

# 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  
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