

LL Cool J F/ Ricky Bell, Ralph Tresvant

"How Many Guns"

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[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 hoodier 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]

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