

Bricks (Prod. by DP Beats & 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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