Roll It Up

The Crystal Method

Roll it up then, no frontation
Smoke it up then, heal the nation
Roll it up then, burn the ganja
I need to pass the roach because it's burning my hand
Let me take you on a trip, deep where I venture
With the P-Town ballers in the city of Placentia
Tell 'em what were gonna do? Fool, I though you knew
We're gonna fishbowl this bitch and roll the avenue
Man, I'm 'bout to park it so we can get to spark it
We'll score a fat sack and there won't be no more then
We'll make a right turn the shef'll burn
Break out the two four and put the bowl on turn
We need to hurry up because my high's straight escapin'
We need a sixty roll because this bowl, I'm sick of scrapin'
We're gettin' low on herb, I found a twenty on the curb
I got about a fifty, so Loc, what's the word?
It's superb, we 'bout to blaze it
We'll score a fat sack and smoke till we're hazin'
Never perpetrate me because we just got lifted
Saint call some freaks, why me? Because you're gifted
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I need to pass the roach because it's burning my hand
Saint, we got low 'cuz we smoked all our dope
That shit was straight legit, when I hit it, I almost choked
Man, he broke and too bad, we ain't no joke
Two hits and pass Saint, man, I want another roll
The sap oversoked, man, I want some mo'
That shit got me tipsy, I almost fell out the door
Well, look at Saint's eyes, is that sucker livin'?
Shake him or somthin' that fool's start trippin'
What's a man to do when the avenues of life comes crashin' down?
It makes me think twice, with the J out your hand
You ain't nothin' but a rookie
Tryin' to drop science but your mind is playin' hooky
Pay attention Loc, I only speak the truth
Sing along with the song, sendin' out to the youth
Roll a man a joint and he'll smoke for a night

Teach him how to roll and he'll smoke for life
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I need to pass the roach because it's burning my hand
Man, I'm gettin' stressed, I need to hit the cess
I need to get some herb so I can calm my nerves
Let's get some Sensemilla, it's twenty a quarter
Naw let's get some kind bud it's willin' to float ya
Now check it out, I get a twenty from my girl
I get a quarter bag of the MC Shwag that makes you hurl
Look what I got, I just got my double chamber
We smoke it with the everlast clip, prepare for danger
And if a stranger wants to get a taste of it
He can take a hit and trip and pay me for my grip
I try to have two sacks in case one gets lonely
There's a sign on my door that says bud smokers only
Bud smokers only, bud smokers only
There's a sign on my door that says 'Bud Smokers Only'
Man, I'm gettin' hungry, we need to get some food
Man, I need some chronic to get me in the mood
Well, hold up, my pager is blowin' up
Oh yeah, that's X-Daddy, looks like we'll be rollin' up
Roll it up then, smoke it up then, roll it up then
Roll it up then, smoke it up then, roll it up then
Roll it up then, smoke it up then, roll it up then
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