

White Bricks

Trae tha Truth

[talking:]

Mr. Rogers huh, fuck em up this time around homie
Hard on these motherfucking tracks, let's get on em huh

[Hook: x4]

Sitting on white bricks, wrapped in duct tape
Thirty minutes flat, I could bake a whole cake

[Trae:]

Still sitting on the white bricks, while they wrapped up in duct tape
In the do' panel of the rental car, finna slide the Interstate
I'm grinding and I heard that it was a drought, and the FED's was on
they way to sweep
Even if they was, Tuesday and Thursday ain't part of my week
But dig this here homie, I'm only out here trying to get it
Every couple of months, I'm trying to stack another ticket
Quit it then I move around, so these niggaz don't know my bidness
Give my brother K my sister P, the work until the finish
Plus I got Columbian connects, to fuck a nigga price off
And they know it's real, fuck with me and they gon fuck your life off
Never seen the Federal Pen, and I don't plan on getting by one
Material witness come, I load the talons and I fly one
I holla at the Snowman, when I feel it need to snow
And if it pump we gon jump to the mood, and work it then resco'
For trappers that's all they know, and we gon shine it when the time
is right
Duck off in the day and move at night, cause you know we still

[Hook x4]

[Boss:]

Still sitting on white bricks, in the hood
I ain't no motherfucking fool, I wish these bitch niggaz would
Got birds strapped under the hood of my low-
low, middle finger pointed up for the po-po
Got that pistol grip pump in my lap, riding out on the solo
Got a call for three 9's, but I don't sell no pistols
I'm in distribution for selling soft sacks, with them crystals
Cocainia hit em like missiles, when they snort that first line or two
Take over the whole neighborhood, is what I'm trying to do
So I don't do no cutting, when it comes to this work
When trouble come the pump'll start barking, but it won't chirp
But I been waiting for one of you niggaz, to get out of line
I'ma start hitting niggaz, up in the line one at a time
With that H.G.C. like, Lil' Boss up in his G Nike's
Under the street lights, trying to get rid of the rest of this whizzi
te
All it take is one whistle, and the homies is coming
I strapped all them niggaz up, so when they get hit ain't cutting cau
se I been