

Gavin Rossdale**"Roll it Up, Light it Up, Smoke it Up"**

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(*guy toking up*)

Fuckin buddha comin at'cha live
Direct with the biggest, fattest joint
Comin in with indo flavors
Fuckin buddha comin at'cha like this
'95

[B-Real]

It's, Friday mornin, where the weed at?
Let me dip into my pocket for my fat weed sack
Cause I wanna get high like a plane
in the sky, with the indo cloud in my brain
Where the fuck are my zig-zags and my lighters?
So I can roll it and set it on fire
Damn, I wish I had scissors cause the shit is so sticky
that it's gettin on my fuckin fingers
But it's smokeable, double tokeable
I got the one-hitter quitter bombay shit that's tokeable
I wanna do a joint venture
Let me make sure there ain't no lump in the god damn
center
Impregnated lookin joint, fuck it
I can smoke it and I still get faded

[Chorus: repeat 4X]

Roll it up, light it up, smoke it up
Inhale, exhale

"I'm the freaker, the one freaks the funk" {*repeat
scratch 4X*}

[B-Real] + (Sen Dog)

(East Coast hittin that blunt), West Coast hittin that
honeydip
Marijuana joint, then I want another hit
Roll it up, (light it up), smoke it up
I wanna stimulate my mind (so I toke it up)
Can I get a hit? (Can I get a hoooh!?)
Gimme that fat bag of weed and the brew
so I can get faded, elevated
Smoke the joint down to a roach then I ate it

I stand true to the yesca, mota
as I keep runnin from the Chota
Gimme dat weed fool and ya zig-zags
(Puto don't be holdin out on the big bag)

[Chorus]

"I'm the freaker, the one freaks the funk" {*repeat to
fade*}

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