

Hot Boys F/ Bullet Proof

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

Who wanna ride?!
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