

Da Roof

Lil' Flip

Well, I smoke and lean tryna get high
On Cloud 9 tryna reach they sky
We call it dro', ya'll call it lye
All I need is a sweet to get me by I'm super fly like Missy
Drink Moette until I'm pissy
I pulled up in a Bentley
Hoes asking, "Who is it?", It's F L I P Blowing that light green
No sticks, no seeds 300 dollars for an O-Z
And you know me stay blowed puffing and passing
You split it, dump it, lick it then stuff it wit hashing Da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire
We don't need matches real smokers use lighters
Da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire
We don't need matches real smokers use lighters Smoke all day that's what I do
When I think about my nigga Screw
I break bread with my crew
I smoke green, purple, even blue I don't know about you but I love to smoke
Play Grand Theft and crack a joke
Or go to the club and snatch a hoe
That's the way it go when ya ballin' hoe We smoke dro' to get higher
I got 20's on my tires, I got tensions in my wires
'Cause Haddy's got that fire
And when I retire, I'm a still be smoking hay
Like or mail man and Drey
([Unverified]) So if you wanna smoke something just holla at ya boy
'Cause I got cotton candy, tarantula and fat boy
We can roll a sack boy and get so high
But when it's time to hit the club, I need Visine for my eyes Da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire
We don't need matches real smokers use lighters
Da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire
We don't need matches real smokers use lighters

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