

How Many

Sauce Walka

Chamberlain, he's got it
Shit
JRag on the beat
Ooh-wee

My bitch bad, now I'm drinkin' from Tokyo
These niggas lies, Pinochio
Still got lights on them choppers, that pokey-poke
I'm havin' diamonds they hopin' for
I left the bitch that you hopin' for
I dropped a three when I left the store
Yeah I just poured up an egg snow
I was once told that life was about bread and butter, why I keep plenty dinner rolls
I made some millions off centerfolds
Like Shaquille O'Neal, made some ceilings fold
We kept it real when you niggas told
Left the bricks in the streets, we can wash the clothes
But his whole body bloody, can't wipe his nose
Then I knocked a new bitch, now I'm forty toes

Yeah, how many toes do I got? (I got)
How many hoes I done knocked? (Knocked)
How many O's for the watch? (AP)
How many Glocks I done popped? (I popped)
How many guns I done shot? (I shot)
How many bricks I done chopped? (Yeah)
How many licks do I got? (Yeah)

How many
Racks for my jeans, matter how skinny
Rose gold on me shine like a new penny
Chanel drip my kicks, we don't do pennies
I just walked through Saks and had two semis
Walk out the valet, I got tool with me
The city don't know what to do with me
Keep three little bangsters, a boo fifty
My diamonds got power like, "Who's 50?"
You ain't a real boss 'til you lose fifty
And stay on the road like the cruise fifty
You know I'm keepin' them fools with me
You know I'm keepin' them tools with me
All in the hood, and them jewels with me
The gangsters respect all the rules with me
My hitters been on the news with me
And they still rock and make moves with me

Drip