

# One Man Army, Three Strikes

Well They Locked Him Up Seventeen Years For A Crime  
It All Began When He Did What He Had To Get By  
All Alone All He Had Were His Friends And The Streets  
A Life Of Crime Became All He'd Ever Need

Well They Say Three Strikes And You're Out  
It's You They Care Nothing About  
When All You Got Is These Four Walls They Say  
Three Strikes And You're Out

A Kid Growing Up Stealing Cars Was A Way To Kill Time  
The Deeper He Sand Trouble He Was Sure To Find  
A Forty-Five In His Hand  
He's Ready To Settle The Score  
Shots Rang Out  
He'll Spend The Rest Of His Life Behind Bars

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