I Got 5 On It

Luniz

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 1You 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 mellowNo 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, babyLike 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 ImpalaI 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 OklahomaPut 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?
OaklandSmokin' 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 meI 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 sackE-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 lightsYou 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 meMe 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 equalKilling 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 continueI 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 sackYeah, 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 youBack 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 'causeRollin' 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 broccoliWhen 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 croakI 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 sackHa 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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