

## Proof f/ B-Real, Method Man "High Rollers"

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[B-Real]

Loaded, dazed, confused..

I'm in the Esco' rollin the crisp weed  
You know that I'm never ever blazin the Bush weed  
You know you're on cloud nine fuckin with me duke  
Be sure that I'm the crisp man waitin to see Proof  
Some say I'm high on life and I don't need your herbs  
I'm gettin high every time that you speak your words  
Well I'm glad that means more for me son  
I hit the bong so hard they call me green lungs  
They say that I'm the buddah master, "Rock Superstar"  
You know the homie with the weed laced candy bar  
Now I'm blazin it non-stop, you feelin me fam?  
You see, everywhere I go it's like Amsterdam  
We blow the smoke in the air now you smellin my strain  
It's the O.G. bush just clouded your brain  
See I'm ready for fo'-twenty mo' honeys get dough for  
me  
All of them Mary, it's scary, they get you most stony

[Chorus: B-Real, Method Man, Proof]

[BR] Hittin the blunts and bongos

[MM] Puffin those trees and leaves

[Pr] Comin with E and Vic's

[BR] You know it's on tonight, roll it and pass the light

[BR] Sittin up top of the world

[MM] Gettin on top of your girl

[BR] Crack on those poles and pipes

[Pr] You know it's on tonight

[BR] Roll it and pass the light

[Proof]

You know your man's royal can be Ishmael{?}

Wasn't even finished my drink and thinkin 'bout refills

They got the dro, I'm fin' to roll off these E pills

And I'm the +Proof+, got on my +Method+ so +Be-

Real+

A retired weed head that need bread for trickin

Off on a mission to find bitches for sausage lickin

Engulfed in liquids, Xena's and perkasetes

I jam like I don't know how to work the tec  
Nine times outta ten I'm high off the Henn'  
Never lie for a trend tryna die on a binge  
Biscuits is poppin, ain't no stoppin like Hendrix and  
Joplin  
'til I find out where Biggie and 'Pac went  
Profit of coppin, most often is gobbled  
Stackin my chips high 'til they auction a Pablo  
Pills to swallow, momma don't cry I send you drugs  
Tryna get my mind stuck "In the Middle" like Monie  
Love - whaaaat?

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

I semi-automatically spit flows at trash  
Anatomically equipped to rip shows in half  
If I speak a little fast you get whiplash  
Promoters better get the kid cash or get whipped ass  
Got some zig-zags and a dutch, let's get smashed  
My little zip bags got more riders than Six Flags  
And while y'all get gassed, I'm proceedin to get high  
Got weed like Mary J. is +All I'm Needin+ to get by  
Tical motherfucker, run for cover when shit fly  
One hand is on the lye, the other hand on yo' bitch  
thigh  
How many wanna try, Mr. Meth and his clique? Yes  
That's kinda farfetched like me passin a piss test  
Okay, let's +Be-Real+, here's the +Proof+, we need  
cash flow  
Might catch me in the movies lightin up in the back row  
For sho', Killa Bee back, black we don't need that  
It's fo'-twenty ho, now where the fuck is yo' weed at?  
In fact..

[Chorus]

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