

# Spice 1, Three Strikes

(Chorus: Spice 1)

One for possession, two for the cells  
Three motherfuckin' strikes, twenty five with an L  
What part of the game is this?  
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(Spice 1)

Twenty five with an L, three strikes and you can't post bail  
How many niggas is you gonna catch without a strap  
and at least an ounce of yayo  
I know some niggas that wanna smoke me G  
But I ain't just rollin' up and catchin' no slugs  
so these niggas can have their glory  
Gotta bust back fast, do the dirt ski-mask, AR-15s' split that ass  
Fuck the po-po, I'm the nigga with a gat that's quick to blast  
I'm takin' a case, cause case is a nigga when I take my life  
Spendin' money on straps - but an A.K. is pretty nice  
Gotta watch my back, when it comes to my life it ain't no price  
Sippin' on this yak, peepin' out some niggas shootin' dice  
Niggas roll by, niggas pull straps  
Niggas peel caps and niggas get slugs in they fuckin' back  
I'd rather be takin' a strike, me get my ass struck  
Niggas load back and put one in your fuckin' gut  
Motherfuck Ken Gillson and that three strike shit  
I'm rollin' with hollow tip hot ones and about three extra clips nigga

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(Spice 1)

5-0 fuckin' off my high, pullin' up under they glocks  
Talkin' 'bout here's is his block, tellin' me I can't serve no notch  
Yola, Coca-Cola, hustlin' for my fetty  
kickin' them candy for them fiends blockin' it up and then you're ready player  
But keep your eyes peeled, don't swing at least of all  
they give your ass a strike, have you lookin' at cell walls  
Niggas who slangin' them birds better watch out for your third  
The judge'll trick a nigga and throw a fuckin' curve  
That's when your ass is through, it ain't shit that you can do  
Leavin' your ass stuck, out in your fifty two  
Sayin' it ain't no sunshine when you're stuck in a five by seven  
Twenty five years with a nigga that you don't know  
better rap with some two-eleven shit  
They got you sharp in the shanks put 'em in a hole and take  
That niggas' crazy psychiatrists say his mind go blank  
But youse just trippin' up off the nigga that you left dead  
Thinkin' they wasn't wet them motherfuckin' slugs to the head  
Damn - but see you in here now  
should have got up on them po-po's, should have got off some rounds  
Huh, should have got up on them po-po's, it goes

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(Spice 1)

What part of the game is this?  
I wonder who thought it for the shit that they leave to crow  
Livin' it up in the city it ain't no motherfuckin' joke  
Yo niggas smokin', some niggas they start to hop and get to flashin'  
Creepin' on niggas and shit, make a nigga have to get to blastin'  
See Mr. Officer I'm just tryin' to survive  
Gotta keep my strap on my side or like a tick for my life  
When they come to get me, shoot up my body and leave me numb  
with a boss nine millimeter at these niggas, and let 'em know where a G is comin' from  
So don't try to put me in your concentration camp  
Cause on my third strike a nigga like me just gon' straight up vamp  
Three strike these motherfuckin' nuts, I ain't givin' a fuck  
And you ain't takin' me out alive so you better be quick to duck  
Fuck the system it's made for lockin' us niggas down  
In the year 2010, take it out, now look around  
See how many niggas is up in Tracy, Pelican Bay  
chillin' in San Quentin, no rock, or chino where them killers and all the G's lay

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