

# Five Bucks (Feat. Chip Tha Ripper & Curren\$y)

## Big Sean

Im smokin loudly, i woke them all  
I pick up that tree, when its not far  
Im gone off that tree, when its not tall  
Im in love with tree, i'm a avatar  
I pick up a o from my nigga ralphie  
my bro and me but he is not alfie  
gone off that goo punch, it makes me drowsy  
roll up the windows, it makes it cloudy  
daaamn if you aint know  
i make these girls nice smokin paper and bows  
my ladies like blunts, hit em twice if not once  
then i blow em off and just pass em to my bro  
now catch me gettin brain if a nigga not learnin  
i be spendin money if a nigga not earnin  
catch me in the back seat if im not stirrin  
and i be rollin up if a nigga not burnin I got 5 on it  
(Got it good)  
Grab your fo', let's get keyed  
I got 5 on it  
Messin' with that endo weed I got 5 on it  
(Got it good)  
It's got me stuck, cannot go back  
I got 5 on it

Potnah, let's go half on a sack you know a nigga like to stay up at that cruisin altitude up in the sky  
try to fuck with paper planes but its not the same high  
cleveland niggas aint no bitches we prefer the cigarello smoke  
if you say it take away from taste then get some better smoke  
cuz the shit i blow can be smoked on the next block  
aint no middle man everything you need is in stock  
this glock is all the security i need  
i be solo dolo when you see me blowin on some weed  
why speed? no need i be just takin it slow  
i be so clean diesel overpowers my cologne  
now all the bad bitches who blaze are shiftin this way  
yall just some white doves with these leaves i am the sensei  
now bow to the bag, never save the best for last  
when I come around niggas know to hurry up and pass  
fuck a dime set lets cop a quarter pound  
what the fuck is you gonna put down

nigga I got five I got 5 on it  
(Got it good)  
Grab your fo', let's get keyed  
I got 5 on it  
Messin' with that endo weed I got 5 on it  
(Got it good)  
It's got me stuck, cannot go back  
I got 5 on it  
Potnah, let's go half on a sack Hot wired 64 hydraulics  
not stolen lost my keys I was high patna  
fuck you want this a raw paper  
not a blunt you must got me mixed up with chip cuz  
this spitta zig zag a whole zip up  
shit strong shoulda came with a big pick up  
bitches callin me wanna smoke beggin for me to pick her up  
she blow me while im blowin rings of that killa  
that weed you smokin brown  
fake weed too much makeup clown  
get real smoking green strawberry fields  
high standin up feelin like im layin down  
couple boojey judies came round  
actin all stuck up  
now they just stuck from smoking with us  
how the hallways smellin is my windows open enough  
I hear walkie talkies is security comin up? I got 5 on it  
(Got it good)  
Grab your fo', let's get keyed  
I got 5 on it  
Messin' with that endo weed I got 5 on it  
(Got it good)  
It's got me stuck, cannot go back  
I got 5 on it  
Potnah, let's go half on a sack

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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