

Luniz, I Got Five On It

Chorus:

creep on it, on it, on it, on it
woo, see I'm ridin higher and higher, woo-oo
kinda broke so ya know all I gots five, I got five

(Yukmouth)

player, give me some brew an I might just chill,
but I'm the type that likes to light another joint like Cypress Hill
I steal doobies
spit loogies
when I puff on it,
I got some bucks on it,
but it ain't enuff on it
go get the s the t-i-d-e-s
never the less,
I'm hella fresh,
rollin joints like a cigarette
so pass it cross the table like ping pong,
I'm gone,
beatin' my chest like King Kong,
it's on,
wrap my lips around a 40,
and when it comes to get another stogie,
fools all kick in like Shinobi
Konw Me ain't my homie to begin with,
it's too many heads to be poppin' that let my friend hit bit
unless you pull out the fat, crispy
five dollar bill on the real before its history
causs fools be havin' them vaccum lungs,
and if you let 'em hit it for free,
you hella "dum-dum-dum-dum"
I come to school with a taylor on my earlobe
avoidin' all the thick teasers, skeezers, and weirdos
that be blowin off the land like 'where tha bomb at?'
give me two bucks,
you take a puff,
and pass my bomb back
suck up the dank like a slurpy
the serious bomb will make a niggie go delirious like Eddie Murphy
I got more growin' pains than Maggie
cause homies nag me,
to take the dank out of the baggie

Chorus:

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I got five on it,
grab your 40,
let's get keyed
I got five on it,
messin' wit that Indo weed
I got five on it,
it's got me stuck and IM TOW BACK
I got five on it,
PARTNA lets go half on a sac

(Knumskull)

I take sacks to the face, whenever I can,
don't need no cruch I'm so keyed up, 'till the joint be burnin' my hand
next time I roll it in a hampa
to burn slo, so the ashes won't be burnin' up my hand, bruh
hoochies can hit, but they know they got to pitch in,
then I roll a joint that's longer than your extension
cause I'll be damned if you get high off me for free
hell naw, you betta bring your own spliff, cheif

wassup, dont babysit that
better pass the JOINT!
stop hittin' cause you know ya got Asthma
crack a 40 open, homie, and guzzle it,
cause I know the weed in my system is gettin lonley
I gotta take a whiz test to my P-O
I know I failed cause I done smoked major weed bro,
an everytime we with Chris that fool rollin up a fattie,
but the Tanqueray straight had me

Chorus

(Knumskull)
hey, make this right mate
stop at the light mate,
my yester night thang got me hung off the night train
you fade, I fade
so let's head to da east
hit the stroll to 9-0 so we can roll big hashies
I wish I could fade the eighth, but I'm low budget
still rollin' a two door Cutlass same ole' bucket
foggy windows,
soggy Indo,
I'm in tha land gettin smoked wit my kinfolk

(Yukmouth)
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 up with a lemon squeeza
and everybody's blowed ahh, I'm da roller
that's quick to fold a blunt out of a buncha sitcky dosia
hold up, suck up my weed is all you do
kick in fee, cause where I be's we need half like Unfoofoo