

Live

"How To Roll A Blunt"

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(Awwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww SHIT!!)

Check it out

Yo, 1992 begins the new wave for the blunt rollers
You know what I'm sayin'?
The saga of the philly blunt continues
The flava's the P-Funk y'all, get wit it
Check it out...

(Verse 1)

Check out a new type of gimmick which is splendid
Since you're down with other shit, let's see if you're
down with this
It's about..strictly trying to roll a blunt
When you get the hang of it, you'll catch more blunts
than Archie Bunk
First of all you get a fat bag of ism
From uptown, any local store sells the shit friend
Purchase a philly, not the city of Philly
Silly punk, I'm talking 'bout the shit called the Philly
blunt
Lick the blunt and then the Philly blunt middle you split
Don't have a razor blade, use ya fuckin fingertips
Crack the bag and then you pour the whole bag in
Spread the ism around until the ism reach each end
Take your finger and your thumb from tip to tip
Roll it in a motion then the top piece you lick
Seal it, dry it wit ya lighter if ya gotta
The results, mmmmmmmm....proper

(chorus)

That's how you roll a blunt
That's how you roll a blunt
That's how you roll a blunt
That's how you roll a blunt
That's how you roll a blunt
That's how you roll a blunt
Let's all roll a blunt
..and get fucked up (yea)
(repeats again)

(Verse 2)

The second paragraph might makes you laugh
When a brotha rolls a blunt and his breath smells like
gr-ass
That's when you know you gotta take the blunt from
him
Cuz his breath has the dragon in the dungeon
(yo, yo, yo, light the blunt. uh yo, here's the lighter..)
I would if this shit would stop drippin' wit saliva
And if you gonna lick it, don't drown it with ya spit, shit
I dunno what dick or last puss you licked quick
And how 'bout the non-blunt rollin' females
That always fucks it up 'cuz they don't wanna break
their Lee nails
(hee hee hee hee hee, sorry Red for spilling it..)
You better pickup every seed of it
Because I paid 10 bills for the get ill..
And for spilling it you better get lost or get grilled
Bo know everything from sports to other stuff
But I bet you Bo dunno know to roll a blunt.

(chorus)

(hey nigga pass the goddamn blunt. shit! what you
holding it all day for?
Sit yo big ass down...)

(bridge)

Yo, yo, check this out
I want all the real niggas out there and the females too
If you got a fat blunt in ya mouth and you feeling high
as hell
I want y'all to repeat after me, check it out
I'm fucked up (I'm fucked up..)
I'm fucked up (I'm fucked up...)
I'm high as hell (I'm high as hell..)
I'm high as hell (I'm high as hell) Yea.

(Verse 3)

Last but not least, Redman would like to say peace
To all the blunt rollers from the Tri-State to the Middle
East
And gimme a blunt when I kick the bucket
Devil or no devil when I am the wrong to be fucked with
So everybody put they blunt up in the air
Take a puff, blow the smoke out like ya just don't care
So..(pump up the volume) ..so it's heard thru the next
block
I'm out, peace to Red Foxx, I'm off to the cess spot..

(outro)

(yea, DJ Twinz in the house)

Yea, Redman's in the house

Yo, peace to Pack Pistol Posse, the 4,5,6

Yo, I'm out, yo Reg

Turn this shit off man (yo turn that shit off..)

(record stops)

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