

# Light It Up

## Philthy Rich

[Intro]

Put it in the air  
Blow me in the air

[Chorus 2X]

Roll it up, roll, roll, roll it up, roll it up,  
Light it up, light it up oooh aaah  
roll it up, roll, roll, roll it up, smoking until ya.... higgghhh

[1st Verse]

(It's Philthy nigga, peep me out look)  
I say, higher than a motha fucka back to back blowing swishers  
I don't fuck with broke niggas, and I don't fuck with broke bitches  
Might hit the lean, but never play with my nose, that's dope fiend shit  
I aint a dope fiend bitch  
Yea a nigga stay high, like these True Religion prices  
Bitch stop asking what I spend on my Breitling  
Got a zip of that loud, and a bottle of Rose'  
Tatted like amigos, shout out my homeboy OJ  
Smoking till' my eyes low, trap with the .54  
Man I mean the .45, this purple got me so high  
Driving with my knees on the way to the cheese  
Bad bitch roll my weed wind blowing through her weave  
Lot of money in these True's, lot of kush in these blunts  
Lot of fake niggas rapping, but who really gives a fuck  
I just smoke weed and check traps  
And I don't even write raps  
I do it of my head nigga  
Feed your ass some lead nigga (It's Philthy)

[Chorus 2X]

Roll it up, roll, roll, roll it up, roll it up,  
Light it up, light it up oooh aaah  
roll it up, roll, roll, roll it up, smoking until ya.... higgghhh

[2nd Verse]

(Philthy)

Look, look, look I'm nothing like them other niggas  
I don't even fuck with niggas  
I stick to myself though

They stuck on the shelf though  
This rich nigga popping, that broke nigga flopping  
Hop in this bitch' whip, I bet him who she knocking  
She just wanna smoke weed with me  
After the show leave with me  
Take her to my house and pray to GOD that she can sleep with me  
You be on that ho shit, I supply them with that dope dick  
Fuck your main bitch and act like I aint know shit  
Now I got her rolling weed for me  
Got her selling P for me  
Touch down on the east coast, sending 50 G's to me  
I got 50 G's with me, five nine hunnid boy  
Kill zone mafia, you don't really want it boy  
Smoke good and fuck better  
Winter time rock the leather  
Plus I keep the heater on me  
You don't want this heat up on you (you don't want this heat up on you, it's Philthy nigga)

[Chorus 2X]

Roll it up, roll, roll, roll it up, roll it up,  
Light it up, light it up oooh aaah  
roll it up, roll, roll, roll it up, smoking until ya.... higgghhh

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Lyrics submitted by tori coto.

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