

Cowboy Junkies

"Pass the Bone"

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* - this song replaces "Come Do Me" on the Cold Chillin re-release

No stems no seeds that you don't need
Acupulco Gold is *inhales* *deep voice* BAD ASS
WEED

Intro: Genius, Rakeem

Yo this is the Gka-gka-Genius
and I got the brotha Prince Rakeem on the side
You know we got the sess bones in the house
And yo God I'ma pass you the bone

Pass the bone kid, pass the bone
Pass the bone kid, pass the bone
Pass the bone kid, pass the bone
Pass the bone, so I can rule the micraphone

Verse One: Prince Rakeem

Rakeem is feelin lovely, word a pocket full of dough
A little drunk, reaction's mad slow
Thinkin, should I go to the club scene
And do what? And bag a rub-a-dub queen
Another thing, beyond the cream, I wanted to get
ripped
Put my lips on a blunt tip
It's been two weeks, since I last sparked it
Went down to the club floors
Five dollar fee, plus ID
But a brother like me, gassed his way in for free
Word, took a bar seat
Got a tall glass, of sex on the beach
Turned to my left, saw this girl she was slammin sir
Oooh, what ya do kid? I examined her
Pushed up, I tried to bag her, for her name
What happened? I didn't have the game
Overwhelmed, by a scent in the air
Could it be? Yes, yeah, a potent bag of sess there
It was Raekwon and Loud Jerome

They had a bone, you mean a blunt? A palmetto
I said pass the bone, pass the bone
Pass the bone kid, pass the bone
They passed it, took one pull I was blasted
Felt kind of stimulated, fan-tastic
We approached the weak cypher
Did you surprise her? I tranquilized her
Bagged her, for her name and address
Slid to her rest, achieved mad success
But did you bone her? Did I bone her?
Did I bone her; you shoulda heard her moan

Pass the bone, pass the bone
Pass the bone kid, pass the bone
Pass the bone kid, pass the bone
Yo Genius, flip the micraphone

Verse Two: Genius

Yo, pass the bone, kid pass the bone
Pass the bone, kid pass the bone
Pass the bone, kid pass the bone
Pass the bone so I control the micraphone

Yo check it
Outside a nightclub what? We shine some young
bloods
Drinkin forties right down to the suds
Ready to flow inside and rip the mic phone
Hmm, and all I needed was a sess bone
And guess who come down the block stumbling drunk
Ason, with two bags of skunk
Pull out the blunt put the weed inside
Roll it up tight, then the flame was applied
Inhale, but not pertaining to cough
Exhale, you know like two pulls and off
Stimulated kind of toxie
Seen a girl who was foxy, yo but she needed
OxyWash, oh my gosh, yo not to disrespect
But back to the subject
The brothers rolled up on the scene that I had known
Smelled the skunk and said "Yo pass the bone!"
I said, "Lounge G" there's not enough to pass around
So go get a bag from Uptown
I gave a pound to the brothers who was sweatin
What about the Wisdoms? Yo they was stressin me
"Hey Genius, Genius, when ya Come Do Me
Step to me, you know screw me"
Just another red bone, that I had bagged in the red
zone
And took home to get my head flown

Forget about the weak cypher, so I slid to the back
Leavin tracks of smoke stacks
that originated from the sess crops
Give me the mic and watch me get props

Pass the bone, yo, kid pass the bone
Pass the bone, kid pass the bone (6X)
Pass the bone, so I control the microphone

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