

## Coup, The "Last Blunt"

Visit "[Last Blunt](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\*sounds of smoking, coughing, and choking\*  
"Do you know what's green?"

\*DJ Pam cuts and scratches Cypress Hill "puffin on a blunt"\*

[Boots]

Last night I puffed on my last blunt, damn that was a  
stupid stunt  
cause I done said this ten times befo'  
that when my life has come to a crescendo, I would let  
that indo go  
but I'm still kissin it like I'm under the mistletoe  
So here we go I'm Mork'in with the steady swagger  
speakin with a stunt, steady stagger preachin with a  
Southern drawl  
that sounds like Jimmy Swaggart coughed and played  
it off  
Said I know I'm flippin since the last one G my laces are  
tied  
so you can't trip with me, I remember 1988 December  
Someone said, "Puff on this before you go up in her"  
So I did it and I guess it must have did the trick  
She enjoyed it so I guess I must have rocked the clit  
Felt like a man and I loved her with an indo trip  
Don't know why, cause I couldn't even feel my dick  
Ego trip lasted and I'm always gettin blasted but it's  
drastic  
cause sometimes that shit can help you get your ass  
kicked  
Can't buy it with plastic so I'm off to drain the vein for  
days  
I get complaints, cause the neighbors say my house  
stink  
Call myself a saint, cause I won't touch a bowl of food  
I gives a fuck, just don't interrupt my Looney Tunes  
this afternoon cause I can find a job anytime  
Step off my behind I'm in a Doobie Brothers state of  
mind  
Run-D.M.C., AT&T, yo they both Be Illin'  
I smoked that blunt for last month's three hundred

dollar billin

And I'm willing to admit that when provoked I smoke to  
cope

but if I didn't take a toke I'd be leadin a street revolt

So I make a mental note, and to my frustration

I decide I can't do shit about the situation

Put the spliff to my lips, flick the Bic and it's on hit

Coulda been my last blunt... but I can't quit

cause then I have to deal with, some motherfuckin real  
shit

Squeezin me tighter than you gotta squeeze a cow's tit

But on the flip tip I know I gotta get a grip

even though in high school he used to be hip

\*coughing\*

But shit I'm hockin spit like I thought it was worth  
somethin

My throat can't take no more, no future in my frontin

But it's rough when you grow up and the tough men roll  
joints

That's why I been on the bench for marijuana to this  
point

But it don't faze me though I take it lacadaisical

It takes a while for ways to grow and get out of the old  
flow

But I'm an old bro, I done passed two decades

I'm wearin shades so my eyes don't reveal the red  
haze

caused by my yung, cause days like Frankie Beverly  
Amazin em back it's tried again, no roaches and no  
safety pins

Now I'm pennin rhymes about gettin on the wagon  
and I get skittish when I think of how the British

put the opium in Asia, fat one to that tactic

Gankin black folks while they daze ya, if you're gettin  
perved

you're gettin served this economic, like the gin and  
tonic

Brothers get moronic from the chronic bionic, and it's  
ironic

cause we're not gettin fucked up, we're just gettin  
FUCKED

Shit out of luck and we're stuck with our mind in a muck

So don't duck the situation cause I used to smoke fat  
Taylors

til I figured out that the ganjah was a jailor

Wait a, minute, while I get up in a funky situation

The Coup is coming through, and there's no  
hallucination

So what the fuck they say that junk is good for

meditation

If you smoke a sack, take some Ex-Lax it's mental  
constipation

there's no hesitation when I'm talkin bout political  
friction

Stoppin evictions

Government made afflictions and I have an addiction  
that's a big contradiction so I must confront it  
Cause ain't no revolution gonna come from a blunt

\*singers sing "Put the blunt down, oooh-oo!" 2X\*

My partner's cousin's uncle got killed by a shooter  
I'm depressed so there's a rumor Boots is gonna hit the  
buddah

Mary Jane will be alone tonight the only type of hit in  
sight

comes from Pam the Funkstress, give it to her

\*DJ Pam cuts and scratches "blunt"\*

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