

Bricks (Feat. Yo Gotti And Yung Ralph)

Gucci Mane

It's your boy Yo Gotti, gyeah!
Gucci Mane La Flare
My nigga Ralph in here
Zaytoven on the beat, nigga
And it's a street-nigga holiday
My Nigga D.J Holiday, gyeah!Bricks!
All-white bricks
Off-white bricks
Light-tan bricks
Just hit a lick for 50 more bricks
Balling like a bitch with all these bricks
Bricks!
36 zips
That's a whole chick
Want a bad bitch? Gotta have bricks
Yeah that makes sense
Yeah, I make hits
But I still take bricksSo Icy C.E.O., I'm a fool with the snow
They think I'm putting VVS jewels in the coke
My watch a cool hundred, Paint-job a cold 20
And after this flip, I'm quitting the trap cold-turkey...psych!
The pack in and I'm working
Drought season in, charged your ass a whole 30
But right now you can get it for a low number
The fish scale white: same color my Hummer
Zone-6 polar bears never see Summer
It's Winter all year cause the birds fly under
95 Air Max cause I'm a dope runner
I'm ballin' like an athlete but got no jumperBricks!
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Yeah, I make hits
But I still take bricks I'm like a waitress in the trap: I've got something to serve
That's 16 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
You better check when you come in my department
Yes I break em down and I sell em whole
Try me, watch your whole crew fall like some dominoes
I got a trap house and a trap car
100,000 off a cap: that's a trapstar
All this smoke got me feeling real nauseous
Riding with them bricks got me feeling real cautious Bricks!
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Yeah, I make hits
But I still take bricks Tony Montana: "All I have in this world"
Is my 100-round chopper and my white girl
Oil-based bricks, shit hard to cook
Call the plug back, tell him he got took
Know what that mean, the shit free
That means none for him and more for me
I took something, I'm gutter bitch
Don't trust me dogg, this that North Memphis shit
Old-school new Porsche
Couple choppers just in case they wanna go to war
Bricks, aka my best friend
28 inch rims: call em "grown men"
Dope stepped on, call it "step-child"
I got that Slim Shady, we call it "8 Mile"
I'm from North Memphis, Watkins and Brown
Gotti Street and nigga, that's my brick house

Songwriters

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