

Bricks 4 The High (Feat. Jim Jones & Dame Dash)

Dem Franchise Boyz

How rich y'all niggaz wanna be? (Franchise!)
You wanna be a millionaire? (D-F-B, bitch!)
You wanna be a billionaire? (10 Hoe!)
Nigga you wanna be what I wanna be (10 Hoe!)
I wanna be a fuckin trillionaire! (10 Hoe)I got them bricks for the high, and the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go downNigga I fuckin' hustle, nigga I get money!
I can get money doin' anything!I got them bricks for the high, and the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go downNigga I really do my thing
Kind of fuckin' hustlers are y'all?Yeah
I'm posted in that tip (Tip)
And my homeboy home
Blew an ounce of that kush (Kush)
In my Sean John Jones
I got the mild for the low (Low)
From smokin' plenty optimos
Tryna make a quick flip, like my patna Maceo
I'm shinin' on my haters, signin' deals so I'm a pa
Twenty G's on the chain, and I'm still worth a couple blocks
(all that man, I need a fo, a deuce)
It started in that temp, flippin' mid's by them O-Z'sOn the hill wit that shit from a custom border
Two gram, fifties, do the math for a quarter (For a Quarter??)
That's one, I fulfill nigga's order
What you nigga's wanna order?
06' Nino Brown, flip the temp into the carter
Rebirth! don't cut out my four-ways
I stash purp pounds, that's down for the drop days
And for my pay, I hit the trap when the sunrise
I break one down, and the rest goin for the highI got them bricks for the high and the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go downNow see I like the shit these niggas is talkin'
Real hustla's recognize other real hustla's
That's why I'm fuckin' wit' 'em, Hey!I got them bricks for the high and the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go downI got houses in different continents nigga!
Nigga I did my trips in London, remember that?
Fuck is wrong wit y'all!I'm the boss of my own shit, I'm the ruling general
Bricks lined up like, cars at a funeral
I'm working hard white, So I never twurk, touch and bust
My workers on the block, So the work ain't even gotta touch
My money come in stacks (Stacks)
And I know just how to get it man

A low profile, might be ridin' a Honda Civic man
You'll never know it's me, but a nigga got the work holmes
I move it all day, think he clirpin' on my chirp phone
Connects so sweet (Sweet)
And I'm dealin' wit tha Caribbeans
They come from cross the water, masked-taped to my Europeans
Supplyin', whole towns, little counters, in the projects
Tryna double my money up, leave the block, wit a profit
For you nigga's that like to pop (Pop)
You know I got them pills too
Getcha you a couple of splitters, have you spinnin' like some wheels fool
This shit don't stop, I move this work clockwise
I got my own bizness, I call this shit tha Franchise! I got them bricks for the high and the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go down Nigga's get a million dollars and think they gettin' it? (Harlem!)
Nigga I made my first million when I was a teenager (Dipset! Byrdgang) I got them bricks for the high and the
purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go down Ugh, Jones, Capo!
Dipset! Them nigga's know I'm bout this (Byrd Gang!)
Spillin' champagne, all over Vision's Couches (Ballin!)
Like fuck it, tell Alex keep the cris' rollin' (Keep it Rollin!)
I'm gettin' drunk blowin' weed wit the pistols showin' (Watch Em!)
Spendin' a couple K's up in Stroker's (Right)
Flyin' up Peachtree, racin' in the roster's (The Fast Life!)
I'm so icy, and I think they like me (Like Me)
Seven Jeans saggin', fitted cap and my white tee (I'm Fresh to death!)
The foreign cars got they eyes poppin' (Damn)
And you can see the stars when the ride droppin' Aye Jim Jones, (What's Hattninnin!)
Let ya boy Parlae get some of that Harlem clientele (What's Hattninnin!)
I got more crack than a curb, Fuck wit me! (Westside! Aye fuck wit me)
I'm iced out, and keep snow, like an Eskimo
And when the show's slow (Show's slow)
I cook extra blow (Extra blow)
Put the whip game on it, get some extra dough (Extra Dough)
Keep the cars pullin' up, like it's Texaco (Texaco)
I can make it get stiff, like dead people
Keep my hand workin', wit the mic, or a egg beater (Egg Beater)
And ya bank account? shit, that's my pocket fare (Pocket Fare)
Residue on my clothes, call it Roc-A-Wear (Roc-A-Wear)
I can beat it like my
I treat the dope like Tina, And I beat it like I
And I keep tha grass, so you can call me the lawn-man
I ride around wit chickens like I came from a farm man I got them bricks for the high and the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block til the sun go down You see how I get down wit the get down
Nigga I got a car for everyday of the week
And two other cars for the weekends, nigga fuck is wrong wit you? I got them bricks for the high and the purp

by the pound

I'm posted on the block til the sun go down
Fuck is wrong wit y'all, nigga I can sell whatever I wanna sell
I done sold motherfuckin' music, that shit was easy!
Started Roc-A-Fella and sold it!
I can get money in fashion, that shit was nothin!
In five years I started that shit, sold my part for Thirty Million!!
And let's watch what the fuck is gonna be now!

Songwriters

Willingham, Jamall / Tiller, Gerald / Leverette, Bernard / Gleaton, Maurice / Jones, Jim / Delarmon,
Harold

Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>