the speakers

Sparks, flames, no name but peep game

Smoke like a choo-choo train

It's the criminal minded nigga King Tee

with the Westside Riders, comin creepin crawlin like spiders

We've been bit by the dog, call the catcher stretcher

Judge Fletcher betcha, raise your blood pressure

The unsolved mystery, mixed up our history

Put us in the twist, we no longer exist, like

.. dinosaurs dissapeared, then it's like

.. mine and yours dissappear, so it's like

servin soon, here comes your doom
Right when the world go ka-boom, so am I
sane, or, sick in the brain?
Or do everybody style sound the same? (Yep)

[Chorus] - 2X

[Outro]

Yeahh... beat terrorist.. (?)
TR, the funk ignitor
My nigga King Tee with the funky West shit right?
Check this out..
Beat terrorist, beat terrorist, beat terrorist, beat terrorist, (?)