

I've Got 5 On It - 1/2

Interprété par Luniz.

1-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

(VERSE 1)

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 the vaccum lungs,
an if you let em hit it for free,
you hellar "dum-dum-dum-dum"
I come to school with a taylor on my earlobe
avoidin all the thick teasers, skeezers, and weirdos
I be blowin up 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

1-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 sack

(VERSE 2)

I've Got 5 On It - 2/2

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 (slang for hav-a-tampa cigars)
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 no, you betta bring your own spliff, chief
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 how 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
(repeat 1)

(VERSE 3)

(2)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 ache
but I'm no budget,
still rollin a 2 door cutglass, same 'ole bucket
foggy windows, soggy Indo,
I'm in tha land gettin smoked wit my kinfolk
(1)been smoked,
yuk'll, the sprayer lay it down,(yuk stands for yukmouth)
up in the OAK the Town
homies don't play around,
we down to blaze a pound
then eaz up,
speed up through the ESO drink the V.S.O.P.
P up with the lemon squeeze up
and everybody's rolled up, I'm da rolla
that's quick to fold a blunt out of a buncha sticky dosia
hold up, suck up my weed as all you do
kick in feed, cause where I be's we need tab like a foo-foo
(rpt 1)