

## **Cypress Hill**

# **"Roll It Light It"**

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We came here to get you high  
x11

Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it

Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3

Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it

Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3

Roll it, roll it

[B-Real]

Wanna hit of that fat sack  
Betta come with the fat stack  
Or ya might get rat packed

Blow smoke in ya face  
When I'm in the place  
Feel the bass go shakin' that ass, Jack

Got the club jumpin' off  
Whatcha poppin' on  
When I pump the song, get a crew cuz  
Get on the floor when we come in the door  
Lemme show you how we do

Yeah we go for the gusto  
Made a call to Rusko  
Make ya feelin' that rush, So  
Hit that spliff and blaze that blunt  
Don't look at me funny  
I'll say what I want

Don't ask for the cash back  
Cuz a spark make a flash-back  
Your rep, I'll trash that  
Gonna blaze with my hash [?????]  
Watch these scary bitches

Call Hazmat!

Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3

Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it

Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3

Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it

Whenever we roll  
Whenever we load a bowl  
People crowd around  
We take control  
It's impossible  
With the weed I hold  
For you not to get down  
What you hear in the first place  
You came to the worst place  
I'm high gonna surface  
If you don't what that green  
Split the scene or state your purpose

We don't want no fat butt  
You wanna see us get fed up  
We don't fall for the set up, get up  
Look at you now  
You about to go head-up  
My flow got sped up  
You hos got wet-up  
Good luck tryin'a get up, met up  
Take a hit and feel this shit  
Don't drink from the red cup

[Sen Dog]  
We still on the come-up  
And we come with our guns up  
And this ain't about dumb luck  
Got my hands on a [?????]  
Like [?????] like a dump truck

Hear the crowd get loud when you about to hit the  
stage  
Shut 'em down, get 'em pumped up  
It's the smokin' section in both directions  
Everybody 'bout to get fucked up

What I got in my sack gonna blow ya hair back  
So you betta not touch!

What I say "that shit", know I mean "that shit"  
Others might play games, but not us  
It goes pack your bowls, light your blunts  
Let's get high, get fucked up  
Lost your stash, that's your ass  
Go and buy another bag

Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3

Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it

Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3

Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it

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