

## Dishwalla

### "Rollin Up Some Mo"

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[Krayzie - 3x]

Rollin Up Some Mo'

[Chorus - 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

[Krayzie]

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

[LaReece]

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

[Chorus - 2x]

[Asu]

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

[K-mont]

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

[Chorus - 2x]

[Boss]

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

[Kieth G]

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 - 2x]

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