

Santa Rita Weekend

The Coup

Gee

stepping up out of my cell

with santos and county blues handcuffs and shackles

gonna ride up on that grey goose,

coming out of a case

'cause i was strapped with my nines

they see these drawers that I'm wearing

muthafuckas ain't mine nigga

excuse me homie can i hit that mista

niggas blowing up in the while a toilet tissue

ain't this a bitch some niggas are scared to here

fool i'm with it

so phone check

nigga get the fuck off the line

before i stick your ass in here and have to do some more timeplayer

want to give me the strap 'cause i was strapped with a glock

i guess i got to sit my black ass right there and get shot see

fool

but fool it ain't no going out

see i keep scoring clout

and show these niggas what I'm all about

see niggas screaming from cell to cell

snitches don't tell a party in hell a santa rita county jail

everytime i turn around everytime i look

I'm considered to be a murderer a crook,

i lea shook the world I'm gonna shake my homies hand

three in the morning dressed in blue once again

my size ten rest upon the concrete floor

heads bob real slow to a freestyle flow

i don't know
this masterplan
can't understand why there's more black folks in jail than japanese in
japan
but err my eyes pink
sitting upon that bunk
thinking about them tickets
choking up on that funk chunk
withca a snicker from my commisary bank
sunday monday came fool I'm out this home change
but it makes me think the systems treating us like a merry go round
one day you're chilling at home
the next you headed down
sam peace to my hounds in the county in the pen
once again its a santa rita weekend
chorus
just sitting up on the top bunk
watching the cell block grow.
seven zeroh seven casemotherfucking number two eleven
stressing manifescence tore up from the floor
penelope gots me on the floor
accused of robbing a store
who you know nigga naybody?
besides which i refuse to answer any questions
without the advisory of my lawyer mr baker
perming? of this wall i make
let me go po po I'm innocent
mistaken right suppose all blacks look alike
thank you kindly sir
you need to practice your professional better
never run up on me again

bust a pattern be off into the wind
back up off me beyatch
just the other day my cronies shot me up high
we warn you baby boy
you becoming hella tight
clayback back a building up there by dreno, rita, quentin also gino
chorus
nah man i didn't want the chorus right here
i want to throw that right down there you know
that bassline
its like yeaoh, meao? weigh (wait) two scales
it don't mean shit when you're sitting in the county jail
is it my turn to tell the tale
of how i got popped and how my lawyer failed to get me out
on the slight spot cell block my homies give me love
some here for having gacks
some here for selling drugs
sometimes you do your shit
and ain't no second tries
look around there's hell of motherfuckas that i recognize
oh what's up man I'm back again
but its a temporary situation
taking weekend vacation
government incarceration
i call myself working on a pay hike
they calling me working on my third strike
sike i can't go forward
and motherfuckas can't ignore it
'cause all my peoples on parole
in the pen gotta warrant
so its some shit i done leaped in
damn another santa rita weekend

chorus

gee