

How Many

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 my 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]

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]

I counted the counter like one two three
Fo shots to hit me could believe lil reeky got touched
Now whatâ€™s the fuss
The whole city went bust ready to rip shit up
Iâ€™m in the cut zipping shackles while hillas getting nasty
Iâ€™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 itâ€™s cool to calm my nerves man
We got the word on the ride now bitches be
No oneâ€™s liable for the actions that about to take place
All I know is when they comes for me Iâ€™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