

# Unlv, 3rd Ward Court Date

Verse one: {tec-9}

It all started in the streets at the age of ten  
I started hangin' out late snatchin' purses with my friends  
I went solo one day on st. charles you see  
Lookin' for a white lady that was peepin' id  
I see one in sight skin was white as a duck  
She just don't f\*\*kin' know I'm bout to show her boo-koo love  
I'm bout to beat her up so I asked the hoe the time  
She looked down and broke her crown she bent down  
Stupid clown I jetted with her purse and I hear some  
Gangster's whisper found slug and some coke  
That was stashed by a bush bill twenty worth of coke  
With a snug I'm feelin' hard I'm eighty strong from the third  
I scored a f\*\*kin' quarter jetted quick down to fossil  
So I slipped now I'm caught

Chorus: {yella boy}

Until I used to rap rap rap  
Rap shit everyday now the name of  
My rap is third ward court date  
I used to rap rap rap  
Rap shit everyday now the name of  
My rap is third ward court date

Verse two: {tec-9}

Three cops and I'm caught I can't believe  
They got me locked down up in this place  
My first offense and I caught myself a murder case  
Parish prison blues gave me no time to choose  
I either get myself a knifer or be taken by yo lifer  
Shit my woman still sendin' me money  
Thinkin' I'm a come back home  
I like to think that way but evidence shown  
Prints plus a murder weapon  
I'm up shit creek watchin' for vanish on the proud  
Got me losin' sleep I'm gettin' lots of letters  
But I don't give a f\*\*k I'm stuck like chuck and she  
Wouldn't put the house up  
Will I get probation?  
Or will I get free? I'm facin' the court date  
My destination is the three

Chorus: {yella boy}  
{2x}

Verse three: {lil' ya}

Layin' in my cut thinkin' of a deaf rhyme  
Got to make it short because I don't have a lot of time  
I'm seein' old gee's from the past  
Smart like a motherf\*\*ker I wonder how they last  
Niggas had fades, and bushes and shit  
Just like on the street the third was runnin' it  
You couldn't step close to the blue  
Like jefferson said ya fat I thought you knew?  
Here again with the juror food for days that's what

The motherf\*\*ker kept I'm chillin' in lower nine  
With my mind on my money and my money on my mind  
Ced on parole he's in the house with a boot in his mouth

Boot up back and make him knock it out  
Gangster's on the phone talkin' to them hoes  
Call sterol on the three and do a pere  
'cause I'm a villain and I'm chillin'  
It's six six three one

Verse four: {yella boy}

Up early in the mornin' time to catch the  
White bangor the roof so we can  
Put the heat in my back  
I caught the first charge  
The coke charge a  
Gun charge to sittin' in the "u' stun'n  
What the f\*\*k am I gonna do  
I'm chillin' in my jail cell talkin' to the attorney  
He said did you pull the trigger if so your goin' on  
A long journey on the court session  
Standin' tall like a man  
They got my feet, and arms shackled i'm  
Holdin' my right hand  
I caught juvenile life plus a extra to exist  
Like my nigga tec said (ahh shit I'm in effect)  
Peewee's f\*\*kin' playhouse don't want them havin' fun  
'cause all our strafe a cation clucker a sucker that ain't no gun  
My heat is smokin' I'm thinkin' hard all you fake ass new jack  
Pussy better hold that noise they must see what I see  
Yes, I'm big I'm bad I'm buff motherf\*\*k that p.t. shit  
'cause here I come to bust here come the guard friday night  
At night no more visitation he leave sit back ain't shit  
I'm bout to take a lil' vacation bog boy be chillin'  
And I'm from that one two three  
But you better be cool before he slang you with that heat now  
I'm buckin' in the hole nigga be real don't shed no tears  
'cause early thursday mornin' bitch I'm goin' to styleville

Verse five: {lil' ya}

I call my nigga baby he's at the office  
Doin' paper work try'na get me out  
But his lawyer actin' like a murk  
Feedin' him the wrong arm damn right  
We had to communicate to keep shit tight  
I sit at the kite some nights  
When I flight and write  
To my niggas and bitches who was close and all right  
May the ninth was my court date  
No witness no gun so they threw away the case  
I was free july the twelfth down for armed robbery  
Imagine how a nigga felt and f\*\*k that judge  
Because that bitch came late  
Try'na give me time on my third ward court date

Chorus: {yella boy}  
{2x}