

Big Sean "Five Bucks"

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Im smokin loudly, i woke them all
I pick up that tree, when its not far
Im gone off that tree, when its not tall
Im in love with tree, i'm a avatar
I pick up a o from my nigga ralphie
my bro and me but he is not alfie
gone off that goo punch, it makes me drowsy
roll up the windows, it makes it cloudy
daaamn if you aint know
i make these girls nice smokin paper and bows
my ladies like blunts, hit em twice if not once
then i blow em off and just pass em to my bro
now catch me gettin brain if a nigga not learnin
i be spendin money if a nigga not earnin
catch me in the back seat if im not stirrin
and i be rollin up if a nigga not burnin

I got 5 on it
(Got it good)
Grab your fo', let's get keyed
I got 5 on it
Messin' with that endo weed

I got 5 on it
(Got it good)
It's got me stuck, cannot go back
I got 5 on it
Potnah, let's go half on a sack

you know a nigga like to stay up at that cruisin altitude
up in the sky
try to fuck with paper planes but its not the same high
cleveland niggas aint no bitches we prefer the cigarello
smoke
if you say it take away from taste then get some better
smoke
cuz the shit i blow can be smoked on the next block
aint no middle man everything you need is in stock
this glock is all the security i need
i be solo dolo when you see me blowin on some weed
why speed? no need i be just takin it slow
i be so clean diesel overpowers my cologne

now all the bad bitches who blaze are shiftin this way
yall just some white doves with these leaves i am the
sensei
now bow to the bag, never save the best for last
when I come around niggas know to hurry up and pass
fuck a dime set lets cop a quarter pound
what the fuck is you gonna put down
nigga I got five
I got 5 on it
(Got it good)
Grab your fo', let's get keyed
I got 5 on it
Messin' with that endo weed

I got 5 on it
(Got it good)
It's got me stuck, cannot go back
I got 5 on it
Potnah, let's go half on a sack

Hot wired 6'4 hydraulics
not stolen lost my keys I was high patna
fuck you want this a raw paper
not a blunt you must got me mixed up with chip cuz
this spitta zig zag a whole zip up
shit strong shoulda came with a big pick up
bitches callin me wanna smoke beggin for me to pick
her up
she blow me while im blowin rings of that killa
that weed you smokin brown
fake weed too much makeup clown
get real smoking green strawberry fields
high standin up feelin like im layin down
couple boojey judies came round
actin all stuck up
now they just stuck from smoking with us
how the hallways smellin is my windows open enough
I hear walkie talkies is security comin up?

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(Got it good)
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