

## **Blaze ya Dead Homie "Saturday Afternoon"**

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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 fuckin' 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 fuckin' 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'  
Cuz 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 cuz the cops is on my tail  
They wanna see me go to jail with no bail  
But they can't cuz 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

I put two slugs in they muthafuckin' chest  
Saturday afternoon, I laid them hoes to rest

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Walk out the Carlin's, headed 'cross Grashiot  
Cops rollin' by, my hoodie up, I'm mashin'  
Went to count my cash, got 5 C-notes  
Need 5 mo' for some weed to smoke  
So I know I gotta rob a suburb store  
In the suburbs they keep real cash in they drawer  
Not like the ghetto just nickel and dime shit  
Tired of walkin' so I car jacked a bitch  
At the stoplight, I jumped in, told her get out  
Call the cops, I know where you live, I'll put your lights  
out  
Now I'm mashin' down the block  
To the liquor spot  
Found a purse, went thru it in the parkin' lot  
Whaddya know, the bitch had \$600 dollars  
The sun's still out so you know I'm gonna follow  
Through with the plan, robbib' suckas for they cheddar  
On Saturday, still a G, down to the letter

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Every Saturday afternoon!  
(Who wanna ride?!)  
I go robbin' these bitches and hoes!

"4...3..3...2....2....2...1....1....."

Who wanna ride?!  
Who wanna ride?!  
Who wanna ride?!  
Who wanna ride?

Visit [Blaze ya Dead Homie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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