Santa Rita Weekend

The Coup

Stepping up out of my cell
With Santos and county blues handcuffs and shackles
Gonna ride up on that gray 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 mistaNiggas 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 lineBefore I stick your ass in here
And have to do some more time player
Want to give me the strap
'Cause I was strapped with a glockI 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 cloutAnd 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 jailEvery time I turn around, every time I look
I'm considered to be a murderer, a crook
Ali shook the world I'm gonna shake my homies hand
Three in the morning, dressed in blue once againMy size ten rest upon the concrete floor
Head's 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 JapanBut err my eyes pink, sitting upon that bunk
Thinking about them tickets, choking up on that funk chunk
Withca a snicker from my commissary bank
Sunday, Monday, came fool I'm out this home changeBut 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 it's a Santa Rita weekendJust sitting up on the top bunk
Watching the cell block row
Just sitting up on the top bunk
Watching the cell block rowSeven zero seven case, motherfucking number two eleven
Stressing manifestin' tore up from the floor
Penelope's gots me on the floor
Accused of robbing a storeWho you know nigga anybody?
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 innocentMistaken right suppose all blacks look alike
Thank you, kindly, Sir
You need to practice your professional better
Never run up on me againBust 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 GinoJust sitting up on the top bunk
Watching the cell block row
Just sitting up on the top bunk
Watching the cell block rowNah man, I didn't want the chorus right here
I wanna throw that right down there you know that baselineIt's like yeah, me 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 outOn 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 recognizeOh, what's up man I'm back again
But it's a temporary situation
Taking weekend vacation
Government incarcerationI 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 it's some shit I done leaped in
Damn another Santa Rita weekendJust sitting up on the top bunk
Watching the cell block row
Just sitting up on the top bunk
Watching the cell block row

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