

4:20 (Feat. Streetlife & Carlton Fisk)

Method Man

Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it (roll it up niggaz)
Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it (4:20, y'all, it's time, it's time)
Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it (it's been a long time for this man
Niggaz been sleeping on the kid, man, everybody got some sideways shit to say)
Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it (Carlo! Know what I'm saying, man? Yeah)Fast or slow mo, oh no, Meth
done made a killing
Call the po-po, oh niggaz is squealing, oh, y'all ain't feeling
Niggaz no more, the bigger they are, harder they go though
Good pussy put a hump in my back like Quasimodo
Hah, my sex ain't homo, season vet, hold the adobo
Got rappers on that low carb diet, y'all can't get no dough
I keep a low pro, file, excuse me as I get smoked out
Put hands on these niggaz, then put the roach out
Go head, I'm wishing you would, ask if it's good
Man, this Tarzan shit in the woods, my shit is hood, bitch
That means I'm hood rich, telling you lies
Straight out the pull-pit, it's like Merrill Lynch I'm on that bullshit
Real spit, money come first, and even worse
You need all your toes & fingers to count up what I'm worth, trick
So when I blow a smoke cloud in your face, just take a hint
Dick, you crowding my space, it's Mr. Meth, palIt's 4:20, roll up, nigga getting smo-ked out
No seeds, California weed have you choked out
No doubt, roll up, which rims spoked out
4:20 mean you either roll up or roll outRoll that shit, light that shit, smoke it
Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke itSo on and so on, I flow on
Power to our people, get your smoke on
And I'm so gone, off, that sour diesel
Hard to hold on, but hold on, it's like I'm Pretty Toney
With that robe, got terrorist shook, because I'm so bomb
The hood, put, me in position, I'm in the kitchen
With that cook book, the service I'm giving, birds they vision
Not a good look, told ya my nigga, Tical deliver
Hook or crook, lots of asses to kick, wish I had a bigger foot
Yeah, taking it there, hating who care
Y'all stay out my mental, I got killas waiting in here
To get you, as I sharpen my pencils, tear apart instrumentals
Fuck it, y'all niggaz is pussy, so is the dick that sent you
RZA, we done it again, Co-D occasion
Here's to short skirts and Ol' Dirt McGirt, okay, then

Let's get it popping, like it ain't nothing to get it popping
 The big and rotten's the city, too good to be forgotten
 It's 4:20, roll up, nigga getting smo-ked out
 No seeds, California weed have you choked out
 No doubt, roll up, which rims spoke out
 4:20 mean you either roll up or roll out
 It's 4:20, roll up, nigga getting smo-ked out
 No seeds, California weed have you choked out
 No doubt, roll up, which rims spoke out
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 The rap game won't like me
 You can tell that a nigga is shiesty
 If I die, my second born'll be like me
 Slide dick to your wifey
 Never know your baby boy just might be
 Quick to rob a jack, he's so icy, stay dressed to kill
 From the Hill, never ran, never will
 Attitude, like, fuck you still, I see you missing the point
 This is not a rap song, you get clapped on
 Bullets break the bone, like the joint, call you out your name
 Disrespect ya moms, spit on your dame
 Go public, then, shit on your fame, you overlooking the fact
 Where you from, is where we at
 And y'all don't want no, parts, in that that
 Caught your verse for sale, but real niggaz don't shoot & tell
 We'd rather do the time and rot in the cell
 The inner outer state, bi-coastal smoker
 Inhale, Cali piff with a swift of glaucoma
 Black jeans, black Timbs, black Benz roaster
 Smoke rise, out the sun roof when I roll up
 Verrazano, with no relation to Gravano
 Carlo, shots are hollow, still cop a bottle
 And pour some out, moment of silence, then I swallow
 I'm still alive, and still the sun'll come out tomorrow
 Shine shine shine, and grind, 'cause it's money on my mind
 And I'm moving like my life is on the line
 For the bullshit, I really got no time, a full clip
 Really gon' let ya niggaz know what's on my mind
 When ya getting out of line, have them choppers lit up
 You won't need a camera phone to get the picture
 Chalk down, tape around, body bag zipped up
 Carlo Verrazano, you can call me mister
 It's 4:20, roll up, nigga getting smo-ked out
 No seeds, California weed have you choked out
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Songwriters

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