

# Roll It, Light It

## Cypress Hill & Rusko

We came here to get you high  
x11 Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3 Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3 Roll it, roll it [B-Real]  
Wanna hit of that fat sack  
Betta come with the fat stack  
Or ya might get rat packed Blow smoke in ya face  
When I'm in the place  
Feel the bass go shakin' that ass, Jack  
Got the club jumpin' off  
Whatcha poppin' on  
When I pump the song, get a crew cuz  
Get on the floor when we come in the door  
Lemme show you how we do Yeah we go for the gusto  
Made a call to Rusko  
Make ya feelin' that rush, So  
Hit that spliff and blaze that blunt  
Don't look at me funny  
I'll say what I want Don't ask for the cash back  
Cuz a spark make a flash-back  
Your rep, I'll trash that  
Gonna blaze with my hash [?]  
Watch these scary bitches  
Call Hazmat!  
Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3 Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it Pack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3 Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it  
Whenever we roll  
Whenever we load a bowl  
People crowd around  
We take control  
It's impossible  
With the weed I hold  
For you not to get down  
What you hear in the first place  
You came to the worst place  
I'm high gonna surface  
If you don't what that green  
Split the scene or state your purpose We don't want no fat butt  
You wanna see us get fed up  
We don't fall for the set up, get up  
Look at you now

You about to go head-up  
My flow got sped up  
You hos got wet-up  
Good luck tryin'a get up, met up  
Take a hit and feel this shit  
Don't drink from the red cup[Sen Dog]  
We still on the come-up  
And we come with our guns up  
And this ain't about dumb luck  
Got my hands on a [?]  
Like [?] like a dump truckHear the crowd get loud when you about to hit the stage  
Shut 'em down, get 'em pumped up  
It's the smokin' section in both directions  
Everybody 'bout to get fucked upWhat I got in my sack gonna blow ya hair back  
So you betta not touch!  
What I say "that shit", know I mean "that shit"  
Others might play games, but not us  
It goes pack your bowls, light your blunts  
Let's get high, get fucked up  
Lost your stash, that's your ass  
Go and buy another bagPack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3Roll it, roll it, roll it, light itPack your bowls, light your blunts (Light it)  
x 3Roll it, roll it, roll it, light it

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>