

# 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 perverd  
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"\*