

Kottonmouth Kings, Roll It Up

Roll it up then, no frontation
Smoke it up then, heal the nation
Roll it up then, burn the ganja
I need to pass the roach because its burning my hand

Now let me take you on a trip, deep where I venture
With the P-Town ballers in the city of Placentia
Tell em what were gonna do? Fool I though you knew
We're gonna fishbowl this bitch and roll the avenue
Man I'm bout to park it, so we can get to spark it
We'll score a fat sack and there won't be no more then
We'll make a right turn the shef'll burn
Break out the two-four and put the bowl on turn
We need to hurry up because my high's straight escapin'
We need a sixty roll because this bowl I'm sick of scrapin'
We're gettin low on herb
I found a twenty on the curb
I got about a fifty, so Loc what's the word
It's superb, we bout to blaze it (that's what I'm sayin')
We'll score a fat sack and smoke till we're hazin'
Never perpetrate me because we just got lifted
Saint call some freaks (why me?), because you're gifted

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Saint we got low cuz we smoked all our dope
That shit was straight legit when I hit it I almost choked
Man he broke, and too bad we ain't no joke
Two hits and pass Saint, man I want another roll
The sap oversoked man I want some mo
That shit got me tipsy I almost fell out the door
Well look at Saint's eyes is that sucker livin'?
Shake him or somthin' that fools start trippin'
What's a man to do when the avenues of life comes crashin' down
It makes me think twice, with the j out your hand
You ain't nothin' but a rookie
Tryin' to drop science but your mind is playin' hooky
Pay attention Loc, I only speak the truth
Sing along with the song, sendin' out to the youth
Roll a man a joint and he'll smoke for a night
Teach him how to roll and he'll smoke for life
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Man I'm gettin' stressed, I need to hit the cess
I need to get some herb so I can calm my nerves
Lets get some sensemilla, its twenty a quarter
Naw lets get some kind bud its willin' to float ya
Now check it out I get a twenty from my girl
I get a quarter bag of the mc shwag that makes you hurl
Look what I got I just got my double chamber
We smoke it with the everlast clip, prepare for danger
And if a stranger wants to get a taste of it
He can take a hit and trip and pay me for my grip
I try to have two sacks in case one gets lonely
There's a sign on my door that says bud smokers only

Bud smokers only, bud smokers only
There's a sign on my door that says bud smokers only
Man I'm gettin hungry we need to get some food
Man I need some chronic to get me in the mood
Well hold up, my pager is blowin' up
Aw yeah that's X-Daddy, looks like we'll be rollin' up

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Smoke it up then
Roll it up then