

Da Luniz, I Got 5 On It

Intro

Ha ha, the remix (5 on it)
We creepin in too, baby
We got five on that thing, man
We got, uh, Dru Down
We got the LUNIZ (Shock G)
Yeah, Richie Rich
E-40, Spice 1

Verse One: Dru Down

You say you got five on my tenda,
You can bend-a over the table,
But be sure bring my stallion back to my stable,
Say, bruh?
No elementary school ground plan,
Not a five dollar bill,
But five double zero on the real, feel
I'm on the level, stair mellow,
No criticism from the fellows, hello
Being keyed during a high-speed
But still don't tap the B.B.s
I'm dizzy, Dru Down, baby

Verse Two: Knumskull

Like Nyquil, I drop fever,
So either put your five up,
Or ya gots to leave it like beaver
Cause see ya,
Nigge Perkland broke and smoke ya spliff all day
Go home and buy big tricky with his pretty Impal-a
I got five on the Hennessy, Segrims, and 40's
Cause this is how we do it like Montell Jordan
I'm from the Oakland city, framed nigge is a gonna,
Now I'm blowin it up like Oklahoma

Verse Three: Richie Rich

Put ya fi-ve with my fin,
Best believe we'll bend
Mo corners than you thought,
To somethin writers bought
More sizz-acks, believe that
Talkin, where you from?
Oakland
Smokin
In attempts to crack the chest plate,
The zips be so fluffy, the whole town loves me
An every event I'm sacked up,
So if ya need me, scream double R when ya see me

Chorus: Michael Marshall

I got five on it,
Grab ya four, let's get keyed,
I got five on it,
Messin wit dat indo weed
I got five on it,
It's got me stuck and toed back,
I got five on it,
Potna, let's go half on a sack

Verse Four: E-40

E-40

Why ya treat me so bad?

40 makes it happen

Fives gets slapped and rubbin them girls just a little bit of light weight

Flambosant, potent fumes lingerin mighty clouds and molten lights

You expect to bit the baron an you'll be violatin my civil rights

I'm startin to feel my scrilla but perhaps today my scrilla ain't feelin me

For the simple fact that I'm off to the track with hella fools three

Pockets empty, pitchin five, man I'm dusted

Took off my hat, passed it around, sprinkle me

Verse Five: Yukmouth

Me an E-40 to the head, comin fifth, plus

You let the lead bust,

Ready to do a murda, man?

Curved off the Hurricane, hurled again

Witness we'll bein off two-fifths equal,

Killing people like Jason, facin death every sequel

(Insane in the membrane!)

Bring the pain like Method

Neglected,

Smokin crips to the night to the brains for breakfast

Cause for the in-do fins do the evil that men do,

Give me fi-ve and I shall proceed and continue

Chorus

Verse Six: Shock G

Yeah, it's been a while since I've hollered from the town,

Mess around heard young ginome said "I've gotta be down"

Cause new styles is goin down, look around you

Tunes from the Luniz spread round an round you

Back to get my O on, they let me flow on

The thirty-five on it,

Yeah, I'm on it,

Still brinin satin for them draws

Velvet for the mic and got a pound for the cause

Verse Seven: Spice 1

Rollin up the cannabis, hittin the Mary Jane,

Smokin the five before it's tweleve o'clock

Sippin on Hurricane, ready to smoke on the indo

Rollin up my window, fittin to go to the land,

With a hand fulla brocoli,

When it comes to the sticky, I'm the man

Crunch nasty, I be hittin the jank so hard I hurl

Fall on the floor fittin to have a stroke THC ain't no joke

I got five on everything, let's get loaded and smoke

S-P-I-C-E about to hit it an croaaaakkkkk

Chorus

Outro

Ha ha, wassup baby

It's me, your boy to keep the song always tight

You little short on some ends?

Don't worry, I'll take care of that,
I got you