

I Got 5 On It (Ft. Michael Marshall)

Luniz

I got 5 on it, I got 5
Whachyou got nigga?
Damn, I think I got 2 bucks in my sock nigga,
Well dats dat, fuck it
I think I got 3 bucks in my back pack
Enough to get a fat sack
You got some zags?
Not at all man. let get some from the sto
Fo sho because a nigga need a tall can
Open the door blood, nigga where my keys at?
Oh no I gave them to you get get that weed sac,
Oh here they go, wit my sock
Hey put your seat belt on 'cause there's hella cops parked up theblock,
Well nigaa bust a uey then,
Nigga follow up dat doobie den,
Hell naw, you made it scandalous partnah,
Well sue me then,
Ohh we like that on a roach, nope look at them hoes,
Man fuck them tricks nigga lets get smoked,
Pass the doobie to the left biddy bum bum boom,
Whoa what the fuck wrong wit you,
Damn I had a flash back,
This nigga fronted me some yay,
But you know that he ain't gon'got his cash nigga,
Fuck this I'm puttin it in the cutless,
Man you know we ain't got no tags on the cutless,
Hey you know what 84th is the closest,
A fat ass half nigga lets smoke this,
Lets roll a blunt with the skunk,
Why you bring this scandalous ass sac,
This shit ain't no pump
Hmm smell this.....roll it up then nigga,
Hey lets go half on some liquor,
Hey go get some tango or something
(you got some ID?)
Ohhh man shit I ain't got nuthin
Man I spend with you all the time
(sorry no ID, no colors I see blind)
Ohh fuck that maaan,

(why don't you get of my store niggah)
Man I ain't trippin.I got 5 on it
Grab your 40
Let get keyed
I got 5 on it
Fuckin with that endo weed
I got 5 on it
Got me stuck and now toke back
I got 5 on it
Nigga lets go half on a sackI take a sack to the face,
When ever I can, fuck a crutch
I be smokin that shit till the joint be burnin my hand,
Next time I'm rollin in the tamba,
To burn slopes so that ashes won't be burnin up my hand bro,
Hoes want to hit but they know,
They gotta pitch in then,
I roll a joint that longer than your extention,
'cause ill be damn if you get high off me for free,
Fuck that you better bring your own shit G,
What's up don't babysit that,
You better pass the joint nigga stop hittin,
'cause you know you got asthma,
Crack the 40 open homie and guzzel it,
'cause I know the weed in my system is gettin lonely,
I gotta take a piss test to my P.O.
I know i'll fail 'cause I jes smoked hella weed bro,
And every time we with chris that nigga rollin up fatty.....
But the tangaray straight had me,
Lit to the fullest extreme,
There was gettin no higher,
That shit had my chest on fire,
Dru hill was swingin to the face straight,
But I ain't fuckin with that,
I think ill stick to the crazy 8's,
Bring me a bottle and I'm cool wit that,
Im'a lounge with that,
Nigga bring me a fat sack,
I don't know how to roll,
But I know how to smoke,
I think I'm gonna hit it til my ass choke,Chorus
Playa, bring me some brew ,
And I'm might just chill,
But I'm the type that like to light another joint like cypresshill,
I steal doobies,
Spit loogies when I puff on it,

I got some bucks on it,
But in ain't enough on it,
Fuck with the S-T-D-I-D-E-S,
Nevertheless I'm hella fresh,
Rollin joints like a cigarette, (hit it)
So pass across the table like ping-pong,
I'm gone,
Beatin my chest like king kong,
Its on,
Wrap my lips around a 40,
When it comes to get another stogie
Niggas all kick in like shinobi,
No he ain't my homie to being with,
Its to many heads to be poppin at my friend,
Hit shit,
Unless you pull out the fat crispy,
5 dollar bill on the real before its history,
'cause niggas be haven them vaccuum lungs,
And if you let'em hit for free,
You hella dumb-duh-dumb-dumb.
I come to school with a taylor on my earlobe,
Avoiden all the dick teasers, skeezers, and weirdos,
Why'all be fuckin off the land, like where the bomb at,
Gimmie 2 bucks you take a puff and pass my bong back,
Suck up the dank like a slurpie,
This serious bong will make a nigga go delirious like eddiemurphy,
I got more growin' pains than maggie,
'cause niggas nag me,
To take the dank out of the baggie

Songwriters

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