

# I Got 5 On It (feat. Michael Marshall)

## Luniz

people in Oakland... Oakland  
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 like to light another joint like Cypress Hill  
I'm 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 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  
no, me ain't my homie to begin with,  
it's too many heads to be poppin' at my friend hit it  
unless you pull out the phat, crispy  
five dollar bill on the real before its history  
cos fools be havin' them vaccum lungs,  
an if you let 'em hit it for free,  
you hellar "dum-dum-dum-dum"  
I come to school with the 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 nigge go delirous like Eddie Murphy  
I got more growin' pains than Maggie  
cos 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,

messin' wit that Indo weed  
I got five on it,  
it's got me stuck and not go back  
I got five on it,  
potna 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, bra  
hoochies can hit,  
but they know they got to pitch in,  
then I roll a joint that's longer than your extension  
cos I'll be damned if you get high off me for free  
hell naw, you betta bring your own spliff, cheif  
wassup,  
don't make me sip that,  
better pass the  
JOINT!  
stop hittin' cos you know ya got Asthma  
crack a 40 open, homie,  
an guzzel it,  
cos I know the weed in my system is gettin lonley  
I gotta take a whiz test to my P-O  
I know I failed cos I done smoked major weed bro,  
an everytime we with Chris that fool rollin up a fattie,  
but the Tanqueray straight had me  
(Knumskull)  
hey, make this right man  
stop at the light man,  
my yester night thang got me hung off the night train  
you fade, I face  
so let's head to da east  
hit the stroll to 9-0 so we can roll big, hot sheets  
I wish I could fade the eighth  
but I've no budget,  
still rollin' a two door Cutlass same ole' bucket  
foggy windows,  
smokin' Indo,  
I'm in tha land gettin smoked wit my kinfolk(Yukmouth)  
been smoked,  
Yuk'll spray ya, lay ya down  
up in the OAK the Town  
homies don't play around,  
we down to blaze a pound  
then ease up,

speed up through the ESO,  
drink the VSOP 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 sitcky dosia  
hold up, suck up my weed is all you do  
kick in feed, cause where I be's we need tab like a foo-foo

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>