

## C-bo "How Many"

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\* [C-Bo]

My whole crew balling  
Pushing roses down to the impalas  
On a mission for dollars bumping hoes  
You know my motto  
All about the cash 6 million dollar pad  
That's money over hoes with big tits and ass  
I like to lounge on my yacht  
And count money by the blocks  
Million dollars in crates  
Invested birdes don't flock  
So fuck some m\*et dp and cristal  
Pass some xo and hennessey and long ale  
We push some rolls royces  
Drop polices and porches you think I booshit  
Big body benz's and expiditions  
Pit boo sitting  
Out front of the mini mansion  
It's some westcoast hills looking over the whole planet  
Coube doors marble floors  
Inside our door pools on a move  
Get more money than all you fools  
Than independent then split it  
Got in the cast and I jet  
Straight out west nigga it's stacking in my nest

[Chorus]

How many muthafuckas really down to ride with me  
How many muthafuckas down to take a life for me  
How many of you muthafuckas niggas down to die with  
me  
Slide with me and pull a homicide with me

[C-Bo]

Growing up really never had much  
Except my folks try to fucking get touch  
We pulled licks and such to live plush  
Rush out with it yea we get it rob niggas mob niggas  
Slide triggers to the right and left  
Ride biggas in the west to def  
Represent the westcoast nigga best to bring along a  
vest coat

The most dangerous like venim  
We run up in them and see them them'em and send  
them off  
To pay the cuz they what  
While we stashing the turkys like sasquash  
Call the neighborhood watch  
The feds couldn't knock us down or not  
Pouring shots like scotch on the rocks  
Busting armies like ahead looking cotch  
40 cal's gone blaow with smile  
How the fuck you like us now  
Wonder how we major  
Been this way since teenagers  
Sky pagers and punchy you know the rollers  
Sack of crackola in boulders sitting in the trunk of the  
nova

[Chorus]

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[C-Bo]

I counted the counter like one two three  
Fo shots to hit me could believe lil reeky got touched  
Now what's the fuss  
The whole city went bust ready to rip shit up  
I'm in the cut zipping shackles while hillas getting nasty  
I'm the suspect what the fuck is that  
Loading the techs that I stepped on  
See the muthafuckas the crept on  
The dogs fly higher than the birds man smoking  
marycaine  
Cuz it's cool to calm my nerves man  
We got the word on the ride now bitches be  
No one's liable for the actions that about to take place  
All I know is when they comes for me I'm aiming for the  
face  
Chase me down  
Trying to speak you fucked with the wrong G  
Crept to the b side on you quick to ride on ya  
Hit them on the bad side with sliffs side on ya  
Gurrileas gurrileas but pleas words to the miss  
We got some shit going on one man down

Chorus

