

# Bricks (Prod @DPBEATS X @HURTBOYAG)

## Fredo Santana

In the trap house whippin' bricks  
In my closet, there go bricks  
In my dresser, there go bricks  
On the floor, there go some bricks  
Bricks, bricks, damn I love them bricks  
Bricks, bricks, damn I love them bricks  
Brokes can't get no money  
Goddamn, that makes no sense  
I'm rich, I'm gettin' all this money  
Goddamn, I'm off these bricks  
Bricks, bricks, damn I love them bricks  
Bricks, bricks, damn I love them bricks  
Money talk and I be talking to them bosses  
Take a trip to the bank, goddamn I love deposits  
And I can't fuck with you if you on that opp shit  
When it's beef, I'm shootin' at you whenever you are a coward  
Trap house whippin' bricks  
Finna pour me up a six  
Tell the squad with the shits  
Don't make us do a hit  
Rap game trap game, same thang, still slangin'  
(?) a nigga rob and I got a lil' fade  
Can't never let no thot, can't get no clout on my name  
Heard a nigga sneak dissing, guess he wanna be on the front page  
You ain't 'bout no money, then we ain't on the same page  
And I ain't getting along with yo ass, got rich off cocaine  
Twelve years old when I first started hustlin'  
Kept it low key, didn't even tell my mother  
I can't trust her, everybody undercover  
Paranoid, switching phones and changing numbers  
Fake niggas make me sick  
My trap house made me rich  
I'm in love with money, never love a bitch  
Same game, still the same  
Never change, fuck no change  
Still sellin' in my trap, middle finger to the rap game  
You know I'm in the kitchen, whippin' up a whole thang  
Only savages in the squad, we don't fuck with no lames  
Smokin' on that gas pack, you can call it propane

Just got some top from a thot and I ain't even know her name  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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