

The Coup

"Santa Rita Weekend"

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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
Withca 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 innocent

Mistaken right suppose all blacks look alike
Thank you, kindly, Sir
You need to practice your professional better
Never run up on me again

Bust 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 Gino

Just sitting up on the top bunk
Watching the cell block row
Just sitting up on the top bunk
Watching the cell block row

Nah man, I didn't want the chorus right here
I wanna throw that right down there you know that
baseline

It'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 out

On 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
recognize

Oh, what's up man I'm back again
But it's a temporary situation
Taking weekend vacation
Government incarceration

I 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 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

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