Rollin' Up Some Mo'

Krayzie Bone

(3x)
Rollin Up Some Mo'
(2x)
Allittle bit of refer's all I need (all I need)
With alittle big of Gin mixed with Hennessey (Hennessey)
Alittle bit lighter really sets the mood
Have you feelin like everthing is so damn cool
Hop in my Five-Double-O
Roll up my window asshole your lettin out all the smoke

You never wate a blow, motherfucka don't you know? I'm a weedhead, P.O.D' ded stayin tweeded It make me happy Won't even sleep unless i'm beamin, fiendin Which one of you niggaz gonna put some ends in? Cuz i'm tellin y'all right now i'm smokin everything i'm spendin Goin down, cop a quarter pound now we in here blowin it Wait a minute where's the bowl at? Young Dre done got me spoiled man Done smoked two blunts, and now i'm feelin like I can fly I get into zones of my own everytime I get high And whenever it is, I think I see I'm buzzin so it doesn't really matter to me

I got issues nuttin but problems feels my green My nigga wanna test me with the same old games Got this chicken down in San Diego, and he trickin on my pesos And he think that I don't know And he got the gawl he fuckin two of my dawgz Now they actin kinda funny when I call So when i'm with my Thugs On Da Line Tonight no lady like instead I grab a fifth of Hen Take it to the head, c'mon

Now, niggaz came late to get me Keith G pass me the Henny Kray lookin like chimney i'll smoke whatever and any Naw, i'm buggin my squad ain't druggin like that Luggin the Mak, LeReece all nice with K-mont in the back Blunts and stunts is what's rolled up Once it's lit it's hit, and if you ask me why i'ma tall ya what, what ya wan t? Smoke a blunt all jokes is front fuck beatin around the bush Kick the (?) ya punks

I mix Henny with Alize get drunk and talk slick Nigga be sizin me up, you know I'm ready to flip My niggaz stay smokin out, sippin Hen and Tengery Nigga, we be havin hella fun like they do in the bay It be the weekend gangsta that me causin the tention You might catch me willin out, in the tough guy convention But don't get it fucked up, because I'm all about my cheedar It ain't easy being me, but nobody could do it better

Everytime I'm rollin out with Krayzie we crazy, try not to get ciffed up Fucked up sippin on that siz rup, pourin out that cup of stuff Them jolly ranchees and enhancers, I mix it up like a chemist Drop about 10 of 'em in it, then sip it slow til it's finished Then it's that (??) little (?) is safe at home Then get your brain broke, they boiler makers and they chain smoke Boss ain't no fuckin rookiem put purple permethozine up on you ream That's guaranteed to make you lean and keep you higher than girffe pussy

I ain't ate all day, but steadily gettin fucked up Smokin this weed, waitin to get scooped up It's the bum Keith G, carribus we on twists We needed a fix, my nigga dip into the rent We worry about that payback later we gonna smoke And live for the meanwhile puffin with Juvenile, what? I'm in the mood to speak my piece, pass the mic I'm in the mood to drink some burb, we high tonight

[Chorus x2]