

I Got 5 On It

Luniz

People in Oakland, Oakland
See I'm riding higher and higher
Kinda broke so ya know all I got's five, I got five

Player, give me some brew and I might just chill
But I'm the type that like to light another joint like Cypress Hill
I'm-a 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
Nevertheless I'm hella fresh, rolling joints like a cigarette
So pass it across the table like ping pong, I'm gone
Beating my chest like King Kong
It's on wrap my lips around a 40
And when it comes to getting 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 bong 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 homies nag 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
Messing with that Indo weed
I got five on it
It's got me stuck and not go back
I got five on it
Partner lets 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 burning my hand
Next time I roll it in a hampa
To burn slow, so the ashes won't be burning up my hand, bro
Hoochies can hit but they know they got to pitch in
Then I roll a joint that's longer than your extension (hahaha)
Cause I'll be damned if you get high off me for free
Hell no, you better bring your own spliff, chief
What's up, don't babysit that better pass the joint
Stop hitting cause you know you got asthma
Crack a 40 open homie
And guzzle it, cause I know the weed in my system is getting 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 rolling up a fatty
But the Tanqueray straight had me

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

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 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 we need half like um-foo-foo