

Roll It Up Again

Cypress Hill

Fuckin buddha comin at'cha live
Direct with the biggest, fattest joint
Comin in with indo flavours
Fuckin' buddha comin at'cha like this
'95

It's Friday mornin', where the weed at?
Let me dip into my pocket for my fat weed sack
Cos I wanna get high like a plane
In the sky with the endo cloud in my brain
Where the fuck are my zig-zags and my lighters?
So I can roll it and set it on fire
Damn, I wish I had scissors cus the shit is so sticky
That it's gettin' on my fuckin' fingers
But it's smokeable, double tokeable
I got the one-hitta quitta, Bombay shit that's tokeable
I wanna do a joint venture
Let me make sure there ain't no lump in the goddamn center
The impregnated lookin' joint, fuck it
I can smoke it and I still get faded

Roll it up, light it up, smoke it up
Inhale exhale

(I'm the freaka, the one freaks the funk

(East Coast hittin' that blunt),
West Coast hittin' that honey-dip
Marijuana joint then I want another hit
Roll it up, (light it up), smoke it up
I wanna stimulate my mind (so I toke it up)
Can I get a hit? (Can I get a hooh!?)
Gimme that fat bag of weed and the brew
So I can get faded, elevated
Smoke the joint down to a roach then I ate it
I stand true to the Yesca Mota
(As I keep runnin from the chunta)
Gimme dat weed fool and ya zig-zags
(Puto won't be holdin' out on the big bag)
[Refrain]
(I'm the freaker, the one who freaks the funk)