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]
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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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