So Many Wayz

2nd II None

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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