

Proof, High Rollers Feat. B-Real & Method Man

(B-Real)

Loaded, dazed, confused..

I'm in the Esco' rollin the crisp weed

You know that I'm never ever blazin the Bush weed

You know you're on cloud nine f**kin with me duke

Be sure that I'm the crisp man waitin to see Proof

Some say I'm high on life and I don't need your herbs

I'm gettin high every time that you speak your words

Well I'm glad that means more for me son

I hit the bong so hard they call me green lungs

They say that I'm the buddah master, "Rock Superstar"

You know the homie with the weed laced candy bar

Now I'm blazin it non-stop, you feelin me fam?

You see, everywhere I go it's like Amsterdam

We blow the smoke in the air now you smellin my strain

It's the O.G. bush just clouded your brain

See I'm ready for fo'-twenty mo' honeys get dough for me

All of them Mary, it's scary, they get you most stony

(Chorus: B-Real, Method Man, Proof)

(BR) Hittin the blunts and bongs

(MM) Puffin those trees and leaves

(Pr) Comin with E and Vic's

(BR) You know it's on tonight, roll it and pass the light

(BR) Sittin up top of the world

(MM) Gettin on top of your girl

(BR) Crack on those poles and pipes

(Pr) You know it's on tonight

(BR) Roll it and pass the light

(Proof)

You know your man's royal can be Ishmael {?}

Wasn't even finished my drink and thinkin 'bout refills

They got the dro, I'm fin' to roll off these E pills

And I'm the (Proof), got on my (Method) so (Be-Real)

A retired weed head that need bread for trickin

Off on a mission to find bitches for sausage lickin

Engulfed in liquids, Xena's and perkasetes

I jam like I don't know how to work the tec

Nine times outta ten I'm high off the Henn'

Never lie for a trend tryna die on a binge

Biscuits is poppin, ain't no stoppin like Hendrix and Joplin

'til I find out where Biggie and 'Pac went

Profit of coppin, most often is gobbled

Stackin my chips high 'til they auction a Pablo

Pills to swallow, momma don't cry I send you drugs

Tryna get my mind stuck "In the Middle" like Monie Love - whaaaat?

(Chorus)

(Method Man)

I semi-automatically spit flows at trash

Anatomically equipped to rip shows in half

If I speak a little fast you get whiplash

Promoters better get the kid cash or get whipped ass

Got some zig-zags and a dutch, let's get smashed

My little zip bags got more riders than Six Flags

And while y'all get gassed, I'm proceedin to get high

Got weed like Mary J. is (All I'm Needin) to get by

Tical motherf**ker, run for cover when shit fly

One hand is on the lye, the other hand on yo' bitch thigh

How many wanna try, Mr. Meth and his clique? Yes

That's kinda farfetched like me passin a piss test

Okay, let's (Be-Real), here's the (Proof), we need cash flow

Might catch me in the movies lightin up in the back row

For sho', Killa Bee back, black we don't need that

It's fo'-twenty ho, now where the f**k is yo' weed at?

In fact..

(Chorus)