Bricks 4 The High

Dem Franchize Boyz

How rich y'all niggaz wanna be?
You wanna be a millionaire, you wanna be a billionaire?
Nigga, you wanna be what I wanna be
I wanna be a fuckin' trillionaire
I got them bricks 4 the high
And the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down
Nigga, I fuckin' hustle, nigga, I get money
I can get money doin' anything
I got them bricks 4 the high
And the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down
Nigga, I really do my thing
Kind of fuckin' hustlers are y'all?
I was posted in that tip and my homeboy home
Blew an ounce of that kush in my Sean John Jones
I got the mild for the low from smokin' plenty optimos
Tryna make a quick flip like my patna Maceo
I'm shinin' on my haters, signin' deals so I'm a pa
Twenty G's on the chain and I'm still worth a couple blocks
It started in that temp, flippin' mids by them O-Z's
On the hill wit that shit from a custom border
Two gram, fifties, do the math for a quarter
That's one, I fulfill nigga's order
What you nigga's wanna order?
Oh six' Nino Brown, flip the temp into the carter
Rebirth, don't cut out my four-ways
I stash purp pounds, that's down for the drop days
And for my pay, I hit the trap when the sunrise
I break one down and the rest goin' for the high
I got them bricks 4 the high
And the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down
I sound like the shit these niggaz is talkin'
Real hustla's recognize other real hustla's
That's why I'm fuckin' wit em
I got them bricks 4 the high
And the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down

I got houses in different continents, nigga
Nigga I did my trips in London, remember that?
Fuck is wrong wit ya'll?
I'm the boss of my own shit, I'm the ruling general
Bricks lined up like cars at a funeral
I'm working hard white, so I never twurk, touch and bust
My workers on the block, so the work ain't even gotta touch
My money come in stacks and I know just how to get it, man
A low profile, might be ridin' a Honda Civic, man
You'll never know it's me, but a nigga got the work holmes
I move it all day, think he clirpin' on my chirp phone
Connects so sweet and I'm dealin' wit tha Carribeans
They come from 'cross the water
Masked, taped to my Europeans
Supplyin', whole towns, little counters in the projects
Tryna double my money up, leave the block wit a profit
For you nigga's that like to pop, you know I got them pills too
Getcha you a couple of splitters
Have you spinnin' like some wheels fool
This shit don't stop, I move this work clockwise
I got my own bizness, I call this shit tha Franchize
I got them bricks 4 the high
And the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down
Niggas get a million dollars and think they gettin' it?
Nigga, I made my first million when I was a teenager
I got them bricks 4 the high
And the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down
Jones, Capo, Dipset, them niggas know I'm 'bout this
Spillin' champagne, all over Vision's couches
Like fuck it, tell Alex keep the cris' rollin'
I'm gettin' drunk blowin' weed wit the pistols showin'
Spendin' a couple K's up in Stroker's
Flyin' up Peachtree, racin' in the roster's
I'm so icy and I think they like me
Seven Jeans saggin', fitted cap and my white tee
The foreign cars got they eyes poppin'
And you can see the stars when the ride droppin'
Aye, Jim Jones
Let ya boy Parlae get some of that Harlem clientele
I got more crack than a curb, fuck wit me
I'm iced out and keep snow like an Eskimo
And when the show's slow, I cook extra blow
Put the whip game on it, get some extra dough

Keep the cars pullin' up like it's Texaco
I can make it get stiff like dead people
Keep my hand workin', wit the mic or a egg beater
And ya bank account? Shit, that's my pocket fare
Residue on my clothes, call it roc-a-wear
I can beat it like my, I treat the dope like Tina
And I beat it like I
And I keep tha grass, so you can call me the lawn-man
I ride around wit chickens like I came from a farm, man
I got them bricks 4 the high
And the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down
You see how I get down wit the get down
Nigga, I got a car for every day of the week
And two other cars for the weekends
Nigga, fuck is wrong wit you?
I got them bricks 4 the high
And the purp by the pound
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down
Fuck is wrong wit y'all, nigga
I can sell whatever I wanna sell
I done sold muthafuckin' music, that shit was easy
Started Roc-A-Fella and sold it
I can get money in fashion, that shit was nuthin'
In five years I started that shit
Sold my part for thirty million
And let's watch what the fuck is gonna be now

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/