

Da Roof

Lil' Flip

Well, I smoke and lean tryna get high
on Cloud 9 tryna reach they sky
we call it dro'ya'll call it lye
all I need is a sweet to get me by
I'm super fly like Missy
drink Moette until I'm pissy
I pulled up in a Bentley
hoes asking who is it its F-L-I-P
blowing that light green
no sticks, no seeds \$300 for an O-Z
and you know me stay blowed puffing and passing
you split it, dump it, lick it then stuff it wit hashing

Da roof, da roof, da roof is on fire
We don't need matches real smokers use lighters
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Smoke all day thats what I do
when I think about my nigga Screw
I break bread with my crew
I smoke green, purple, even blue
I dont know about you but I love to smoke
play Grand Theft and crack a joke
or go to the club and snatch a hoe
thats the way it go when ya ballin hoe
we smoke dro'to get higher
I got 20's on my tires, I got tensions in my wires
cause Haddy's got that fire
and when I retire I'm a still be smoking hay
like crucial conflict or mail man and Dre
so if you wanna smoke something just holla at ya boy
cause I got cotton candy, tarantula, and fat boy
we can roll a sack boy and get so high
but when its time to hit the club I need Visine for my eyes

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