

Kottonmouth Kings

"Roll It Up"

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Roll it up then, no frontation
Smoke it up then, heal the nation
Roll it up then, burn the ganja
I need to pass the roach because it's burning my hand

Let me take you on a trip, deep where I venture
With the P-Town ballers in the city of Placentia
Tell 'em what were gonna do? Fool, I though you knew
We're gonna fishbowl this bitch and roll the avenue

Man, I'm 'bout to park it so we can get to spark it
We'll score a fat sack and there won't be no more then
We'll make a right turn the shef'll burn
Break out the two four and put the bowl on turn

We need to hurry up because my high's straight
escapin'
We need a sixty roll because this bowl, I'm sick of
scrapin'
We're gettin' low on herb, I found a twenty on the curb
I got about a fifty, so Loc, what's the word?

It's superb, we 'bout to blaze it
We'll score a fat sack and smoke till we're hazin'
Never perpetrate me because we just got lifted
Saint call some freaks, why me? Because you're gifted

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Saint, we got low 'cuz we smoked all our dope
That shit was straight legit, when I hit it, I almost
choked
Man, he broke and too bad, we ain't no joke
Two hits and pass Saint, man, I want another roll

The sap oversoked, man, I want some mo'
That shit got me tipsy, I almost fell out the door
Well, look at Saint's eyes, is that sucker livin'?
Shake him or somthin' that fool's start trippin'

What's a man to do when the avenues of life comes
crashin' down?
It makes me think twice, with the J out your hand
You ain't nothin' but a rookie
Tryin' to drop science but your mind is playin' hooky
Pay attention Loc, I only speak the truth
Sing along with the song, sendin' out to the youth

Roll a man a joint and he'll smoke for a night
Teach him how to roll and he'll smoke for life
Roll a man a joint and he'll smoke for a night
Teach him how to roll and he'll smoke for life

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Man, I'm gettin' stressed, I need to hit the cess
I need to get some herb so I can calm my nerves
Let's get some Sensemilla, it's twenty a quarter
Naw let's get some kind bud it's willin' to float ya

Now check it out, I get a twenty from my girl
I get a quarter bag of the MC Shwag that makes you
hurl
Look what I got, I just got my double chamber
We smoke it with the everlast clip, prepare for danger

And if a stranger wants to get a taste of it
He can take a hit and trip and pay me for my grip
I try to have two sacks in case one gets lonely
There's a sign on my door that says bud smokers only

Bud smokers only, bud smokers only
There's a sign on my door that says 'Bud Smokers
Only'
Man, I'm gettin' hungry, we need to get some food
Man, I need some chronic to get me in the mood
Well, hold up, my pager is blowin' up
Oh yeah, that's X-Daddy, looks like we'll be rollin' up

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Roll it up then, smoke it up then, roll it up then
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