

Last Blunt

The Coup

sounds of smoking, coughing, and choking

"Do you know what's green?"*DJ Pam cuts and scratches Cypress Hill "puffin on a blunt"* (Boots)

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 mistletoe
So here we go I'm Mork'in with the steady swagger
speakin with a stunt, steady stagger preachin with a Southern drawl
that sounds like Jimmy Swaggart coughed and played it off
Said 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 clit
Felt 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 kicked
Can'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 situation
Put 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 hip
coughing But 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 point
But it don't faze me though I take it lacadaisical

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 haze
caused 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 tactic
Gankin 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 muck
So 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 hallucination
So 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 blunt
*singers sing "Put the blunt down, oooh-oo!" 2X*My partner's cousin's uncle got killed by a
shooter
I'm depressed so there's a rumor Boots is gonna hit the buddah
Mary Jane will be alone tonight the only type of hit in sight
comes from Pam the Funkstress, give it to her*DJ Pam cuts and scratches "blunt"*

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>