

Roll It, Light It

Cypress Hill & Rusko

We came here to get you high
x11 Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)
x 3 Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)
x 3 Roll it, roll it [B-Real]
Wanna hit of that fat sack
Betta come with the fat stack
Or ya might get rat packed Blow smoke in ya face
When I'm in the place
Feel the bass go shakin' that ass, Jack
Got the club jumpin' off
Whatcha poppin' on
When I pump the song, get a crew cuz
Get on the floor when we come in the door
Lemme show you how we do Yeah we go for the gusto
Made a call to Rusko
Make ya feelin' that rush, So
Hit that spliff and blaze that blunt
Don't look at me funny
I'll say what I want Don't ask for the cash back
Cuz a spark make a flash-back
Your rep, I'll trash that
Gonna blaze with my hash [?]
Watch these scary bitches
Call Hazmat!
Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)
x 3 Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)
x 3 Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it
Whenever we roll
Whenever we load a bowl
People crowd around
We take control
It's impossible
With the weed I hold
For you not to get down
What you hear in the first place
You came to the worst place
I'm high gonna surface
If you don't what that green
Split the scene or state your purpose We don't want no fat butt

You wanna see us get fed up
We don't fall for the set up, get up
Look at you now
You about to go head-up
My flow got sped up
You hos got wet-up
Good luck tryin'a get up, met up
Take a hit and feel this shit
Don't drink from the red cup[Sen Dog]
We still on the come-up
And we come with our guns up
And this ain't about dumb luck
Got my hands on a [?]
Like [?] like a dump truckHear the crowd get loud when you about to hit the stage
Shut 'em down, get 'em pumped up
It's the smokin' section in both directions
Everybody 'bout to get fucked upWhat I got in my sack gonna blow ya hair back
So you betta not touch!
What I say "that shit", know I mean "that shit"
Others might play games, but not us
It goes pack your bowls, light your blunts
Let's get high, get fucked up
Lost your stash, that's your ass
Go and buy another bagPack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)
x 3Roll it, roll it, roll it, light itPack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)
x 3Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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