

Roll Up

DC Young Fly

Where that weed at?
Roll up, roll up, roll up, roll up
Nigga, where yo trees at?
Smoke up, smoke up, smoke up, smoke up
Man, fuck what they talkin' 'bout
Roll up, roll up, roll up, roll up
Put that joint back in yo mouth
Smoke up, smoke up, smoke up, smoke up

Goddam I love that weed smoke
Went to the store, bought a blunt, I need three more
Pulled up to the crib in the driveway finna [?]
Cut the AC on and 2Pac when I blow smoke, Thug Life
What the fuck, who at my window?
I got the strap up on my lap, oh shit, it's the popo
Slowly rollin' window down
What's hatnin'? Have a nice day

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I'm on the porch with an extendo
'Bout to blow it to the face, nigga
I don't care if you my kinfolk
I'm still gon' blow it to the face, nigga
What you mean you ain't put in on this, man?
Now get yo stanky ass home, Felicia
I'm not playin'
I keep a twenty twin, nigga
A weedman always deliver

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