High Rollers

Proof

Loaded, dazed, confused
I'm in the Esco' rollin' the crisp weed
You know that I'm never ever blazin' the Bush weed
You know you're on cloud nine, fuckin' with me duke
Be sure that I'm the crisp man waitin' to see Proof
Some say, I'm high on life and I don't need your herbs
I'm gettin' high every time that you speak your words
Well, I'm glad that means more for me son
I hit the bong so hard, they call me green lungs
They say that I'm the buddah master, 'Rock Superstar'
You know the homie with the weed laced candy bar
Now I'm blazin' it non-stop, you feelin' me fam?
You see, everywhere I go it's like Amsterdam
We blow the smoke in the air, now you smellin' my strain
It's the O.G. bush just clouded your brain
See, I'm ready for fo'-twenty mo' honeys, get dough for me
All of them Mary, it's scary, they get you most stony
Hittin' the blunts and bongs
Puffin' those trees and leaves
Comin' with E and Vic's
You know it's on tonight, roll it and pass the light
Sittin' up top of the world
Gettin' on top of your girl
Crack on those poles and pipes
You know it's on tonight
Roll it and pass the light
You know your man's royal, can be Ishmael [unverified]
Wasn't even finished my drink and thinkin 'bout refills
They got the dro, I'm fin' to roll off these E pills
And I'm the Proof, got on my Method, so be real
A retired weed head that need bread for trickin'
Off on a mission to find bitches for sausage lickin'
Engulfed in liquids, Xena's and perkasets
I jam like I don't know how to work the tec
Nine times outta ten, I'm high off the Henn'
Never lie for a trend tryna die on a binge
Biscuits is poppin', ain't no stoppin' like Hendrix and Joplin
'Til I find out where Biggie and 'Pac went
Profit of coppin', most often is gobbled

Stackin' my chips high 'til they auction a Pablo
Pills to swallow, momma don't cry I send you drugs
Tryna get my mind stuck 'In The Middle' like Monie Love, what?
Hittin' the blunts and bongs
Puffin' those trees and leaves
Comin' with E and Vic's
You know it's on tonight, roll it and pass the light
Sittin' up top of the world
Gettin' on top of your girl
Crack on those poles and pipes
You know it's on tonight
Roll it and pass the light
I semi automatically spit flows at trash
Anatomically equipped to rip shows in half
If I speak a little fast you get whiplash
Promoters better get the kid cash or get whipped ass
Got some zig-zags and a dutch, let's get smashed
My little zip bags got more riders than Six Flags
And while y'all get gassed, I'm proceedin' to get high
Got weed like Mary J. is all I'm needin' to get by
Tical motherfucker, run for cover when shit fly
One hand is on the lye, the other hand on yo' bitch thigh
How many wanna try, Mr. Meth and his clique? Yes
That's kinda far fetched like me passin' a piss test
Okay, let's be real, here's the proof, we need cash flow
Might catch me in the movies lightin' up in the back row
For sho', Killa Bee back, black we don't need that
It's fo'-twenty ho, now where the fuck is yo' weed at?
In fact
Hittin' the blunts and bongs
Puffin' those trees and leaves
Comin' with E and Vic's
You know it's on tonight, roll it and pass the light
Sittin' up top of the world
Gettin' on top of your girl
Crack on those poles and pipes
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