

Luniz, I Got 5 On It (Gumbo Funk Remix)

[Chorus x2]

I got 5 on it
Just got paid and I wanna smoke big
I got 5 on it
Put a 5 on a sack and we can blow big

[Knumskull] Open the chips

[Yukmouth] Open the fifth, let's get licked

[Y] Cos I'm on one

[K] I grab the drink but that bag boy was a strong one

[Y] I'm strong like Van Damme

[K] Hell no, more like Bam Bam

[Y] Oooohhh!!!

[K] Almost got my ass slammed, til I hopped in the Trans Am

[Y] With the, pozzi rear, no fear,
rowdy sideways to these hoes house

[K] Eh give me my take

[Y] Why?

[K] So I can get that stoge out

[Y] Save it for later player, these [BLANK] better fader, Vader

[K] But if they don't then (see ya later gator)

I'm not a player hater, I just need weed

[Y] Why lie, like Houdini pulls a rabbit out of his sleeve

[K] Sticky icky, green leaf, so we can blow big

Man I'm so high I done forgot where these niggas live

[Y] What? Go get the pager digits fool

[K] It was in my pocket

[Y] What you sayin?

[K] I don't know where da hell it is

[Y] Man that's why they call you Knumskull
because your brain froze and everythang's stolen
hole in your pocket with gold chain showin, hehe

[K] Aaah Yukmouth, dustmouth

[Y] What?

[K] You swoopin to the left this way,
you better stop blowin ya breath this way

[Y] Now say, if po-po was on our ass

[K] No they ain't stockin!

[Y] Man they on our ass I AIN'T BULLSHITTIN!!!

[K] You best ta hit a coupla corners, be swayz off the Alize
before your ride get took for thirty days

[Y] Fool you crazy

[K] I'm hittin 80 in a high speeder

Go all out, can't wash no drawers out in Santa Rita

[Chorus x2]

[Knumskull]

Forget 5 on a sack cos I quit, almost had a seizure
Smokin the straight-up leaves had a brother keyed like lei-zure
But forever got on-them's on that drink though

Your talkin about choosin links, I pulls out my whole bankroll

(Man you got 5 on e'rything, huh?) Dude who asked you

to speak? You're too cheap cos I got 5 on the gas too

I passed you da hemp (5-0) but you never gave it back

cos you too busy tryin to play the mack

What's your name? (Money Green) Money seen, money gone

Bustarama, look like you never ever had a home

Put 5 on the Hindu, player let's drink

(Man I would if I could) But you can't, so play the link

Fools whistle dixie, don't got no scratch and try to lie

Quick to hop in my hooptie and try to ride

Slide yo, it's over, you don't got loot, your ride stank

And don't try to grab my drank, boi

[Chorus x2]

[Yukmouth]

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 thru the E-S-O
Drink the VSOP up with the lemon squeeze up
in everybody's throater, I'm the roller
that's quick to fold a blunt out of a buncha sticky dosia
Hold up, suck up my weed is all you do
Kick in feed, cos where I be's we needs half like them foo-foo
Comin from your true blue, funks J the period
J period's strapped with AK, somethin serious
Delirious brain and thought mushrooms, it's like when I inhale
get smoked for my dead homies and, folks that's up in jail
I shoulda been down with Redman cos my Posse
be Pistol Packin', actin a fool off that Rozzi
Alize, equals one mo' casual-tay
For cash I mass move ghetto in a camp like Alloway, hey

[Chorus x4]