

Got 5 On It

Young Buck

Welcome To The Hood Volume 1
I don't need a scale nigga I know how much that is
Hey Flip pass the weed nigga
Why you talkin about 5 500 hundred nigga we buyin dro
Nigga you know what it is nigga
What you smokin' on nigga?
I'm smokin' on that fresh shit

I got 5 on it
Smokin' on that Endo weed
I got 5 on it
smokin' with them Clover Gees
I got 5 on it
Twist it up and smoke the sack
I got 5 on it
[Lil Flip:] yeah now puff puff pass nigga lets get high

The block too hot these niggas ain't playin in fact they die over greed
While I smoke weed
With red here
Ya'll niggas know I flip them bizzirds
Ya'll niggas know I sip that Sizzurp
I comin' from Houston the home of Face boy
I'm a bad boy like Puffy and Mase boy
The bigger the pistol the bigger the bullet bitch
Don't play with me cause I'm eager to pull it trick
What you about that purple haze?
I smoke that shit that'll make you miss work for days
I got bricks of coke and pounds of dro
And I don't discuss business around them hos (oh no)
I ain't tryin' to be that nigga gettin cuffed up
Rule number one don't ever talk much
Rule number two keep them niggas out ya crib
Cause you just can't show everybody where you live
Niggas think I changed
Cause I got a little change
But the money and the fame
Came along with the game
Now you wonder why we get high
Just to get by motherfucker!

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What you know about that Blueberry Kush, Strawberry Haze?
That shit that have a nigga ass high for days
My eyes bloodshot red I'm tryin to stay in the fastlane

The blunts still burnin' and the police on my ass mayne (fuck ya'll)
I don't pay for weed my white boys show me love
They be like "Here Buck, dog I brought some bud"
Ain't nothin' like that California marijuana
You wake up the next day the smell still on ya
Pass the ganja and
Light ya lighters man
Raise your hand if you a true Bob Marley fan
Can't get enough of Ms. Mary Jane
When I leave the bitch she keep callin' my name
Whenever I come around
She says I break her down
She brought half of her friends and she bringin' a pound
Everybody gettin' high thats how its supposed to be
If you got that real shit come and smoke with me Young Buck!

And I ain't talking bout no motherfuckin' brown weed neither nigga
I know alot of ya'll niggas out there think ya'll smokin' dro
But ya'll smokin' pretend-o (get it?)

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