

Rollin' Up Some Mo'

Krayzie Bone

(3x)

Rollin Up Some Mo'

(2x)

Allittle bit of refer's all I need (all I need)
With alittle big of Gin mixed with Hennessey (Hennessey)
Alittle bit lighter really sets the mood
Have you feelin like everthing is so damn cool

Hop in my Five-Double-O
Roll up my window asshole your lettin out all the smoke
You never wate a blow, motherfucka don't you know?
I'm a weedhead, P.O.D' ded stayin tweeded
It make me happy
Won't even sleep unless i'm beamin, fiendin
Which one of you niggaz gonna put some ends in?
Cuz i'm tellin y'all right now i'm smokin everything i'm spendin
Goin down, cop a quarter pound now we in here blowin it
Wait a minute where's the bowl at?
Young Dre done got me spoiled man
Done smoked two blunts, and now i'm feelin like I can fly
I get into zones of my own everytime I get high
And whenever it is, I think I see
I'm buzzin so it doesn't really matter to me

I got issues nuttin but problems feels my green
My nigga wanna test me with the same old games
Got this chicken down in San Diego, and he trickin on my pesos
And he think that I don't know
And he got the gawl he fuckin two of my dawgz
Now they actin kinda funny when I call
So when i'm with my Thugs On Da Line
Tonight no lady like instead I grab a fifth of Hen
Take it to the head, c'mon

Now, niggaz came late to get me Keith G pass me the Henny
Kray lookin like chimney i'll smoke whatever and any
Naw, i'm buggin my squad ain't druggin like that
Luggin the Mak, LeReece all nice with K-mont in the back
Blunts and stunts is what's rolled up
Once it's lit it's hit, and if you ask me why i'ma tall ya what, what ya want?
Smoke a blunt all jokes is front fuck beatin around the bush
Kick the (?) ya punks

I mix Henny with Alize get drunk and talk slick
Nigga be sizin me up, you know I'm ready to flip
My niggaz stay smokin out, sippin Hen and Tengery
Nigga, we be havin hella fun like they do in the bay
It be the weekend gangsta that me causin the tention
You might catch me willin out, in the tough guy convention
But don't get it fucked up, because I'm all about my cheedar
It ain't easy being me, but nobody could do it better

Everytime I'm rollin out with Krayzie we crazy, try not to get ciffed up
Fucked up sippin on that siz rup, pourin out that cup of stuff
Them jolly ranchees and enhancers, I mix it up like a chemist

Drop about 10 of 'em in it, then sip it slow til it's finished
Then it's that (??) little (?) is safe at home
Then get your brain broke, they boiler makers and they chain smoke
Boss ain't no fuckin rookiem put purple permethozine up on you ream
That's guaranteed to make you lean and keep you higher than girffe pussy

I ain't ate all day, but steadily gettin fucked up
Smokin this weed, waitin to get scooped up
It's the bum Keith G, carribus we on twists
We needed a fix, my nigga dip into the rent
We worry about that payback later we gonna smoke
And live for the meanwhile puffin with Juvenile, what?
I'm in the mood to speak my piece, pass the mic
I'm in the mood to drink some burb, we high tonight

[Chorus x2]