

# So Many Wayz (feat. 2nd II None & Peter Gunz)

## DJ Quik

One, one and a half  
Two, two and a half  
Three, three and a half  
Uh, yeah I'm like fries in a skillet, much too hot to hold  
I'm strong and I'm handsome and black plus I'm bold  
A mental case, sometimes stressin' but then I flip  
Because you got to go crazy on Hollywood for your grip And you know ain't no room in my mirror for your face  
And if I got y'all confused like Rubik then state yo case  
Yet creep show suckas keep tryin' to submerge mine  
But I can hold my breath for a long time I emerge with treasures and coins a thick sack  
And your life ain't mine to take now kick back  
'Cause if it don't make dollars sucka you know the poem  
'Cause either you pimpin' this game or you just ho in Now get up outta mine, nigga I'm the bomb  
Droppin' heat on your homeboys and spreadin' like napalm  
'Cause I got more styles than your car's got miles  
And I got more styles than a hotel's got towels 'cause I kicks it in So many wayz  
(Uh huh and we can flip it in)  
So many wayz  
( 'Cause we can rock a party)  
So many wayz  
(Got bomb for everybody)  
So many wayz  
(Now baby can you feel it in) So many wayz  
( 'Cause you know we can deal it in)  
So many wayz  
(And I can make your body numb in)  
So many wayz  
( 'Cause you ain't never heard a nigga come)  
So many wayz  
(Ah hah, ah hah) I'm chillin', mackin', stackin' up these ends  
I gotta check and I gots no time for no friends  
I bust a trick, make her bounce like a low-low  
While I'm twisted off that bud countin' money at the mo-mo No flow so, ain't no need to tell the po-po  
Believe me bra' all the snitches get the fo-fo  
Now here we come again with a brand new twist  
On guard I rock the party like this With so many ways to get paid, I hustle for days  
The tenth of the month I get my government aid  
And the used to be crooks, I'm puttin' money on they books  
Cause Satan got busy and many souls got took We shook up the world

I did it with my partner for his sons and my daughter  
You don't have to be no baller to kick it with me  
See, I stay real G, D forever feedin' all you punk hoes misery So many wayz  
(I can get busy)  
So many wayz  
(I gots to get the scrilly)  
So many wayz  
(We can have a Mardi-gras)  
So many wayz  
( 'Cause I can rock the party y'all) So many wayz  
(Tell me can ya feel it in)  
So many wayz  
(I gots to make the dividends)  
So many wayz  
(You know I keep it real in)  
So many wayz I was known for triple M shots and straight plottin'  
But hitten 'em hoes had me wastin' up a knot  
And all these figaros crow waitin' to get hot  
Now it's cool you got your spot without that funky cock And that dramatic experience, you and him went  
through  
Ain't got nothin' to do with the K so keep cool little girl  
This ain't no Hollywood play, girls who wear reps  
And play them sucka games you play Catch the red line metro rail, blaze a trail  
I can feel you ain't real and I can tell  
From meetin' different people figures to throats  
Scandalous to the rich goodhearted to the broke And these young and old folk they like to hear good music  
If it's weak lose it but if it's bumpin' choose it  
But don't abuse it and try to take it to the brain  
If you do you'll be caught up in a strain  
And be hangin' on my thang in So many ways  
(Now watch me put it down in)  
So many ways  
(You know I like to get my clown in)  
So many ways  
(We can flip the sound in)  
So many ways  
(K and d got it humpin' in) So many ways  
(You know you wanna bump it in)  
So many ways  
(We can have a Mardi-gras)  
So many ways  
(You know I rocks the party y'all)  
So many ways So many wayz, so many wayz  
So many wayz, so many wayz  
So many wayz, so many wayz

So many wayz, so many wayz I walk three thousand miles for a taste of that gangsta shit  
Messin' around with g-1 and the DJ Quik  
Stick and move from east-west in vest like stocks  
I went from pushin' Nikes to pushin' drops Fuck around and go platinum quick, messin' with Quik  
Nigga got hits like Swizz so watch your trick  
See me playin' avirex and the Pepe's no shirt on  
Your girl sweat me and I'ma hit it if she let me Backsides bangin' hangin' all amazed  
She get this dick in so many ways  
Blow her back out then I mack out  
Freak the keys to the lex  
Or find me havin' sex in my nsx I'm from the bx but we flex from east to west  
So while you niggas coast-trippin' we'll be cashin' them checks  
Peter gunz one of the most in-credible ones  
G-1, Quik, we rolls thick and gets the job done in So many wayz  
(Cause I kick it in)  
So many wayz  
(You know that I can flip it in)  
So many wayz  
(And I can rock a party)  
So many wayz  
(I got bomb for everybody) So many wayz  
(Bring it from the Bronx in)  
So many wayz  
(From new York to Compton)  
So many wayz  
(We keep it pumpin')  
So many wayz  
(uh) So many wayz, so many wayz  
So many wayz, so many wayz  
So many wayz, so many wayz  
So many wayz, so many wayz So many wayz, so many wayz  
So many wayz, so many wayz  
So many wayz, so many wayz  
So many wayz, so many wayz

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