

Luniz, I Got 5 On It Full

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, f**k 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 cuz theres hella cops parked up the block,
well nigaa bust a uey then,
nigga fire 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 f**k them tricks nigga lets get smoked,
pass the doobie to the left biddy bum bum boom,
whoa what the f**k wrong wit you,
damn i had a flash back,
this nigga fronted me some yay,
but you know that he aint gon'got his cash back,
f**k this im puttin it in the cutless,
man you know we aint 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 aint 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 aint got nuthin
man i spend with you all the time
(sorry no ID, no colors i see blind)
ohh f**k that maaan,
(why dont you get of my store niggah)
man i aint trippin.

I got 5 on it
grab your 40
let get keyed
i got 5 on it
f**kin 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 sack

i take a sack to the face,
when ever i can, f**k a crutch
i be smokin that shit till the joint be burnin my hand,
next time im rollin in the tamba,
to burn slopes so that ashes wont be burnin up my hand bro,
hoes wanna hit but they know,
they gotta pitch in then,
i roll a joint that longer than your extention,
cuz ill be damn if you get high off me for free,

f**k that you better bring your own shit G,

whats up dont babysit that,
you better pass the joint nigga stop hittin,
cuz you know you got asthma,
crack the 40 open homie and guzzel it,
cuz i know the weed in my system is gettin lonley,
i gotta take a piss test to my P.O.
i know i'll fail cuz 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 aint f**kin with that,
i think ill stick to the crazy 8's,
bring me a bottle and im cool wit that,
im'a lounge with that,
nigga bring me a fat sack,
i dont know how to roll,
but i know how to smoke,
i think im gonna hit it til my ass choke,

chorus

playa, bring me some brew ,
and im might just chill,
but im 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 in aint enough on it,
f**k with the S-T-D-I-D-E-S,
nevertheless im hella fresh,
rollin joints like a cigarette, (hit it)
so pass across the table like ping-pong,
im 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 aint my homie to begin 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,
cuz 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,
yall be f**kin 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 delirous like eddie murphy,
i got more growin' pains than maggie,
'cause niggas nag me,
to take the dank out of the baggie

Chorus