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
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
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
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
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
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/