Me and Jesus The Pimp In A '79 Granada Last Night

The Coup

[Boots]
Well, he was smilin' like a vulture as he rolled up the horticulture
Ignited it, and said, "I hope the vapors don't insult ya"
What I replied denied, but he mixin weed and hop
His head was noddin' up and down like he agreed a lot
Bored, said, "We need a plot," I comply, "Let's leave the spot"
Hopped in the Granada, he's impressed by the beat I got
His name is "hay-zoos" but his pimp name is "gee-zus"
Slapped a hoe to pieces with his plastic prosthesis
"Nigga don't you know that I'm your daddy?" said he
This is true, plus he schooled me for my mackin' degree
"Never plea, try not to flee, make niggaz pee when you stick around"
This man my momma had found taught me to put it down
I press the gas to the ground to show that I'm a hound
Makin' sho' that get rubber sound is heard throughout the town
Thirty years ago, Jesus could pull a hoe quick
But now he 50 and his belly hangs lower than his dick
Philosophy that he spit stuck in my memory chips
And now he puttin' in a disk of Gladys Knight and the Pips
Then that shit starts to skip, he said, "Somebody musta scratch it"
Put the 40 to his lips and poured the contents down the hatchet
Well since my adolescense, cause of his pimp lessons
smack my woman in the dental just for askin' silly questions
Relationship reduction to either rock the box or suction
Ain't got no close potnahs, socially I cain't function
From the pen he would scribe, on how to survive:
"Don't be Microsoft, be Macintosh with a Hard Drive"
Used to tell me all the time to keep a bitch broke
Did I mention that my momma was his number one hoe?
Clunked the 40 on the flo' and placed his palm on the dash
and wheezed out, "C'mon man, make this motherfucker mash!"
Ain't gon' mash too fast, cause my tags ain't right
Me and Jesus the Pimp in a '79 Granada last nightChorus: *sung* (2X)Oakland do you wanna ride?
I can't hear you! Oakland do you wanna ride tonight?[Boots]
City lights from far way can makeyou drop yo' jaw
Sparklin' like sequins on a transvestite at Mardi Gras
There's beauty in the cracks of the cement
When I was five I hopped over them wherever we went to prevent
whatever it was that could break my momma's back

Little did I know that it would roll up in a Cadillac
And matta-fact, she couldn't see him like a cataract
And on the track, she went from beautiful to battleaxe
And back at home, she would cry into her pillow
Vomit in the commode, I was six years old
I would crawl onto her lap and we would hug and hold
She asked me what I thought of Jesus when he broke off some bread
I said, "He missin' a arm, and he seem like a pee-pee head"
She said, "Don't cuss," and my teeth to go brush
And get ready for bed, and the toilet to flush
With tears in my momma's eyes, I was her everything
Before she went out on the stroll
She'd tuck me into bed and sing:You're much too beautiful for words (4X)I see the red and white lights as the ambulance flies
Reminds me of midnight in a dopefiend's eyes
And my 9-year-old self as paramedics leave
Left to ball my eyes out on a neighbor's sleeve
To make illustrations that are clear and clean
I'll take you two hours back before this scene:
Early in the morning when the sun starts to creep
When the birds start to chirp and crackheads go to sleep
Moms was comin' in I heard her keys go clink
Wearin' nothin' but pumps, bikini, and fake mink
Even though she served, for fifty dollars-a-pop
Hardly had enough for rent after Jesus re-copped
That day the landlady got her rent befo' he got his knot
Slammed momma's head against the front bolt lock
Then the pump wit one arm done harm
Reached back and plowed into her head like a farm
Never saw the act, locked in the back, I was cussin'
Heard the blap blap of tewnty headcrack percussion
and body blows, her body froze from bolo's to the spine
I was hysterically cryin', all she could do was whine
She didn't even have the strength to say, "I love you Boo"
But I said it to her and she knew that I knew
She was dead by the time the ambulance got on the case
But I never will forget the plastic hand stuck in her face
Stop at the intersection to ask Jesus 'bout directions
"S go to Frisco.." (I got very friendly vocal inflections)
Mob a left at MacArthur to continue in flight
Me and Jesus the Pimp in a '79 Granada last nightChorus[Boots]
The rain dropped giant pearls, God was pissin' on the world
or that old man who was snorin' rolled on over and earled
My temperatyre gayge read "cold and blistery"
Spinnin' wheels made each piece of asphault history

This was Jesus debut out the penitentiary
Fifteen years, but it seem like a century
See, he went in the pen for some other murder drama
Twelve years old when I wrote him quote I wanna be a pimp comma
You accidentally killed my mom, no playa hation points
You know how bitches act, shit exclamation points
First it was a set up move, then it was the truth
His letters were the only thing I had as a youth
But his lopsided game, see, was really counterfeit
So my little son Dominic thinks that I'm a dick
Cause I was runnin' 'round like a little baby Jesus
To me women had to be saints, hoes, or skeezers
And I don't think that it's gon' end til we make revolution
But who gon' make the shit if we worship prostitution?
Ain't no women finna die for the same ol' conclusion
Put they life on the line so some other pimp could use 'em
Pulled into a vacant lot, the road to recovery
Pulled out my pistol as we brushed against the shrubbery
Jesus said, "Why the hell you pointin' a gat?"
So I pulled a piece of game I could use out the hat
I said, "This trip is over, we ain't finna ride on
This is for my mental and my momma that I cried on
Microsoft motherfuckers let bygones be bygones
but since I'm Macintosh, I'ma double click your icons"
He struggled for life, then gave up the fight
Me and Jesus the Pimp in a '79 Granada last nightChorus

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