

Coup

"Me & Jesus The Pimp In A '79 Granada Last..."

Visit "[Me & Jesus The Pimp In A '79 Granada Last...](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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, lets 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 Im 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 Im 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
Aint got no close potnahs, socially I caint 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, cmon man, make this motherfucker
mash!

Aint gon mash too fast, cause my tags aint right
Me and jesus the pimp in a 79 granada last night

Chorus: *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 mommas back
Little did I know that it would roll up in a cadillac
And matta-fact, she couldnt 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 mommas eyes, I was her everything
Before she went out on the stroll
Shed tuck me into bed and sing:

Youre much too beautiful for words (4x)

I see the red and white lights as the ambulance flies
Reminds me of midnight in a dopefiends eyes
And my 9-year-old self as paramedics leave
Left to ball my eyes out on a neighbors sleeve
To make illustrations that are clear and clean
Ill 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 mommas 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 bolos 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 jesu bout directions
S go to frisco.. (I got very friendly vocal inflections)
Mob a left at macarthur to continue in flight
Me and jesu the pimp in a 79 granada last night

Chorus

[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 asphalt history
This was jesu 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 Im a dick
Cause I was runnin round like a little baby jesu
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?
Aint 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
shrubby
Jesu 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 aint finna ride on
This is for my mental and my momma that I cried on
Microsoft motherfuckers let bygones be bygones

But since Im macintosh, ima double click your icons
He struggled for life, then gave up the fight
Me and jesus the pimp in a 79 granada last night

Chorus

Visit [Coup](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.