

Prong

"High Rollers"

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(feat. B-Real, Method Man)

[B-Real]

Loaded, dazed, confused..

I'm in the Esco' rollin the crisp weed
You know that I'm never ever blazin the Bush weed
You know you're on cloud nine fuckin with me duke
Be sure that I'm the crisp man waitin to see Proof
Some say I'm high on life and I don't need your herbs
I'm gettin high every time that you speak your words
Well I'm glad that means more for me son
I hit the bong so hard they call me green lungs
They say that I'm the buddah master, "Rock Superstar"
You know the homie with the weed laced candy bar
Now I'm blazin it non-stop, you feelin me fam?
You see, everywhere I go it's like Amsterdam
We blow the smoke in the air now you smellin my strain
It's the O.G. bush just clouded your brain
See I'm ready for fo'-twenty mo' honeys get dough for
me
All of them Mary, it's scary, they get you most stony

[Chorus: B-Real, Method Man, Proof]

[BR] Hittin the blunts and bongs

[MM] Puffin those trees and leaves

[Pr] Comin with E and Vic's

[BR] You know it's on tonight, roll it and pass the light

[BR] Sittin up top of the world

[MM] Gettin on top of your girl

[BR] Crack on those poles and pipes

[Pr] You know it's on tonight

[BR] Roll it and pass the light

[Proof]

You know your man's royal can be Ishmael {?}

Wasn't even finished my drink and thinkin 'bout refills

They got the dro, I'm fin' to roll off these E pills

And I'm the (Proof), got on my (Method) so (Be-Real)

A retired weed head that need bread for trickin

Off on a mission to find bitches for sausage lickin

Engulfed in liquids, Xena's and perkasetes
I jam like I don't know how to work the tec
Nine times outta ten I'm high off the Henn'
Never lie for a trend tryna die on a binge
Biscuits is poppin, ain't no stoppin like Hendrix and
Joplin
'til I find out where Biggie and 'Pac went
Profit of coppin, most often is gobbled
Stackin my chips high 'til they auction a Pablo
Pills to swallow, momma don't cry I send you drugs
Tryna get my mind stuck "In the Middle" like Monie
Love - whaaaat?

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

I semi-automatically spit flows at trash
Anatomically equipped to rip shows in half
If I speak a little fast you get whiplash
Promoters better get the kid cash or get whipped ass
Got some zig-zags and a dutch, let's get smashed
My little zip bags got more riders than Six Flags
And while y'all get gassed, I'm proceedin to get high
Got weed like Mary J. is (All I'm Needin) to get by
Tical motherfucker, run for cover when shit fly
One hand is on the lye, the other hand on yo' bitch
thigh
How many wanna try, Mr. Meth and his clique? Yes
That's kinda farfetched like me passin a piss test
Okay, let's (Be-Real), here's the (Proof), we need cash
flow
Might catch me in the movies lightin up in the back row
For sho', Killa Bee back, black we don't need that
It's fo'-twenty ho, now where the fuck is yo' weed at?
In fact..

[Chorus]

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