

10 Bricks

Rick Ross

Look at my wrist (x3)
Equivalent to 10 bricks
10 bricks to the fish (x4)
Look at my wrist (x3)
Equivalent to 10 bricks
10 bricks to the fish (x4)
Rick Ross:
Look at my wrist
Its 200 thou, that mean fuck that nigga
Come and fuck me now
Suck me down, Blow my sucks
Push that coupe, Ima drop that top
And all them niggas that talk, Them bitches neva had money
Whip it with a phunk and get that extra mob money
Get yah first million and the come in with a test
Watch for the feds, jack boys, and IRS
4 Jesus pieces and a motherfucking tech
Clapping at all you niggas imitating Samick Mavrado
Got them argentinies and kilos up in the condo
And my European bitch always screaming armani
10 bricks on the wrist, I find it funny
I'm counting cash, you don't know me nigga
Its Rose, the one and only nigga
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Birdman:
See i'm richer than the richest
Filthy by my riches
Dope boy fresh, made man getting tickets
Holiday sunshine how we get it
Flipping in the Bentley every time we come and spin it
So she love the way I shine homie
Put on her mind, do it big time homie
Priceless, you know the game with no line homie

Tote it all the time, see my son did time on it
So 100 mill what we eat
The feast of the streets, Cash money young beast
Full grind, Cash money all the time
Fire flame spitter do this shit in day time, Bdatt
Flip a nigga notha top
The watch on rocks, do this shit hard knocks
A all red new fleet, swaggered out nigga, YMCMB
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