

Think quick, hit me with a brick, lickety split
The quicker he flip, the quicker the whip
The turbochip, twenty-four inch dipped
glock on the hip in the kitchen with the magican watchin him mi
x

I don't give a fuck, somebody pull up in a cement truck
and get some bricks on my lawn, like you diggin it up
its been a droute, no doubt, trying to find a new paper route
Brick-layin like a mason out there, what you about?
Grinder, baller, hustler, servin customers
Money get a hoe-hitter, have him lovin us
From elbows got bank rolls
And all the freshest clothes and all the coke-head stank hoes

I was born in a dope spot, holdin rocks
Foldin knots, baking soda, bubble hot water and pots
Learnin watch for the cops, twenty off every hundred, five-
hundred is tops
But my story's untold, cause it's so out cold
Did all of this shit when I was very young
Learned to pack a gun in my early days
And the only thing on my mind was getting paid
Twenty-four/seven sittin in a spot with a mac eleven
Sniff, blow your brains out real quickly
The old people say you can go to jail for that
I got a scale for that, plus a sale for that

Hit me with a brick of that flakey shit
That jump back quick from one-two-five to one-five-six
I'm helluva on the mix
The fiends need a fix
Don't talk no shit
Just hit me with a brick
Thats if your holding
big figure folding
i'm rollin like Nolan
Boomin' like Newman in the fast lane zoomin
I need a new plug cuss mine just blew, man.