

How Many Guns

Sheek Louch

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Whoo, yeah, turn it up
Alchemist, you know what to do
Bump that, turn it up, whoo
Crazy daddyA'yo, why'all niggaz can't fuck with me, my flow's nuclear
Fuck for the month I want the verse of the year
I straighten shit out, you could put me in ya hair
Perm-like bars, burn like scars, cooked up flow in a Pyrex jar
Naw, I ain't the new millennium raw, cool G. or K.R.
I'm just doin me, Sheek Louch a motherfuckin' hot MC
Don't get it twis', don't get add to my fuck you list, unless you a bitch
'Cause I ain't got time, I'm not near rich
We could let it drop or we could let it pop
Make your decision 'fore I make my incision
Head on collision, head-body division
Spirit fly away like a motherfuckin' pigeon
Take that to your grave, why'all niggaz behave[Chorus:]
Yeah, D-Block is knockin', turn it up
We got it poppin', turn it up
We comin' for why'all, turn it up
Niggaz they droppin', turn it up
We got the streets locked, turn it up
If it's beef let your heat cock, turn it up
Welcome to D-Block, turn it up
'Cause we don't fuck aroundWhat, that nigga Sheek is the truth
You would think he had a stripper inside how he go hard in the booth
Lazer on the roof, squeeze off then poof
Presto magic, like where did his chest go?
Think not homie, got a ziploc on me
Of that sticky icky in the pocket of my dickie
Just drunk a half of sixty, kinda bended
Hat low, knockin, bout to fuck up the rented
I'm a general, I stepped up from a lieutenant

This is D-Block, join us, don't get offended
'Cause I ain't lettin' up and you ain't lettin' off
Plus I already know that most of why'all is soft
The hood love me, put it in the air for me
And boy cop mixtapes if they don't hear from me
Got cake but occasionally you catch me bummy
I'm too smart on the streets you fuckin' dummy[Chorus:]A'yo, real niggaz relate to me
Jealous niggaz can't wait to send the shell of a tray-eight through me
Don't miss cause it's uh-oh like Lumi
Sun out, Sheek make the sky get gloomy
I bail it all to you, I give you my life
I write it in ink or blood, nigga pass my knife
I'm takin' it there, even if they give me the chair
I'm blacked out in the gear, Huey new in the wear
My fist stuck screamin' black power
I ain't gon' lie, that shit could wash off in the shower
'Cause I don't care what color you are
Nigga clap at the kid, the kid tryna levitate your car
I'm not a star
I'm a nigga that'll issue the star
I'm that nigga wit his hammer on him, at the bar
Sheek a straight up crook who got you shook
A'yo Alchemist, bring in the hook
Let's go[Chorus:]

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