Name: _____   Date: _____

ESL Kids World: Song – Luniz – I Got Five On It

People in Oakland, Oakland

See I'm riding higher and higher

Kinda broke so ya know all I got's five, I got _____

Player, give me some brew and I might just chill

But I'm the type that like to light another joint like Cypress Hill

I'm-a steal doobies, spit loogies when I puff on _____

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, rolling joints like a cigarette

So pass it across the table like ping pong, I'm _____

Beating my chest like King Kong

It's on wrap my lips around a _____

And when it comes to getting another stogie fools all kick in like Shinobi

No, he ain't my homie to begin with

It's too many heads to be proper to let my friend hit it

Unless you pull out the fat, crispy

_____ dollar bill on the real before it's history

Cause fools be having them vacuum lungs

An if you let em hit it for free you hella dum-da-dum-dumb

I come to _____ with the Taylor on my earlobe

Avoiding all the thick teasers, skeezers, and weirdos

That be blowing off the land like where the bomb at

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

Suck up the dank like a Slurpee

The serious bomb will make a niggy go delirious like Eddie Murphy

I _____ more Growing Pains than Maggie

Cause homies nag me to take the dank out of the baggie

I got five on _____

Grab your 40, let's get keyed

I got five on _____

Messing with that Indo weed

I got five on _____

It's got me stuck and not go back

I got five on _____

Partner lets go half on a sack

Questions

1. What genre is this? _____
2. Is the beat fast or slow? _____
3. Where are the Luniz from? _____

Click on the link for the song.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HSC9cgvtkRs

I take sacks to the face whenever I can

Don't need no crutch, I'm so keyed up 'till the joint be burning my _____

Next time I roll it in a hampa

To burn slow, so the ashes won't be burning up my hand, bro

Hoochies can hit but they know they got to pitch in

Then I roll a joint that's longer than your extension (hahaha)

Cause I'll be damned if you get high off me for free

Hell _____, you better bring your own spliff, chief

What's up, don't babysit that better pass the joint

Stop hitting cause you know you got asthma

Crack a 40 open homie

And guzzle it, cause I know the weed in my system is getting lonely

_____ gotta take a whiz test to my P-O

I know I failed cause I done smoked major weed bro

And every time we with Chris that fool rolling up a fatty

But the Tanqueray straight had me

Hey, make this right man, stop at the light _____

My yester-night thing got me hung off the night train

You fade, I face, so let's head to the _____

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 rolling a two door Cutlass same old bucket

Foggy windows, soggy Indoe

I'm in the 'land getting smoked wit my kinfolk

Been smoked, 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 ease up, speed up through the E-S-O

Drink the V-S-O-P with a lemon squeeze _____

And everybody's rolled up, I'm da roller

That's quick to fold a blunt out of a buncha sticky doja

Hold up, suck up my weed is all you _____

Kick in feed, cause where I be we need half like um-foo-foo

Music by: Luniz