

## Da Roof

Lil' Flip

Well, I smoke and lean tryna get high  
on Cloud 9 tryna reach they sky  
we call it dro'ya'll call it lye  
all I need is a sweet to get me by  
I'm super fly like Missy  
drink Moette until I'm pissy  
I pulled up in a Bentley  
hoes asking who is it its F-L-I-P  
blowing that light green  
no sticks, no seeds \$300 for an O-Z  
and you know me stay blowed puffing and passing  
you split it, dump it, lick it then stuff it wit hashing

Da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire  
We don't need matches real smokers use lighters  
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Smoke all day thats what I do  
when I think about my nigga Screw  
I break bread with my crew  
I smoke green, purple, even blue  
I dont know about you but I love to smoke  
play Grand Theft and crack a joke  
or go to the club and snatch a hoe  
thats the way it go when ya ballin hoe  
we smoke dro'to get higher  
I got 20's on my tires, I got tensions in my wires  
cause Haddy's got that fire  
and when I retire I'm a still be smoking hay  
like crucial conflict or mail man and Dre  
so if you wanna smoke something just holla at ya boy  
cause I got cotton candy, tarantula, and fat boy  
we can roll a sack boy and get so high  
but when its time to hit the club I need Visine for my eyes

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