

# How Many Guns

Sheek Louch

Whoo, yeah, turn it up  
Alchemist, you know what to do  
Bump that, turn it up, whoo  
Crazy daddy

A'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

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 around

What, 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

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