

## Ozma

### "I Got 5 On It"

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[Intro]

Ha hah, the remix.. five on it!  
We creepin in too, baby  
{We got five on ery'thang mayn}  
We got uhh, Dru Down; we got the.. LUNIZ! (Shock G,  
whassup?)  
{Know it's goin together man}  
Yeah, Richie Rich, E-40 (Spice 1)

[Verse One: Dru Down]

You say you got five on my tender, you can bend her  
over the table  
But be sure that you bring my stallion back to my stable  
Say, bruh? No elementary school ground playin  
Not a five dollar bill, but five double zero on the real  
feel  
I'm on the level, stayin mellow  
No criticism from the fellows, hello  
Being keyed durin a high-speed but still don't tap the  
B.B.'s  
I'm D.D., Dru Down, baby

[Verse Two: Knumskull]

Like Nyquil, I drop fever; so either put your five up  
or ya gots to "Leave It" like "Beaver"  
Cause see a, niggy perkin broke'll smoke your spliff all  
day  
Go home and buy big drinky with his pretty then parlay  
I got five on the Hennessy, Seagram's, or 40's  
Cause "This is How We Do It" like Montell Jordan  
I'm from the Oakland City, Frank Nitti is a goner  
Knum' blowin it up like Oklahoma

[Verse Three: Richie Rich]

Put ya feev' with my fin, best believe we'll bend  
Mo' corners than you thought, to somethin writers  
bought  
Mo' C-zacks? Believe that, token  
Where you from? Oakland, smokin  
In attempts to crack the chest plate  
The zips be so fluffy, the whole town loves me

At every event I'm sacked up  
So if ya need me, scream "Double R" when ya see me

Chorus: Michael Marshall

I got five on it {"Got it good!"}  
Grab your fo', let's get keyed  
I got five on it..  
Messin with that endo weed!  
I got five on it {"Got it good!"}  
It's got me stuck, cannot go back  
I got five on it..  
Potnah, let's go half on a sack!

[Verse Four: E-40]

E-40.. why ya treat me so bad? 40 makes it happen  
Fives gets slapped and revenue grows  
from just a little bit of lightweight flamboastin  
Potent fumes lingerin mighty clouds and Northern  
Lights  
You expect to vick the baron  
and you'll be violatin my civil rights  
I'm startin to feel my scrilla  
but perhaps today my scrilla ain't feelin me  
For the simple fact that I'm off to the track with hella  
fools B  
Pockets empty, pitchin five, man I'm dusted  
Took off my hat, passed it around, man sprinkle me

[Verse Five: Yukmouth]

Me and E-40 to the head, comin fed plus, you let the  
lead bust  
Ready to do a murda, mayn; perved off the Hurricane  
Slurred again, witness what bein off two-fifths equal  
Me killin people like Jason, facin death every sequel  
(Insane in the membrane!) "Bring the Pain" like Method  
Neglected, smokin kryptonite to the brain for breakfast  
Guzzle the Hen-do, finsta do the evil that men do  
Give me feev', I shall proceed to continue

Chorus

[Verse Six: Shock G]

Yeah, it's been a while since I've hollered from the town  
Mess around and heard Yuk and Knum, said I gotta be  
down  
Cause new styles is goin down, look around you  
Tunes from the Lunz spreadin round and round you  
Back to get my O on, they let me flow on  
The thirty-five on it, yeah, I'm on it  
Still bringin satin for them drawers

Velvet for the mic and got a pound for the cause

[Verse Seven: Spice 1]

Rollin up cannabis seteva, hittin the Mary Jane  
Smokin the five before it's tweleve o'clock, sippin on  
Hurricane  
Ready to smoke on the endo; rollin up my window, fin'  
to go to the land  
With a hand fulla broccoli, when it comes to the sticky  
I'm the man  
Crush nasty I be hittin the J so hard I earl  
Fall on the floor fittin to have a stroke T-H-C ain't no  
joke  
I got five on ery'thing, let's get loaded and smoke  
S-P-I-C-E about to hit it an' croaaaakkkkk

Chorus

[Outro]

Yeahhah, whassup baby?  
It's me, your boy with the kick that's always tight  
You a little short on some ends?  
Don't worry, I'll take care of that, I got five on that  
I got you

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