

# 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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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  
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  
Roll a man a joint and he'll smoke for a night  
Teach him how to roll and he'll smoke for life  
Roll it up then, no frontation  
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Roll it up then, burn the ganja  
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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