

# I Got 5 On It (feat. Michael Marshall)

Luniz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ha ha, the remix  
(5 on it)  
We creepin' in too, baby  
We got five on that thing, man  
We got, uh, Dru Down  
We got the Luniz  
(Shock G)  
Yeah, Richie Rich, E-40, Spice 1 You say you got five on my tenda  
You can bend over the table  
But be sure bring my stallion back to my stable  
Say, brush? No elementary school ground plan  
Not a five dollar bill  
But five double zero on the real, feel  
I'm on the level, stair mellow No criticism from the fellows, hello  
Being keyed during a high speed  
But still don't tap the B.B.s  
I'm dizzy, Dru Down, baby Like Nyquil, I drop fever, so either put your five up  
Or ya gots to leave it like beaver 'cause see ya  
Nigge Perk land broke and smoke ya spliff all day  
Go home and buy big tricky with his pretty Impala I got five on the Hennessey, Segrims and 40's  
Cause this is how we do it like Montell Jordan  
I'm from the Oakland city, framed nigge is a gonna  
Now I'm blowin' it up like Oklahoma Put ya five with my fin, best believe we'll bend  
Mo corners than you thought, to somethin' writers bought  
More sizz-acks, believe that talkin', where you from?  
Oakland Smokin' in attempts to crack the chest plate  
The zips be so fluffy, the whole town loves me  
An every event I'm sacked up  
So if ya need me, scream double R when ya see me I got five on it, grab ya four, let's get keyed  
I got five on it, messin' wit' dat indo weed  
I got five on it, it's got me stuck and toed back  
I got five on it, potna, let's go half on a sack E-40, why ya treat me so bad?

40 makes it happen, fives gets slapped  
And rubbin' them girls just a little bit of light weight  
Flamboyant, potent fumes lingerin' mighty clouds and molten lights  
You expect to bit the baron an you'll be  
violatin' my civil rights  
I'm startin' to feel my scrilla but perhaps today my scrilla ain't feelin' me  
For the simple fact that I'm off to the track with hella fools three  
Pockets empty, pitchin' five, man I'm dusted took off my hat  
Passed it around, sprinkle me Me an E-40 to the head, comin' fifth, plus  
You let the lead bust, ready to do a murda, man?  
Curved off the Hurricane, hurled again  
Witness we'll bein' off two-fifths equal Killing people like Jason, facin' death every sequel  
(Insane in the membrane)  
Bring the pain like Method neglected  
Smokin' crips to the night to the brains for breakfast  
'Cause for the indo fins do the evil that men do  
Give me five and I shall proceed and continue I got five on it, grab ya four, let's get keyed  
I got five on it, messin' wit' dat indo weed  
I got five on it, it's got me stuck and toed back  
I got five on it, potna, let's go half on a sack Yeah, it's been a while since I've hollered from the town  
Mess around heard young genome said, "I've gotta be down"  
'Cause new styles is goin' down, look around you  
Tunes from the Luniz spread round an round you Back to get my O on, they let me flow on  
The thirty-five on it, yeah, I'm on it  
Still brinin' satin for them draws  
Velvet for the mic and got a pound for the 'cause Rollin' up the cannabis, hittin' the Mary Jane  
Smokin' the five before it's twelve o'clock  
Sippin' on Hurricane, ready to smoke on the indo  
Rollin' up my window, fittin' to go to the land  
With a hand fulla broccoli When it comes to the sticky, I'm the man  
Crunch nasty, I be hittin' the jank so hard I hurl  
Fall on the floor fittin' to have a stroke THC ain't no joke  
I got five on everything, let's get loaded and smoke  
S P I C E about to hit it an croak I got five on it, grab ya four, let's get keyed  
I got five on it, messin' wit' dat indo weed  
I got five on it, it's got me stuck and toed back  
I got five on it, potna, let's go half on a sack Ha ha, wassup baby  
It's me, your boy to keep the song always tight  
You little short on some ends?  
Don't worry, I'll take care of that, I got you

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