

South Central Cartel

"County Bluz"

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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 it's 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 that's 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 it's 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 I... I guess you'll respect that shit
When you in the county
Feelin these fucked up ass bluez
Feelin the bluez

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