BM's

Del the Funky Homosapien

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ahh
First day off probation, no wastin' time
Just like ancient times, and take a dime and roll it
Blaze it with no fear
After havin' to take piss tests for a whole year
Smokin' with a cold beer makes me kinda think
Why I don't like to drink heavily, 'cause what my P.O. was tellin' me
'You can't smoke, can't even eat poppy seeds
But you can buy liquor, and drink all you need'
It's callin' me, I used to drink Heineken's
Now it's 'bout 5 or 10, plus wine and gin
Hennessy, finishing the last drop
To the liquor store was a cash crop
Drive right past the grass spot
Doin' the dumbest shit I ever did in my life
Riskin' my life,
Resistin' arrest
It's in my flesh
Probably smell funny
And there go Del's money
Fast forward to 1998
I smash more herb than those old day's
But a whole J to the face?
Nah, I'm still feelin' gettin' drunk more than weed
But now we back in Amster-D, got some grams for me
Chocolate Thai, Purple Haze
And blocks of hash that make the J's last for days
Rollin' 'em so fat, circumference stuffed with major chronic
We can put a wager on it
When we first got out here in Europe beer was everywhere
Even at the gas station, I was downin' them at
A fast pace, when I thought 'This shit ain't helpin' nothin'

When I can get elevated straight puffin' nothin"
Chorus:
(Scratching) Straight puffin' nothin'...
(Scratching) Straight puffin' nothin'...
(Scratching) Straight puffin' nothin'...
The smokin' sessions was the best in the world
Plus the price was right, affordable, so more to use
So fat they deserve the Kodak
And no tax so I'm savin'
Not misbehavin'
That's a risk we takin', we ain't talkin' bout that
We in the outback, smokin' till my mouth's black, how's that?
I never fucked up a show being blowed
I sorta didn't get it crunk
When I was drunk
Slow that liquor down boy, hit this BM, Bob Marley
A tribute
'Cause it was probably as fat as the ones he rolled
When he strolled
Down the same cobble stone streets
With his own beats
Another generation, a different time zone
With his mind blown, thinkin' up divine poems
Blessed by the father and it gets him farther
With spiritualities, since it all affects the Karma
I used the herb for good purposes
Some people are sure to diss, but up in Amsterdam they nurcher it
And I can't forget about Crystania
This kid is brainia
Try to sell hard drugs there then they claimin' ya
Life, they only deal with real shit
All the bomb and hash you want to deal it
And all's well, they don't even sell it for much
And the cops don't really touch, 'cause it ain't slangin' dust
I'm writin' this, right now under the influence
With impudence towards those that say I shouldn't do this
Bob Marley'd out, at least 'til I'm back by the lake
But I might roll 1 or 2 for old times sake...
Chorus:
(Scratching)

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