

Sheek Louch, How Many Guns

(Verse 1)

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 (can't you see?)
I'm a mothafuckin thug, you would think I'm on every drug
But I aint, just 'gnac and an occasional (?), 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!

(Hook)

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 Guerilla, nigga

(Verse 2)

Woo! 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 yoself
That way everything you think can stay in yo brain
Nose in the 'caine, but that's yo biz
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 ain't the mute (yeah)
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 (?)
Mom and Pop put a number spotter in the back of the store, (Cmon!)

(Hook)

(Verse 3)

I throw spinners on the 18-wheeler
And pull up with a bunch of naked bitches in the D-Block trailer
Who hooder than me? Who gooder than me?
Sheek be on some shit like flies in a bee
My wrist so rocky I'm on and off roads
Money dirty so I 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

(Hook)