

Long Beach Dub Allstars, Rolled Up

Uh
Rolled up
Rolled up again
Rolled up
Right in front of my friends
I was rockin' like a star
Closed down all the bars
and now I'm sitting in this holding cell
Sad but true
cuz I need you
Come get me out of jail
Please Please
You're my only friend
that I know
who's got something to live
post my bail
Cheese sandwich, Orange Juice
I've even had to fight to keep my shoes
I don't got no phone or credit cards to use
And it's late at night and this calling card's gonna have to do
Sad but true
cuz I need you
Come get me out of jail
Please Please
You're my only friend
that I know
who's got something to live
post my bail
Have you ever had a brother man but not of control
and if pull it, that's the place, that's the world
Ever had a brother man but not of control
One take the lord, send your deepest regards
Get gaserated and the cell smells like beer
Try to wake someone up and get the hell out of here
Last thing I remember, I heard the last call
My pocket's controlled by alcohol
(Aww man I better get out of here)
And Lita is my angel
I've been floating on the sea
Been once been once that boat bad
She's gonna need no id
Cheri's down, bail you out
You better not mess 'em around
nooo no
Well I got caught with 10 pounds
Sad but true
cuz I need you
Come get me out of jail
Please Please
You're my only friend
that I know
who's got something to live
post my bail
Rolled up