

## 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 zero 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