

# I Got 5 On It (Explicit) (Feat. Michael Marshall)

Luniz

Player, give me some brew an I might just chill,  
But I'm the type that like to light another joint  
Like Cypress Hill  
I steal doobies, spit loogies when I puff on it,  
I got some bucks on it, but it ain't enough on it  
Go get the S-t. I-d-e-s  
Never the less, I'm hella fresh,  
Rollin' joints like a cigarette  
So pass it cross the table like ping pong,  
I'm gone, beatin' my chest like King Kong,  
It's on, wrap my lips around a 40,  
And when it comes to get another stogie,  
Fools all kick in like Shinobi  
No, he ain't my homie to begin with,  
It's too many heads to be proper to let my friend hit it  
Unless you pull out the fat, crispy  
5 dollar bill on the real before it's history  
'Cause fools be having them vacuum lungs  
An if you let em hit it for free you hella dum-da-dum-dumb  
I come to school with the Taylor on my earlobe  
Avoiding all the thick teasers, skeezers, and weirdos  
That be blowing off the land like where the bomb at  
Give me two bucks, you take a puff and pass my bomb back  
Suck up the dank like a Slurpee  
The serious bomb will make a niggy go delirious like Eddie Murphy  
I got more Growing Pains than Maggie  
'Cause homie, snag me to take the dank out of the baggie I got five on it,  
Grab your 40, let's get keyed  
I got five on it,  
Messin' wit that Indo' weed  
I got five on it,  
It's got me stuck and knocked on back  
I got five on it,  
Partna let's go half on a sack I take sacks to the face,  
Whenever I can,  
Don't need no crutch  
I'm so keyed up,  
Till the joint be burnin' my hand  
Next time I roll it in a hampa

To burn slow so the ashes won't be burnin' up my hand, bra  
 Hoochies can hit but they know they got to pitch in,  
 Then I roll a joint that's longer than your extension  
 'Cause I'll be damned if you get high off me for free  
 Hell no, you betta' bring your own spliff, chief  
 What's up? Don't babysit that  
 Better pass the joint  
 Stop hittin' 'cause you know ya got Asthma  
 Crack a 40 open, homie, an guzzle it,  
 'Cause I know the weed in my system is gettin' lonely  
 I gotta take a whiz test to my P-O  
 I know I failed 'cause I done smoked major weed bro,  
 And every time we with Chris that fool rollin' up a fattie,  
 But the Tanqueray straight had me I got five on it,  
 Grab your 40, let's get keyed  
 I got five on it,  
 Messin' wit that Indo' weed  
 I got five on it,  
 It's got me stuck and knocked on back  
 I got five on it,  
 Partna let's go half on a sack Hey, make this right man, stop at the light man  
 My yester-night thing got me hung off the night train  
 You fade, I face, so let's head to the east  
 Hit the stroll to 9-0 so we can roll big hashish  
 I wish I could fade the eighth, but I'm low budget  
 Still rolling a two door Cutlass same old bucket  
 Foggy windows, soggy Indoe  
 I'm in the 'land getting smoked wit my kinfolk I been smoked, Yuk'll spray ya, lay ya down up in the O-A-K the  
 Town  
 Homies don't play around we down to blaze a pound  
 Then ease up, speed up through the E-S-O  
 Drink the V-S-O-P up with a lemon squeeze up  
 And everybody's rolled up, I'm da roller  
 That's quick to fold a blunt out of a buncha sticky doja  
 Hold up, suck up my weed is all you do  
 Kick in feed, 'cause where I be's, we need half like a foo-foo I got five on it,  
 Grab your 40, let's get keyed  
 I got five on it,  
 Messin' wit that Indo' weed  
 I got five on it,  
 It's got me stuck and knocked on back  
 I got five on it,  
 Partna let's go half on a sack

Songwriters

RONALD BELL, CLAYDES SMITH, ROBERT MICKENS, DONALD BOYCE, RICHARD WESTFIELD,  
DENNIS THOMAS, ROBERT BELL, GEORGE BROWN, J. KING, D. FOSTER, T. MCELROY, JEROLD  
ELLIS, GARRICK HUSBANDS, ANTHONY GILLMOURPublished by  
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