

# How Many Guns

## Sheek Louch

Yeah, I know how to do this, daddy  
I done made more trips South than Luda's Caddy  
I done been on the block, bust off the glock  
And dealt with more beef than a fucking patty  
Sheek ain't fuckin' wit' y'all, want nothing with y'all  
You ain't gon' rat on me, before that a whole clip will be left of ease  
Body left somewhere in a dumpster laid on pee  
I'm a motherfuckin' thug, how I bug you would think I'm on every drug  
But I ain't, just 'Gnac and an occasional thug, nigga  
My crate out in the front wit a deuce  
Deuce a Newport and half of my weight out  
When they dry they bring the other half of the plate out  
I'm so sick wit it, spit liq' wit it  
I got tommy guns like the ol' gangsta flicks did it, yeah  
Who hooder than me? Who gooder than me?  
Lettin' off, nigga, all my guns stay on ease  
How many guns? Just a few, we can do it in broad day  
To see the kind of work I do  
Who hooder than me? Who gooder than me?  
Lettin' off, nigga, all my guns stay on ease  
How many guns? Just a few, I'm quick on the trigga  
I'm Sheek Louch the Guerrilla, nigga  
There's so much tension  
Sheek let it off in broad day and I ain't squinchin'  
Gat to my face and I ain't flinchin'  
Somebody stayin' there like detention  
And you ain't gotta like me, homie  
But just stay in yo lane and keep it to yo self  
That way everything you thinkin' can stay in yo brain  
Nose in the 'caine, but that's yo biz  
But If it's my work to be sniffin' up, then next week  
It's gon' be six niggaz pickin' up yo bitch-ass body  
No chest under your suit, that ain't cute  
Loud-mouth niggaz make them mute  
I'm the reason for locks on the door  
I'm the reason why Coast Guards is on the shore  
Open up, made Poppi have to lower his roar  
Mom and Pop put a number spotter in the back of the store, c'mon  
Who hooder than me? Who gooder than me?

Lettin' off, nigga, all my guns stay on ease  
How many guns? Just a few, we can do it in broad day  
To see the kind of work I do  
Who hoodier than me? Who gooder than me?  
Lettin' off, nigga, all my guns stay on ease  
How many guns? Just a few, I'm quick on the trigger  
I'm Sheek Louch the Guerrilla, yeah nigga  
I throw spinners on a 18-wheeler  
And pull up with a bunch of naked bitches in the D-Block trailer  
Who hoodier than me? Who gooder than me?  
Sheek be on some shit like flies and a bee  
My wrist so rocky I'm on and off roads  
Money dirty need to do a laundry load  
I don't blow up I make the whole town explode  
Yo boy Sheek name heavy in every zip code  
Sheek gets off the clutch, doin' donuts in the street  
I make smoke screens without a Dutch  
They gon' need a gas mask for you  
Baby boy, I go hard, I break bones like Jackass dudes  
How many guns? Just a few, but you never know  
What you gon' get till the shell come through  
Blood, sweat, and tears 'Gnac and some beers  
You ain't heard no shit like this in years  
Who hoodier than me? Who gooder than me?  
Lettin' off, nigga, all my guns stay on ease  
How many guns? Just a few, we can do it in broad day  
To see the kind of work I do  
Who hoodier than me? Who gooder than me?  
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How many guns? Just a few, I'm quick on the trigger  
I'm Sheek Louch the Guerrilla, nigga

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