

Aretha Franklin F/ George Michael

"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 Hennessey, 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 Knun, 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 tveleve 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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