

# Saturday Afternoon

## The Afternoons

Who wanna ride?!  
Who wanna ride?!  
Who wanna ride?! It's a Saturday afternoon on the Eastside  
Mashin' in the bucket, sippin' on formeldahyde  
Pockets lookin' sore so you know I gotta go  
Pull a 2-11 on the neighborhood sto'  
Mash on the gas, then I hit the pavement  
Jumped out the bucket, headed straight in  
Told the f\*\*kin' clerk, put the money on the table  
I'm a lunatic and my mind is unstable  
He stuttered like a bitch  
Tryin' to stop the hit  
Shakin' like a twig  
So you know I dumped the clip!  
16 shots left his body on the flo'  
Break the register, took the money, and I broke  
Out the f\*\*kin' back do' straight to the bucket  
Put the money in, start the ride, and I punch it  
Been from the hood, straight shots in the daylight  
A normal Saturday for Blaze on the Eastside Every Saturday afternoon!  
(Who wanna ride?!)  
I go robbin' these bitches and hoes!  
(Who wanna ride?!)  
Every Saturday afternoon!  
(Who wanna ride?!)  
I go robbin' these bitches and hoes! Headed on back the crib to count my dough  
Got 200 dollars and I'm lookin' for mo'  
'cause I'm greedy and I'm back on the streets  
Rollin' thru the hood, to another store I creep  
Now I'm on my feet 'cause the cops is on my tail  
They wanna see me go to jail with no bail  
But they can't 'cause I'm rockin' a hoodie  
A .45 cal. in my waist, so don't push me  
Same Saturday, still hittin' licks for cash  
Walked into Carlins, demanded all his stash  
The sucka talked shit, but filled the bag up  
Guess he thought his homie in the back was gonna tag him  
Blaze, and he came out from the back room  
Runnin' at a dead homie, Blaze, with a broom

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