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 EastsideEvery 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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