

# Bricks

Chris Clark

It's ya boy yo Gotti  
Chea, Gucci Mane the flare  
My nigga Ralph in here  
Zaytoven on the beat nigga  
And its' a street nigga holiday  
My Nigga DJ Holiday  
Chea  
Bricks, all white bricks  
Off white bricks, light tan bricks  
Just hit a lick, for fifty more bricks  
Ballin' like a bitch, with all these bricks  
Bricks, thirty six zips, that's a whole chick  
Wanna bad bitch? Gotta have bricks  
Yeah, that make sense, yeah, I make hits  
But I still take bricks  
So icy CEO, I'm a fool with the snow  
They think I'm puttin' VVS jewels in the coke  
My watch a cool hundred, Paint-job a cold twenty  
And after this flip I'm quittin' the trap cold turkey, sike  
The pack in and I'm workin'  
Drought season in, charged ya ass a whole thirty  
But right now you can get it for a low number  
The fish scale white, same color my hummer  
Zone six polar bears never see summer  
It's winter all year cuz the birds fly under  
Ninety five Air Max 'cause I'm a dope runna'  
I'm ballin' like an athlete but got no jumper It's  
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I'm like a waitress in the trap I got somethin' to serve  
That's sixteen bars, same price for a bird  
What you need, a bird or a couple pounds?  
I'm on Cleveland Ave, you know my side of town

So many bricks, I can build my own apartment  
Ya better a check, when ya come in my department

Yes I break em' down and I sell em' whole  
Try me watch ya whole crew fall like some dominoes

I got a trap house and a trap car  
100,00 off a cap, that's a trap star  
All this smoke got me feelin' real nauseous  
Ridin' with them bricks got me feelin' real cautious

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Tony Montana, all I have in this world  
Is my hundred round chopper and my white girl  
Oil base bricks, shit hard to cook  
Call the plug back, tell him he got took  
Know what that mean? The shit free  
That mean none for him, and more for me  
I took somethin', I'm gutta bitch  
Don't trust me dog, this that North Memphis shit

Old school, new Porsche  
Couple choppas just in case  
They wanna go to war bricks  
Aka my best friend  
Twenty eight inch rims call 'em grown men  
Dope stepped on, call it step child  
I got that Slim Shady, we call it Eight Mile  
I'm from North Memphis, Watkins and Brown  
Gotti Street, and nigga that's my brick house

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