Man I was sitting around thinking and the smell of mary-j-wuanna leaves was burning a stench

into the ashtray, which happened to be hood of my car—an old be at-up station wagon with the

high beams burnt out. Now, as I said I, was thinking... grandma was always trying to hook me

up into going to the big house. She said I'd learn somethin'-so methin' right. She said you

learn some self respect, boy, you learn you some discipline. Yo u think just cause you went to

school and learned you some readin' and some writing too that y ou're gonna be all right? But I

never really got with it. I don't think I ever really understoo d until one day my buddy James

came down and he said I got somethin' for ya ands it's somethin g good and you can turn on to

the father. And I said if its all right for my old man then it's all right for me. Why, shit,

if Christopher Columbus might have never really set out to real ly see somethin', if he had

never put some balls into it, then shit I might of started to t hink the world was flat if it

hadn't been for him, if you now what I'm sayin'. And they gonna come around like this

motherfucker can fly and shit but we really look like two monke ys fucking a goddamn beach ball

or somethin'. 'Cause all I saw was the cross and it was the cross before it came down  $% \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) +\left( 1$ 

and I said oh my God...

That's when I saw oh

That's when I it all what

That's when I saw what

That's when I saw tell

That's when I it all hell

That's when I saw God

That's when I saw what

That's when I saw