

Da Last Blunt

A Dayum, dat shit was fiya@
Yeah nicca, I know
Shit, I had all dem niccass seeing pink elephants and shit
I bet they put on 20 lbs for the munchies I put on dat ass
Yeah, I=m da shit
Da sticky-icky, da chronic, da Acapulco gold, da African Sheba
Yeah, I=m da shit, but I=m da last blunt left

So I=m chillin
Rolled up in da finest Optimo
ground to a smooth powder
Dipped in honey
Laced wit a lil hen
Round, tight, thick, just like a phatty should be
Yeah me, da last blunt

But I=m still sittin hurr
They went thru all my homies, but saved da best for last
Every time they walk by me, niccass be lickin= dey lips and sayin wassup baby
I know they all wanna taste me
Taste my insides, and feel me deep inside dem
Shit, just talkin= bout who gonna hit first got these niccass grabbin= dey dicks and ready 2 fight
Yeah, they all want some of dis
Cause shit, I=m da last of da fiya chronic

Dayum, all these niccass done come down
It=s been days and shit, and I=m still here
They know I=m da shit, and they tell me so errytime they walk by
They even bring they homies by, just so they can peep me out
But don=t nobody seem to wanna fuck wit dis fiya

So they go back 2 hittin= dat dirt
Complain= bout how bad it is, and reminiscing on da good shit
They talk about how bad they want me, but they al scurred cause they don=t know when any
more fiya like me might come along

So now I=m dis fiya ass, pretty muthafucka dat errybody want and talk about, but scurred of
I am forced to sit hurr and listen 2 dem gripe, when I=m rite hurr
They keep sayin they gonna hit me on a special occasion and shit
Man, niccass always want da good shit
But when they hit it, and it fuck= em up rite, they B scurred
Dats some ironic shit

Dayum, I hate being da last of da fiya weed