

Brown Ian

"So Many Wayz"

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Yo, this is DJ Quik
And quite frankly
I think we gotta be some of the baddest motherfuckers
that ever fucked with rap music
Cause this album right here is on some old cool shit
If you don't believe me
Just give me three and a half seconds and I'll show you
You ready?

One, one and a half
Two, two and a half
Three, three and a half

Uh
Yeah
Got my niggas 2nd II None up in this bitch
My nigga Peter Gunz
That's right
AMG, El DeBarge, Playa Hamm, Hi-C, Suga Free
Check this shit out

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 creepshow 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 hoin

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 ways (Uh huh and we can flip it in)
So many ways (Cause we can rock a party)
So many ways (Got bomb for everybody)
So many ways (Now baby can you feel it in)
So many ways (Cause you know we can deal it in)
So many ways (And I can make your body numb in)
So many ways (Cause you ain't never heard a nigga
come)
So many ways (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 ways (I can get busy)
So many ways (I gots to get the scrilly)
So many ways (We can have a mardi-gras)

So many ways (Cause I can rock the party y'all)
So many ways (Tell me can ya feel it in)
So many ways (I gots to make the dividends)
So many ways (You know I keep it real in)
So many ways

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 redline 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 ways (x8)

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 ways (Cause I kick it in)
So many ways (You know that I can flip it in)
So many ways (And I can rock a party)
So many ways (I got bomb for everybody)
So many ways (Bring it from the Bronx in)
So many ways (From New York to Compton)
So many ways (We keep it pumpin)
So many ways (Uh)

So many ways (x16)

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