

# Me And Jesus The Pimp In A '79 Granada Last Night

The Coup

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 adolescence, 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 night

Oakland do you want to ride?  
I can't hear you! Oakland do you want to ride tonight?

Oakland do you want to ride?  
I can't hear you! Oakland do you want to ride tonight?

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 night

Oakland do you want to ride?  
I can't hear you! Oakland do you want to ride tonight?

Oakland do you want to ride?  
I can't hear you! Oakland do you want to ride tonight?

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 asphalt 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 want to 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 night

Oakland do you want to ride?  
I can't hear you! Oakland do you want to ride tonight?

Oakland do you want to ride?  
I can't hear you! Oakland do you want to ride tonight?

And I still remember momma  
You're much too beautiful for words  
You're much too beautiful for words  
You're much too beautiful for words  
You're much too beautiful for words