

Total F/ Missy Elliott, Mocha

"Blunted On Reality"

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(Intro)
(*inhales, then coughs*)
Ay, nigga pass me the blunt
(Go get the fuck outta here, oh shit)
(*inhales and coughing continues*)
Ay, pass this over here man, so we can just cipher
youknowl'msayin'?
(Cip, yo, this is for dolo son (*inhales*))
Yo, man, c'mon pass the blunt man (Yo champ, champ,
champ)
Yo, pass the blunt man (hold it man)
Whassup man? (Yo, hold it up, aight, take the fuckin'
blunt)
Yeah, whassup? (Damn) (*inhales continue*)
I ain't even get charged yet
(C'mon man, let's cip man about the good ol' days man
youknowl'msayin'? (yeah)
See man, white man tryin' to keep this away from us
man youknowl'msayin'? (Uh-hmm)
Cause they know when you grab this man
you just be ciphin' knowledge man, knowledge as we
buildin' up man
That's why they want no brothers to be out here man,
youknowl'msayin'?
That's why they try to make it illegal man (...you far, you
far from reality...)
Yo, check this out man, this is, a natural herb man
youknowl'msayin'?
It makes your body just and your mind just go to
another...
(Yo, but hold - money you is talkin' too, much)
Yo, yo, yo man, yo we just ciphin' man (...talkin' that,
pass the motherfuckin' blunt)
I know you Latin shit, burn the fuck out (I hate when
motherfuckers do that shit)...

(Wyclef Jean)
Y'all know there's a lot of emcees but just give my
CHANCE ON THE MIC!!
Open the, open the, open the, open the, open the, open
the

AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Open the safe with no key, it's easier than battlin' me

Cause uh-uh, I'll make you walk like a doggy

Some say on and on, but they mean ON-ON!!

I got tired of that new style - BREAKDOWN!!

I have to take it back to the break of dawn

When Melle Mel was Melle Mel and Al Capone was Al

Capone

Bootleg is sellin' now it's rap that's sellin' in the village

But I'm just privileged to makin' my home from my

spirit

So when you hear me it's the man with the deeper
thoughts

At night I can't sleep my brain keep movin' like a body
on a horse

I don't stand, don't stand, don't wife me I construct on
bricks

Some thoughts it wasn't until he said: "He sunk my
battleship"

So hip-hip, load the clip, hip, I miss - DAMN!!

I pay my taxes so I won't mess with Sam

Ya hear the rhyme you stand still, some ask for refill

We move your thoughts so I can see if you for fake or
real

Cause Buffalo Bill bit battle inside from my rap meal

And left me on a hill-hill, so when I battle no will

So mama should I kill a man like Cypress Hill, chill

I got no lawyer so I pleadin' my own appeal

How does it feel - when a monkey is your ill

in a J-A-I-L? I have no time to make bail

Saw someone to be macho like fritches that got the lyro

So they had it at bein' a heroes, where did their bodies
go, only God knows

You got caught, between the fire and the hoses

You wanna battle? Bring your Moses

Forget what fun-what time Moses

and someone goin' down and it ain't Gastor Douglass

Cause the roughest with the guy, becomes a pussy

So all the bad boy talk, come on cause I'm the nice
dog, yeah hawk

Throw many fights in fought courts boss

Never lost, so toss a nickel and change your course

Say mama say mama say mama say what?

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean and Lauryn Hill)

Some thought we were blunted when we wrote this

Cause we were far, from reality

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(Lauryn Hill)

Aiyyo, huh-huh, ho with the badder that run the
(TENT!!)
Who walks really for lack of listenin' to the drum-set
You silly nimble bad as to my car don't put the bass
oh on the table test the super lantra
You got caught all that toe with twenty-thousand legs
I'm laughin' arrogantly as your nostril bleeds
hehehehehe...
Relax and max and drink a Gin on the Tech
Well their gatin' for another pirate to lose his neck,
check
I got a call from Captain Hook in so quick
We used to be partners 'fore the clip stole my rapper
I had to be right cause you fight like it was a bitch
I had to change the rhythmic pattern and make sure it
fit
So now when I go and see with she
I thought the pirates through a telescope
and bomb 'em like it's make-believe
Blow me my sword I out for my protection
Cause I might ship on landin' side and start an
insurrection
A pirate had disguised himself as one of my crew
But I saw true and had to shake a him before he got
through
Hey, hey guy the loot the booty, I formed like a ram
I gave an ultimatum and told him he could do time
But he argued and fought me, he tried to bust right
And so I took it upon myself to make the brother walk
the plank

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean & Lauryn Hill)
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(Pras)
Fo'-to-the-fo'-to-the-fi-fe-come
I smell the blood of an Englishman run son
Ya see the man cannot understand
The hammer and the barrel hum
So when I get them someone will know where the hell
I'm from
Cause I'm sprayin' emcees with my mack ten machine
gun
The hand that rocks will be the hand of the gun bum
Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum is the drop of my snare drum
Freak-k-k-k-kin' is the beat of my tum-tum
Makin' emcees walk like a doggy, hah-hah, I'll make
them walk like a doggy

It's like the blunt to the phillie, the ganja to the sessy
You can't write a rhyme without the roots men-mentality
Cause ain't no milli-vanilli but the kiddy with the skilly
to rhyme so dope I made up my own vocabulab-skilly
Missed it from a bomber-tacky lackin' all the bum
that get her to a to and fro, I guess they made me boy
So can I get the cheers, not the chant from cheers
But the chant from my peers that I know are really
down with me (CHEERS!!)
Now that I mean those that been since the beginnin'
(cause some of y'all cut out when it started rainin')
Now check me at the movies I'm rollin' like Black Man
I didn't need Batman, he teamed up with the favourite -
EH!!
Tell all your friend-friend, watch all your friend-friend
Cause some say are your friend before wanna dem
bring you poison
So I roll by myself and that I carry my (BIT!!)
You wished you stayed around, you know my clip got
the (LIP!!)
So empty your hooray, your hooray to your hip
And if your hip's a book you know you got to get off
bricks man

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean & Lauryn Hill)
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