

# High Rollers

## RZL DZL

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?

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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

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