

Cypress Hill, Roll It Up, Light It Up, Smoke It Up

Intro:

(*guy toking up*)

Fuckin buddha comin at'cha live
Direct with the biggest, fattest joint
Comin in with indo flavours
Fuckin buddha comin at'cha like this
'95

Verse 1: B-Real

It's Friday mornin, where the weed at?
Let me dip into my pocket for my fat weed sack
Cos I wanna get high like a plane
in the sky with the indo cloud in my brain
Where the fuck are my zig-zags and my lighters?
so I can roll it and set it on fire
Damn, I wish I had scissors cos the shit is so sticky
that it's gettin on my fuckin fingers
But it's smokeable, double tokeable
I got the one-hit that, where the bombay shit that's tokeable
I wanna do a joint venture
Let me make sure there ain't no lump in the goddamn centre
To get pregnated lookin joint, fuck it
I can smoke it and I still get faded

Chorus:

Roll it up, light it up, smoke it up

Inhale exhale

repeat x3

(I'm the freaker, the one freaks the funk

repeat

Verse 2: (Sen Dogg), B-Real

(East Coast hittin that blunt), West Coast hittin that honeydip
Marijuana joint then I want another hit
Roll it up, (light it up), smoke it up
I wanna stimulate my mind (so I toke it up)
Can I get a hit? (Can I get a hoo!?)
Gimme that fat bag of weed and the brew
so I can get faded, elevated
Smoke the joint down to a roach then I ate it
I stand true to the Yesca Mota
(As I keep runnin from the chunta)
Gimme dat weed fool and ya zig-zags
(Puto won't be holdin out on the big bag)

Chorus

(I'm the freaker, the one who freaks the funk)

repeat to fade