

Bricks Ounces Dueces

OJ da Juiceman

bricks ounces deuces, my traffic goin stupid,
should hit a nigga phone if you looking for dem cookies.
bricks ounces, dueces, right hand stupid. Swing my front door and its bricks ounces dueces. (x2)I dropped a 62,
and it did numbers,
Chef seasoned salad pockets on cucumber.
lookin for dem chickens then hit a nigga number.
First degree murder if that pussy wasnt workin.Ima keep it 100 got more chickens than churchs
but only serve a few coz this pussy nigga workin,
Standin on the stove smokin big blunts of purple,
pyrex vision made my cookies into a circle.Knocks on my tail so i had to tighten my circle,
cut a couple niggas coz them niggas sweet like suckas,
But im boulder crest, with some sun valley muscle, and i work too hard to get played by a busta!(chorus x2)36,
all is lips, it came to lip but it ran so quick,
trap needle, man my money so long,
Glass house, glass house so hit a nigga phone,Trap doin numbers man my house is goin ham,
get the coupe watch, give the J a whole gram,
known in the hood as the fuckin brick man,
gingerbread, gingerbread, yay white tan.Distribute that glass and the whole chick ran,
Millionare mouthpeice, Trillionare hand,
Splash that warm water watch that bitch do grams,
i dont do no whip, im the straight drop man.Workin 6 cell phones and im off in these things,
Bricks, ounces, deuces of pure cocain.
Workin 6 cell phones and im off in these things,
Bricks, ounces, deuces of pure cocain.(Chorus x2)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>