

# 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 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 time player  
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 Every 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 again My 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 Japan But err my eyes pink, sitting upon that bunk  
Thinking about them tickets, choking up on that funk chunk  
With a snicker from my commissary 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 it's a Santa Rita weekend Just sitting up on the top bunk  
Watching the cell block row  
Just sitting up on the top bunk  
Watching the cell block row Seven 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 store Who 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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