

# Offbeat Bare-Ass

311

Any different people can apply to drop the funk  
It's not a country club review board steady talkin' junk  
Many people would have it others go out and grab it  
Some trip over toots and say fuck it I'm sunk I put it in a limerick and kick the slick nick verbs  
I am the one who scores the herb  
When we're on the road P-Nut rolls it up  
Throw me a joint on stage what's up I will tell a cop that I know my fucking rights  
And we can match wits all night for real he said if I had nothing to hide  
Then of course I wouldn't mind if he looked through our ride man  
No uh, I'd really rather you didn't and no we don't have guns hidden We stood there for a while I continue to  
decline  
Firm, I didn't lose my mind  
I didn't let him break me he's just another human  
Not a bit of shame in what we were doin' that day He couldn't make us stay we had our shit together  
It don't matter whether we sport the dreadlocks or the shaved head  
Or if we have a sticker from the Dead  
I said a better verse rehearsed about the roughneck curse  
Last week I keep an even keel and bow in place  
And face the music every minute Never could see my homey comin' till he passed  
Funky gas by my way all the day I couldn't laugh  
Oh by now I'm chill with it bare-ass in my face  
I'm okay but Chad's like 'Uh-uh, no he isn't'  
So I proceed to hear him get loose with the Fartin' all over my face sometimes my tummy  
He fucked with my flow although I thought it funny  
I probably wouldn't care if I smoked more kind bud  
But that wouldn't do me shit 'cause then he'd fuck me more up  
Crazy ill and chillin' rude but I'ze a real cool dude  
He didn't believe the day would come when he would get his too But then one day right in front of his face I got  
him  
He looked over said, "God damn get me some water"  
The one time I hadn't wasted till I got mine  
Smeared his nose with my armpit funk slime  
So you get it the picture just how sick we were then  
But before I jet, "Hey yo Chad sniff my finger man"  
Oh that's right baby I can see a lot of people who feel like I do  
I can see a lot of people who feel like I don't  
I go on step lightly even when I'm heavy  
High jump the slumps open up for the Revy Horton Heat  
Sweet what am I displayin' forgot what I was saying

I know I must be laying a pipe you got a gripe  
With the way I get high graffix bong sing along with a cry of a  
Mandatory sentence for a crime with no victim  
When everybody knows jail terms should be picked in  
Order of the pain that they 'cause  
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the laws  
Until you violate the rights of another  
Respect the space of your sister and your brother  
The war on drugs may be well intentioned  
But it falls fucking flat when you stop and mention  
The overcrowded prisons where a rapists gets paroled  
To make room for a dude who has sold a pound of weed  
To me that's a crime here's to good people doin' time y'all  
Bare-ass yeah  
Bare-ass yeah  
Bare-ass yeah

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>