

## Proof

### "High Rollers ft. B-Real & Method Man"

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[B-Real]

I'm in the esco rolling the chris-weed(?)  
You know that I'm never ever placing the bush-weed(?)  
You know you're on Clowd 9 fucking with me, dude  
Be sure that I'm the cushman waiting to see Proof  
Some say I'm high on life and I don't need your herbs  
Getting high everytime that you speak the words  
Well I'm glad, that means more for me, son  
And hit the bong so hard, they call me three-lungs  
They say that I'm the Budda master, Rock Superstar  
You know the homie with the weed laced candy bong  
Now I'm blazing it non-stop, you feeling me, fam  
You see, everywhere I go it's like Amsterdarn  
We blow the smoke in the air, now you smelling my  
stream  
It's the O.G. cush, just clouded your brain  
See I'm ready for fo'-twenty mo' hunny's get doe fo' me  
All of them Mary, it's scary, they get you most on me

[Chorus - B-Real + (Method Man) + {Proof}]

Hittin' the blunts and bongs  
(Puffin' those tree's and leaves)  
{Comin' with E and Vic's}  
You know what's on tonight  
Go let 'em pass the light  
Sittin' on top of the world  
(Gettin' on top of your girl)  
Packin' those bong's and pipe's  
{You know what's on tonight}  
Go let 'em pass the light

[Proof]

You know your mans Oil Can can be shmill  
Won't even finish my drink and thinkin' about re-fills  
They got the dro, I'm 'finna roll off these E pills  
Now I'm with Proof, got my Methods to B-Real  
A retired weed head that need bread for trickin'  
Off on a mission to find bitches for sausage lickin'  
And gulf them liquids, Henny's and six  
I jam like I don't know how to work the Tech  
Nine times out of ten, I'm high of the Hen'

Never live for a trend, tryna dive on the bench  
Biscuit's is poppin', ain't no stoppin'  
Like Hindu's in ???, 'til I find out where Biggie and Pac  
went  
Puffin' or poppin', most often it's gobble  
Stackin' my chips high, 'til they auction at Pablo  
Pills I swallow, mom don't cry, it's only drugs  
Tryna get my minds stuck in the middle of money love  
Whaaaat...

(Chorus)

[Method Man]

I semi-automatically spit flows at trash  
An' atmoically equiped to rip shows in half  
If I speak a lil' fast you get whiplash  
Paul Motors(?) better get the kid cash, or get whipped-  
ass  
Got some zig-zags and the dutch, let's get smashed  
My lil' ??? bag got more riders than six flags  
And while y'all get gased, I'm proceeding to get high  
Got weed like Mary J is all on me to get by  
Tical, motherfucker, run for cover when shit fly  
One hand is on the lot(?) the other hand on your bitch  
thy  
How many wanna try? Mr Meth and his clique, yes  
This kinda far fetched like passing a piss test  
Okay, let's B-Real, here's the Proof, we need cash flow  
Might catch me in the movie lighting up in the back row,  
fo' sho'  
Killer feedback, black, we don't need that  
It's fo' twenty on(?) and where the fuck is your weed at?  
Infact...

(Chorus)

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