

Dis Iz Brick City

Redman

This is WKYA Radio, you motherfuckers
We got our next caller on the air, bitch, you on the line
Yo, this is Big Tracy and I don't give a fuck, nigga
Give me some of that shit straight out of The Brick City
(Brick City)

For my nigga, Guts
We was thinkin' about you on this one, Guts
Hold your head up, baby
We got you on this one
For everybody from the block
Everybody from the crews
You know who you are, no newcomers
(Let 'em know, son, let 'em know, son)
This is how we do it, baby, open up on 'em, go ahead
(Let 'em know)

Yo, when I DIP, I?m VIP
I'm Doctor, I rush niggas to emergency
Open heart, filled with darts, 99 Agents
Know they Get Smart when I throw it in park
Pop the trunk, sellin' CD's \$15's for chumps
'Cause I'm like Noah's Ark from the slums
Holla' at cha frog, I'm getting them Bud
Like them frogs on the log, I'm balls to the wall
When I do anything, nothing's hard
I make it easy and talk greasy to broads
Gilla, say my name 5 times in the mirror
I'm jumpin' out, whoa
You can hear the

Sounds of the motherfuckin' men
Tryin' to get your chain, tryin' to get your chain
Flush this down the drain
I'm the new raw on the streets
You can get 10 years per each song
Catch a contact, what I write from the arm
Now little white kids bring pipes to the prom
I was supposed to quit
Be an influence
But, the weed is like Nike
I just do it

I'm ET zooted, way out there
You got weed? Then roll with the Sonny and Cher
Suffering succotash, I leave you suckers sufferin'
Huffin', puffin', at last
This is Brick City, hear the gunshots
Where they hate cops, on every block there's a weed spot
This is Brick City, hear the gun jam
If you don't run family with a suntan
This is Brick City, hear the gun spit
Niggas jump ship when we spit, 'cause we run shit
Play pussy wit' us and get fucked quick
Who got the duchess?
Yo, I keep the ghetto in me, I love the sweet taste of revenge
I'm focused, my soul's been cleansed
Now I know who the enemy and who the friend
But still, with my eyes closed they both blend
I'm not a follower, I start the trend
Y'all can follow that dummy, I'mma follow this money
Now I'm at the age, where I need to get paid
If a nickel bag gets sold in the park, hey
Did I stutter? I got the guns and butter
My craftwork be movin' the numbers
I keep a Roscoe like Kurupt brother
Hang out my window, blaow, what up, fucker?
Violence sells, but I ain't a violent male
But if you violate, I'll play the violin well
From Bricks to Park Hill
Don't be like Zoolander waitin' for that Blue Steel
To be shown on your grill
This is Brick City, hear the gunshots
Where they hate cops, on every block there's a weed spot
This is Brick City, hear the gun jam
If you don't run family with a suntan
This is Brick City, hear the gun spit,
Niggas jump ship when we spit, 'cause we run shit
Play pussy wit' us and get fucked quick
Who got the duchess?
Yo, right here, yeah
The Gilla House niggas in the motherfuckin buildin?, mayne
Goddamn, nigga, big nuts uptown, 512 what it is mayne?
WKYA, Gilla House radio

Lyrics provided by

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