Bonham Tracy "Stunts, Blunts, & Hip-Hop"

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Stunts are a man's best friend Ask any man, he'll say with a grin Young or old or boys are men Forty ounce or a glass of gin Sitting in a club carrying a pen Fronting with a girl every now and then Scheming on a way to hit the skins Stunts are a man's best friend In the subway or riding in a Benz Whether four eyes or contact lens Sipping Moet or Heinekin Some like dark, some like light skinned Some have one, and some have ten Some still are and some have been I'll play the rooster, you play the hen Stunts are a man's best friend

Gotta put the herb in the blunt You can use bamboo, if that's what you want Only 50 cents, don't try to front Hawaiian buds, yeah that's what I want Doctors say your growth will stunt If you smoke, but some say it's junk Whether you're a trooper or some young punk You gotta put the herb in the blunt With the homeboy or chillin' with a stunt Puffing on buddha, cess, or skunk Gives a kick like a football punt So much money has been spunt Much much more than Donald Trump's I hope my boom spot doesn't get bumped As I listen to Thelonious Monk I gotta put the herb in the blunt

The hip-hop legacy will always last To know your future is to know your past Thanks Kool Herc, Grandmaster Flash Afrika Bam, whose jams were a blast Colc Crush Four, nobody could pass Grand Wizard Theodore, whose hands were fast Fantastic 5, who left with the cash Busy Bee, who crushed up the hash The Treacherous Three, no one surpassed Jeckyll and Hyde, whose life was fast The Fearless Four, they made a splash Force MC's, made the party last The Jazzy 5, yeah they had a smash The Funky 4, at a neighborhood bash Yo back then it wasn't done for the cash I hope the legacy continues to last, yo I'm out

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