

## **Bamble B**

### **"I Got 5 On It"**

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Creep on in.....

Woah, see I'm ridin high.....woahooooh

Kinda rough to see em all so all I got is 5, I got 5

[Yukmouth]

Player, give me some brew and I might just chill

You know Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk like Cypress Hill

But still groupie [BACKWARDS] hoochies wanna puff on it

I got some bucks on it but it ain't enough on it

Go get the S-T I-D-E-S, nevertheless

I'm hella fresh, no sweat, roll em like cigarettes

So pass it across the table like ping pong

I'm gone, beating 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

Homie you don't know me to begin with

There's too many heads to be poppin it at my friend hit bit'

Unless you pull out the fat crispy

five dollar bill on the real before it's history

Cos fools be havin them vacuum lungs

and if you let em hit it for free you hella dum-dum-dum-dum

I come to school with a vaga on my earlobe

Fave for players, stay away from haters and weirdos

that be blowin off the land like "Where the bomb at?"

Give me two bucks, you take a puff and pass my bomb back

Suck up the sack like a slurpy

I'm serious-ly toe-back, straight Delirious like Eddie Murphy

I got more Growin' Pains than Maggie

cos homies nag me, to take the broccoli out the baggy

[Chorus]

I got 5 on it

Grab your 4 and let's get keyed

I got 5 on it

Messin with that indo weed  
I got 5 on it  
It's got me stuck and I'm toe-back  
I got 5 on it  
Potna let's go half on a sack

[Knumskull]

Check it out  
I take sacks to the face whenever I can, don't need no  
crutch  
I'm so keyed up, til the greenery's burnin my hand  
Next time I roll it in a hamper  
to burn slow, so the ashes won't be burnin at my hair,  
bra  
Hoochies can hit it but they know they got to pitch in  
then  
I roll stoge's longer than your extension  
Cos I'll be damned if you get high off me for free  
Hell no, you best to bring your own spliff chief  
Wassup? Don't make me sip that, best ta pass the  
CHRON-CHRON, stop hittin cos you know you got  
asthma  
Crack the 40 open homey, and guzzle it  
Cos I know the broccoli's in my system gettin lonely  
I gots ta take a whiz test to my P-O  
I know I'll fail cos I been gettin keyed bro  
And everytime we with Chris that fool rollin up fatties  
but the Tanqueray straight had me

Chorus

[Knumskull]

Eh, make this right mayn, stop at the light mayn  
My yesternight thang got me hung off the night train  
You fade, I face so let's head to the East  
Hit the stroll to 9-0 so we can roll for cheap  
I wish I could fade the eighth  
but I'm low budget, still rollin the two-do' Cutlass, same  
ol' bucket  
Foggy windows, drink in hand  
In the land gettin smoked wit my kinfolk

[Yukmouth]

you ain't know  
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 eaze up, speed up thru the E-S-O  
Drink the VSOP up with the lemon squeeze up  
in your throat, we broke but we smoke like a chimney  
cos it's the remedy like Hennessey

We fin' to be over mayn, I told ya  
If you don't got 5 on it you can't get high on it

Chorus

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