## **Roll It Up**

## **Kottonmouth Kings**

Roll it up then, confrontation 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

Let me take you on a trip, deep where I venture With the P-Town ballers in the city of Placentia What we gonna do? Fool I though you knew We're gonna fishbowl this bitch and roll the avenue Man I'm barkin, park so we can get this sparked and We'll score a fat sack and there wont 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? Its some herb, 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, cuz you're gifted

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Saint we got low cuz we smoked all our dough That shit was straight legit when I hit it I almost choked Man he broke, and too bad we aint no joke Two hits and pass that, man I want another roach The sad oversoked man I want some mo That shit got me tipsy I almost fell out the door Let me say times cuz that sucker livin' Shake in my 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 aint 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 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 sinsemilla, 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 ? shwag that makes you hurl Look what I got I just got my double chamber We smoke it with a double, its clipped, 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 rip 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 Yeah that's X-Daddy, looks like we'll be rollin up

Roll it up then Smoke it up then Roll it up then