

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 baggieI 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 sackI 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 Indo'

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

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