

Saturday Afternoon

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

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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