

Bamble B

"I Got Five On It"

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Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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, dont babysit that
better pass the JOINT!
stop hittin' cos you know ya got Asthma
crack a 40 open, homie, and guzzle 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

Chorus

(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 hashish
I wish I could fade the eighth, but I'm low 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

Chorus

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