

## **Long Beach Dub Allstars "Rolled Up"**

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Rolled up  
Rolled up again  
Rolled up  
Right in front of my friends

I was rockin' like a star  
Closed down all the bars  
And now I'm sitting in this holding cell

Sad but true  
Well, I need you  
Come get me out of jail  
Please, please

You're my only friend  
That I know  
Who's got something to live  
Post my bail

Cheese sandwich, orange juice  
I've even had to fight to keep my shoes  
I don't got no phone or credit cards to use  
And it's late at night and this calling card's gonna have to do

Sad but true  
Well, I need you  
Come get me out of jail  
Please, please

You're my only friend  
That I know  
Who's got something to live  
Post my bail

Have you ever had a brother man been out of control?  
And if pull it, that's the place, that's the world  
Ever had a brother man been out of control?  
One take the Lord, send your deepest regards

Incarcerated and the cell smells like beer  
Try to wake someone up and get the hell out of here

Last thing I remember, I heard last call  
My pocket's controlled by alcohol

Oh man, I gotta get out of here

And Lita is my angel  
I've been floating on the sea  
Bail bondsman wants that boat so bad  
She don't need no ID

Cheri's down, bail you out  
You better not mess 'em around  
No, no  
And I got caught with 10 pounds

Sad but true  
Well, I need you  
Come get me out of jail  
Bail please

You're my only friend  
That I know  
Who's got something to live  
Post my bail

Rolled up  
Rolled up again  
Rolled up  
Right in front of my friends  
Rolled up

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