

# 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)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>