

L.G. Wise

"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
'Cuz you know you gotta fight for life
'Cuz 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 ceace' cuz that's the way that it's
gotta be
You heard, Makin' the peace cause the violence to
cease
'Cuz 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 'cuz 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 'cuz 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' victem 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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