

Roll 'Em Up

Vanilla Ice

Roll 'em up roll up the hooty mac, rollem up
Rol 'em up, rollem up rollem up.....I need some herbs and spices,
So I can feel nice,
The breeze, coolin like a summertree.
'cause it's the I-C-E and you know I got the feel it.
I score it, and I ain't gotta steal it.
So brang on the sack that's phat,
Ya know
I love my is izm and the 1.5,
'cause I get 'em.
Everytime I get a little hit of tha hummm
The skunk, and the funk feels good to my lungs.
Fire, fire, the izm is my desire,
And I need to get it quick cause it's callin me.
Come and roll me up please I-C-E,
Light the hooty mac, so we can start the par-ty.
You know I smoke good stuff, so go and get the bong,
Gong - diddle bong, once again you know it's on - huh,
You feel it, you feel it, you want it, you want it
Roll it, roll it, lick it - now hit it. You see everytime I wake up, I got to clear my head,
But I clear it with ?ess, cause it goes with my dreds.
And I can't stand to run out, cause if you do I get illy,
Never get silly, so pass me the philly.
Blunt, and no I dn't front like Zero,
Who wears a chronic hat but always says no,
But I say yes, and I get it off my chest.
Bring the bo, bring the skunk, and I hit the phunkly ?ess,
Check it, you ain't gotta test it,
It's the mad bomb and I've already blessed it.
Checka 1-2, and tell me how ya do,
When you hear the dirty budda when the buzz comes through.
I ain't tryin to front, cause I'm gettin' what I want.
Take a chunk of phunk, leave the sack in my trunk.
Yeh, you feel it, you feel it, you want it, you want it
Roll it, roll it, lick it - now hit it. Roll 'em up the hooty mac, that what I said
Now tell me how you feelin'.
Don't it feel good enought to jump and touch the ceiling.
It's on, It's on, I feel it comin on.
It's good to the bone, cause the buzz is real strong.

Even though I can not stand it, but I recomment it,
Especially when ya sick with that cold, so spend it.

You know that twenty dollars that yo've saved

Throughout the week,

If you're a non smoker, then please don't try to speak.

The plan, the plan ya know I've got a plan,

Squirrels go the goods, now tell me whos the man.

But not really the man that you call when you want it,

Ya know I stay legit, and I've got to stay up on it.

On and On You geve me a Ho....

And what I want to do, then I'll let you know.

You feel it, you feel it, you want it, you want it

Roll it, roll it, lick it - now hit it.

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