

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 hooh!?)

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