

## **Del Tha Funkee Homosapien**

### **"BM's"**

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Ahh

First day off probation, no wastin' time  
Just like ancient times, and take a dime and roll it  
Blaze it with no fear  
After havin' to take piss tests for a whole year  
Smokin' with a cold beer makes me kinda think  
Why I don't like to drink heavily, 'cause what my P.O.  
was tellin' me  
'You can't smoke, can't even eat poppy seeds  
But you can buy liquor, and drink all you need'  
It's callin' me, I used to drink Heineken's  
Now it's 'bout 5 or 10, plus wine and gin  
Hennessy, finishing the last drop  
To the liquor store was a cash crop  
Drive right past the grass spot  
Doin' the dumbest shit I ever did in my life  
Riskin' my life,  
Resistin' arrest  
It's in my flesh  
Probably smell funny  
And there go Del's money  
Fast forward to 1998  
I smash more herb than those old day's  
But a whole J to the face?  
Nah, I'm still feelin' gettin' drunk more than weed  
But now we back in Amster-D, got some grams for me  
Chocolate Thai, Purple Haze  
And blocks of hash that make the J's last for days  
Rollin' 'em so fat, circumference stuffed with major  
chronic  
We can put a wager on it  
When we first got out here in Europe beer was  
everywhere  
Even at the gas station, I was downin' them at  
A fast pace, when I thought 'This shit ain't helpin'  
nothin'  
When I can get elevated straight puffin' nothin''  
Chorus:  
(Scratching) Straight puffin' nothin'...  
(Scratching) Straight puffin' nothin'...  
(Scratching) Straight puffin' nothin'...

The smokin' sessions was the best in the world  
Plus the price was right, affordable, so more to use  
So fat they deserve the Kodak  
And no tax so I'm savin'  
Not misbehavin'  
That's a risk we takin', we ain't talkin' bout that  
We in the outback, smokin' till my mouth's black, how's  
that?  
I never fucked up a show being blowed  
I sorta didn't get it crunk  
When I was drunk  
Slow that liquor down boy, hit this BM, Bob Marley  
A tribute  
'Cause it was probably as fat as the ones he rolled  
When he strolled  
Down the same cobble stone streets  
With his own beats  
Another generation, a different time zone  
With his mind blown, thinkin' up divine poems  
Blessed by the father and it gets him farther  
With spiritualities, since it all affects the Karma  
I used the herb for good purposes  
Some people are sure to diss, but up in Amsterdam  
they nurcher it  
And I can't forget about Crystania  
This kid is brainia  
Try to sell hard drugs there then they claimin' ya  
Life, they only deal with real shit  
All the bomb and hash you want to deal it  
And all's well, they don't even sell it for much  
And the cops don't really touch, 'cause it ain't slangin'  
dust  
I'm writin' this, right now under the influence  
With impudence towards those that say I shouldn't do  
this  
Bob Marley'd out, at least 'til I'm back by the lake  
But I might roll 1 or 2 for old times sake...  
Chorus:  
(Scratching)

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