

Roll It Up

Kottonmouth Kings

Roll it up then, confrontation
Smoke it up then, heal the nation
Roll it up then, burn the ganja
I need to pass the roach because its burning my hand

Let me take you on a trip, deep where I venture
With the P-Town ballers in the city of Placentia
What we gonna do? Fool I though you knew
We're gonna fishbowl this bitch and roll the avenue
Man I'm barkin, park so we can get this sparked and
We'll score a fat sack and there wont be no more then
We'll make a right turn, the shef'll burn
Break out the two-four and put the bowl on turn
We need to hurry up because my high's straight escapin
We need a sixty roll because this bowl I'm sick of scrapin
We're gettin low on herb, I found a twenty on the curb
I got about a fifty, so Loc what's the word?
Its some herb, we bout to blaze it (that's what I'm sayin),
We'll score a fat sack and smoke till we're hazin
Never perpetrate me because we just got lifted
Saint call some freaks ,why me, cuz you're gifted

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Saint we got low cuz we smoked all our dough
That shit was straight legit when I hit it I almost choked
Man he broke, and too bad we aint no joke
Two hits and pass that, man I want another roach
The sad oversoked man I want some mo
That shit got me tipsy I almost fell out the door
Let me say times cuz that sucker livin'
Shake in my somthin that fools start trippin
What's a man to do when the avenues of life comes crashin down?
It makes me think twice, with the j out your hand
You aint nothin but a rookie
Tryin to drop science but your mind is playin hooky
Pay attention Loc, I only speak the truth
Sing along with the song sendin out to the youth:
Roll a man a joint and he'll smoke for a night
Teach him how to roll and he'll smoke for life
Roll a man a joint and he'll smoke for a night
Teach him how to roll and he'll smoke for life

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Man I'm gettin stressed, I need to hit the cess
I need to get some herb so I can calm my nerves
Lets get some sinsemilla, its twenty a quarter
Naw lets get some kind bud its willin to float ya
Now check it out I get a twenty from my girl
I get a quarter bag of the ? shwag that makes you hurl

Look what I got I just got my double chamber
We smoke it with a double, its clipped, prepare for danger
And if a stranger wants to get a taste of it
He can take a hit and trip and pay me for my rip
I try to have two sacks in case one gets lonely
There's a sign on my door that says bud smokers only
Bud smokers only, bud smokers only
There's a sign on my door that says bud smokers only

Man I'm gettin hungry we need to get some food
Man I need some chronic to get me in the mood
Well hold up, my pager is blowin up
Yeah that's X-Daddy, looks like we'll be rollin up

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