

## L.A. Guns

### "How Many"

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#### Chorus

How many gonna raise they seed  
How many gonna blow that weed  
How many gonna slang that dope  
When we know it's hope we really need  
How many gonna make 'em bleed  
How many gonna make 'em freeze  
How many gonna push that weight  
Do anything it take to get that cheese

See 'em everyday get hit with a charge  
Now they gotta go toe to toe on the yard  
Know it's kinda hard behind them bars  
20 to life and you full of the strife  
"cause you know you gotta fight for life  
"cause if you life by the gun, die by the gun  
Came from the slums where it ain't no fun  
Somebody killed her only son  
Who's gonna take his place, no one  
Really don't matter 'bout the color or race  
When the bullets start to fly all thru the place  
Shorty got shot with a chrome 45  
Hurt me to my heart, can't tell no lie  
How many mommas out here gotta cry  
How many kids out here gotta die  
Lost in the streets got tears in their eyes  
Tell 'em make the peace, can you feel me, right  
Uh-hua, okay, no how no way  
Talk about politicians, that's why nobody wanna listen  
Everybody from the money maker to the player hater  
Wanna be a peace maker, if it ain't about makin' the  
peace  
Or savin' the streets, Baby boy see ya later  
But now it's me and Marquise bringin' peace to the  
streets  
D.C.P. and Young Wiz-e, makin' the peace  
Cause the violence to cease 'cause that's the way that  
it's gotta be  
You heard, Makin' the peace cause the violence to  
cease

"cause that's the way that it's gotta be

45 Clint Eastwood, pop killas in the hood  
Dirty boy flow, got folks in the wood  
Know where I'm from, cats spit straight fire  
Come on the block to make sure you die  
Violation Wodie, comin' up in the scene  
Magazine clip dogg, straight trippin' the frame  
They wanna blame but the enemy make you ready for  
woe  
MaryJane, hennissey got you blowin your dough  
Frustrated, when we come thru they hate it  
Spittin' the truth from the bottom to the Decatur  
Shoot 'em up when they tellin' ya, hua  
Another life gone 'cause you messin' with her  
Got 4 pumps in the back of the truck  
Step out of line playas ready to bust

Chorus

Young thugs on the come up, now a days talk about  
throw your guns up  
Switch up, that's why they get done up  
Blaze up, check it out when they run up  
On somebody never met before, got a hit in your waste  
Pull out, shot, hit the floor, doin' 25 to life in the cell  
No bale, check it out homeboy, ain't that fo-sho  
Got a 9 on the streets, bust on your peeps  
Rollin' in the hood, so you gotta creep  
Life ain't sweet, Know you incomplete  
But you swift on your feet to get the cream  
Y'all know what I mean, in this world of sin  
Got a block full of fiends, everyday livin'  
So you ready for the big ol' screen, Y'all

Chorus

I'm lost in the world not knowin' where I'm goin'  
So everyday I pray just to make it thru the morning  
When it's hard to stay focused when your dreams are  
hopeless  
My ambissions are broken, only when I'm smokin'  
Define lifes answers, what would the question be  
Will I reach my destiny or will it get the best of me  
Or will it get the best of me  
No friend you can turn to, no where you can run to  
In the end you can't pretend 'cause it's all on you  
In the fight to keep my head, I cried till I bled  
And did the right thing that was written in red  
All these thugs bustin' slugs yo we can't ignore  
And there be blood on the floor from the night before

Livin' life full speed, fallin' victim to greed  
Fast money and women, we thought that's all we'd ever  
need  
When the lights go down, and the curtains close  
We was heathens on the streets, that only God knows

Chorus

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