

# Lil' Flip, Da Roof

[Lil' Flip]

Well, I smoke and lean tryna get high  
on Cloud 9 tryna reach they sky  
we call it dro'ya'll call it lye  
all I need is a sweet to get me by  
I'm super fly like Missy  
drink Moette until I'm pissy  
I pulled up in a Bentley  
hoes asking who is it its F-L-I-P  
blowing that light green  
no sticks, no seeds \$300 for an O-Z  
and you know me stay blowed puffing and passing  
you split it, dump it, lick it then stuff it wit hashing

[Chorus]

Da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire  
We don't need matches real smokers use lighters  
Da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire  
We don't need matches real smokers use lighters

[Lil' Flip]

Smoke all day thats what I do  
when I think about my nigga Screw  
I break bread with my crew  
I smoke green, purple, even blue  
I dont know about you but I love to smoke  
play Grand Theft and crack a joke  
or go to the club and snatch a hoe  
thats the way it go when ya ballin hoe  
we smoke dro'to get higher  
I got 20's on my tires, I got tensions in my wires  
cause Haddy's got that fire  
and when I retire I'm a still be smoking hay  
like crucial conflict or mail man and Dre  
so if you wanna smoke something just holla at ya boy  
cause I got cotton candy, tarantula, and fat boy  
we can roll a sack boy and get so high  
but when its time to hit the club I need Visine for my eyes

[Chorus]

Da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire  
We don't need matches real smokers use lighters  
Da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire  
We don't need matches real smokers use lighters