

South Central Cartel

"County Bluez"

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INTRO]

Damn.I must be dreamin

I can't be dreamin. I don't see no motherfuckin bitches I
can diss

Damn. All these motherfuckin brothers around me

I know that motherfucker I know him and I know that
punk

I'm in this motherfuckin county again

Feelin the bluez...

[VERSE 1]

Damn in the county again another felony

2 and a half could be the stretch so they tellin me shit

I ain't wid it but I deal wid the shit

Laid back take a hit on a hunk and spit

In a safe nigga damn I ain't wit this

Punk cops walkin by with a shit list

Going down for a bronko with a big old G

Stuck his ass with the 4 cause he's fuckin with P

Only time on my hand and its killin me

Gettin punked by the motherfuckin deputy

Keep your shoulder on the wall niggas don't look back

because I'm black they think a brother don't know how

to act

All the gangsters gangster don't be tricked

The nigga tryin to be yo friend but you might get
picked

Or get faded you'll be cool playa friend

Saggin you up to get up in you ass

Fucked up livin as a number

Shit I gotta make it so I pipe down

Cold chillin in the county where a punk gets clowned

[CHORUS]

Now I'm dressed in the county bluez

Cause in the county you know everybody

Now I'm dressed in the county bluez

Damn another felony thats what they tellin me

[VERSE 2]

In the county bluez I refused to be a sucker

And hold my breath for a punk motherfucker

Yo a damned gangster in the system of hell again

Where men beat men and men fuck men

Six in the mornin called on a roof top

Callin my number as I stand with my hands locked

To a fool who did a 187 yo life is a bitch

In the county its like death row

Punk ass deputies talk like they all that

I stock on the ground if I talk I get ratpacked

Yeah you gotta play their game or get fucked up

Put in the box like a dog you get locked up

Yeah they call us niggas they diss us and they talk shit

Put us in a cell with a nigga holdin a hard dick

Yeah I pulled a ???? and I puff on it

I got a letter from Shay with I love you on it

Damn another day of this I might a-walk

Fools gettin shanked and hunged in a shower hall

Havik I'm doin my time with the crazy fools

Yo I'm dressed in these county bluez

[CHORUS]

Man I'm tired of these motherfuckin deputies

Tellin me to put my hands in my pockets

and my shoulders on the wall

And my bitch ain't even brought me my wet ?photo? yet

Man I'm tired of these bluez

[VERSE 3]

Home again lover G in the premises

Kickin ass is my everyday business

You check me cause on the streets I'm cool

But your the county off known to bring to change a fool

On the streets I'm a G in the county I'm O.G.

E to the E from the S.C.C.

Shackled down because I'm out to fuck son

Punk motherfuckers with the 9 to try son

Stupid ass gangs on the nigga you hate the law

But we'll see who pushed off the shore

Look I'm 23 and my problem is this

I beat a bitch down and a bitch felt this

Know I'm in a cell where I flow shit

Makin niggas bent over for some pole shit

Niggas play me for crackin a young stupid ass cell
mate

Turned out tryin to perv a tray

In the county you dare if you do what you don't do

So one might try you or you might slide through

The system smooth but fuck with

But in the county I'm down for this bullshit

Yeah.....

[CHORUS]

Damn. You mean to tell me I'm still in this motherfuckin
county

This shit is crazy. I guess Imma learn and deal with this
fucked up ass shit

Life in the county jail.

My dumb hoe still ain't brought my wet ?photo? yet

Everytime I call home.

That fucked up ass hoe ain't at home

And where she is

The bitch want me to sell my collect car

But II guess you'll respect that shit

When you in the county

Feelin these fucked up ass bluez

Feelin the bluez

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