Last Blunt

The Coup

"Do you know what's green?"
[Unverified]Last night I puffed on my last blunt, damn that was a stupid stunt
'Cause I done said this ten times befo'
That when my life has come to a crescendo, I would let that indo go
But I'm still kissin' it like I'm under the mistletoeSo here we go I'm workin' with the steady swagger
Speakin' with a stunt, steady stagger preachin' with a southern drawl
That sounds like Jimmy Swaggart coughed and played it offSaid I know I'm flippin' since the last one G my laces are tied
So you can't trip with me, I remember 1988 December
Someone said, "Puff on this before you go up in her"
So I did it and I guess it must have did the trick
She enjoyed it so I guess I must have rocked the clitFelt like a man and I loved her with an indo trip
Don't know why, 'cause I couldn't even feel my dick
Ego trip lasted and I'm always gettin' blasted but it's drastic
'Cause sometimes that shit can help you get your ass kickedCan't buy it with plastic so I'm off to drain the vein for days
I get complaints, 'cause the neighbors say my house stink
Call myself a saint, 'cause I won't touch a bowl of food
I gives a fuck, just don't interrupt my Looney Tunes this afternoon'Cause I can find a job anytime
Step off my behind I'm in a Doobie Brothers state of mind
Run-D.M.C., AT&T, yo they both 'Be Illin"
I smoked that blunt for last month's three hundred dollar billin'And I'm willing to admit that when provoked I smoke to cope
But if I didn't take a toke I'd be leadin' a street revolt
So I make a mental note and to my frustration
I decide I can't do shit about the situationPut the spliff to my lips, flick the Bic and it's on hit
Coulda been my last blunt but I can't quit
'Cause then I have to deal with, some motherfuckin' real shit
Squeezin' me tighter than you gotta squeeze a cow's tit
But on the flip tip I know I gotta get a grip
Even though in high school he used to be hipBut shit I'm hockin' spit like I thought it was worth somethin'
My throat can't take no more, no future in my frontin'
But it's rough when you grow up and the tough men roll joints
That's why I been on the bench for marijuana to this pointBut it don't faze me though I take it lackadaisical
It takes a while for ways to grow and get out of the old flow
But I'm an old bro, I done passed two decades
I'm wearin' shades so my eyes don't reveal the red hazeCaused by my yung, 'cause days like Frankie Beverly
Amazin' 'em back it's tried again, no roaches and no safety pins
Now I'm pennin' rhymes about gettin' on the wagon

And I get skittish when I think of how the British
Put the opium in Asia, fat one to that tacticGankin' black folks while they daze ya, if you're gettin' perved
You're gettin' served this economic, like the gin and tonic
Brothers get moronic from the chronic bionic, and it's ironic
'Cause we're not gettin' fucked up, we're just gettin' fucked
Shit out of luck and we're stuck with our mind in a muckSo don't duck the situation 'cause I used to smoke fat Taylors
'Til I figured out that the Ganjah was a jailor
Wait a, minute, while I get up in a funky situation
The Coup is coming through, and there's no hallucinationSo what the fuck they say that junk is good for meditation
If you smoke a sack, take some Ex-Lax it's mental constipation
There's no hesitation when I'm talkin bout political friction
Stoppin evictions government made afflictions and I have an addiction
That's a big contradiction so I must confront it
Cause ain't no revolution gonna come from a bluntPut the blunt down, ooh ooh
Put the blunt down, ooh oohMy partner's cousin's uncle got killed by a shooter
I'm depressed so there's a rumor Boots is gonna hit the Buddha
Mary Jane will be alone tonight the only type of hit in sight
Comes from Pam the Funkstress, give it to her[Unverified]

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