

Coup, The "Santa Rita Weekend"

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[Spice-1]

stepping up out of my cell
with santos and county blues handcuffs and shackles
gonna ride up on that grey goose,
coming out of a case
cos i was strapped with my nines
they see these drawers that im wearing
muthafuckas aint mine nigga
excuse me homie can i hit that mista
niggas blowing up in the while a toilet tissue
aint 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 timeplayer
want to give me the strap cos 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 aint no going out
see i keep scoring clout
and show these niggas what im all about
see niggas screaming from cell to cell
snitches dont tell a party in hell a santa rita county jail

[E-Roc]

everytime i turn around everytime i look
im considered to be a murderer a crook,
Ali shook the world im gonna shake my homies hand
three in the morning dressed in blue once again
my size ten rest upon the concrete floor
heads bob real slow to a freestyle flow
i dont know this masterplan cant 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 im 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 its a santa rita weekend

chorus: 2X

just sitting up on the top bunk
watching the cell block row.

[E-40]

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 naybody?
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 im 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

chorus

[Boots]

nah man i didnt want the chorus right here
i wanna throw that right down there you know
that bassline

its like yeaoh, meao? weigh (wait) two scales
it dont mean shit when you'r 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 aint no second tries
look around theres hell of motherfuckas that i
recognize
oh whats up man im back again
but its 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 cant go forward
and motherfuckas cant ignore it
cos all my peoples on parole
in the pen gotta warrant
so its some shit i done leaped in
damn another santa rita weekend

chorus

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