

# Brick to a Million (feat. Alley Boy & Fat Trel)

## Master P

Featuring Fat Trel & Alley Boy  
New niggas wearin' dresses - fuck it, I ain't scared to address it  
Gangster niggas on skateboards?  
I'm at the house breakin' motherfuckin' headboards  
Real niggas stand up - three dollar niggas y'all man up  
Real niggas stand up - I ain't hatin', three dollar niggas man up!  
Candy paint on my foreign whip  
Frito Lay, we got corn chips  
Middle finger, we don't give a fuck  
Turn a brick to a million bucks  
Candy paint on my foreign whip  
Frito Lay, we got corn chips  
Middle finger, we don't give a fuck  
Turn a brick to a million bucks  
Hatin' niggas just ride off  
I'm the corporation, bitch, and the bylaw  
You the motherfuckin' secretary  
You got on lipstick, nigga, lookin' hella scary  
Bitch nigga be gone, bitch  
Starin' at me, what's wrong, bitch?  
I'm in the Louis shoes and the shirt  
Hoe nigga, you got a Louis purse  
Bitch nigga, you ain't right  
Mad at me 'cause my paper right  
Mad at me 'cause my paper right  
And you know your bitch ass can't even fight  
Slutty boy game, bitch - who I came with?  
Three hoes, one date, fuckin' with the same dick  
No metro, .38 Special  
Left when she asked for some snots on the petrol  
That's a no-no, Louis, no logo  
Liquor store, fuck the pussy up and down, pogo  
What's next? High-def, shoot slow-mo  
In between her legs, turn my Jheris into cornrows  
Find me fuckin' on a badass hoe  
LA beat with the DC flow  
Louis V sheets, said she keep it on the low  
Got a nigga out the streets, stripper bitch for my bro  
Aye... what these faggot niggas on, P?  
Me an Trel Louis'd down all in DC  
Aye... I see these niggas made hoes choose 'em  
Rare bitch, green eyes with a big booty

You'll get your shit pushed back for the right fact  
I got them fakers on sight, we gon' eat that  
Ain't with the new cool, we just gettin' money  
Foreign whips, candy paint, they gon' look funny  
I got 10 exotic bitches for the foreign car  
Quarter-piece, groupie hoes, we gon' fuck 'em all  
Mr. Chow every day, sushi roll salmon  
Master P, five mil', just one albumBrick to a million bucks  
Brick, brick to a million bucks  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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