

Gold Bricks

Vado

Black bottles, sipping 'Laire, I'm on my Ross shit
Selling cocaine to the fiends that make they nose itch
Fast life, I'm so rich
I'm in the kitchen whipping gold bricks
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She said V they on your dick, I told her no shit
I just fucked that bitch for free, don't give than hoe shit
Nigga's wanted beef they got a whole clip
Leave it up to me, I leave they whole clique
Bitch you in the streets, was all and shit
Asking nigga's can you eat that you don't know and shit
It ain't even been a week, already owing shit
Nigga's tryna get a piece of all that older shit
Snow-Motion
Blocks with slow motion
Niggas on the strip, getting jerked with no lotion
Met a dust plug, he could front me the whole ocean
soon to throw you party, hosting

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(Yeah) Fast life, I'm so rich (Haha)
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Maybach Coupe, all white, tint stickers
Know the streets say dope get you rich quicker
Graveyard
No look-outs, just pictures
They hate when you reverse the bad luck that they wished 'ya
(Y-Y-Y-Y-Yeah)
Keep getting that money boy
Half's, Eighteens, Wholes go for Twenty-Four
(Hit the scale)
Talking grams, talking carats
You know I'm a walking savage
Different type of paper, I ain't talking average
You can smell it soon as it comes out the plastic
Fast life, in and out of traffic
We're whipping gold bricks and we got it mastered

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You talk and we live it
You're walking, we're driven
If you can walk up, we're slipping
Heavy guard up Some get caught up through chicken
Charges brought up from prison
Were just doing your thing, now DA offering a sentence
Back in them chains
Your hoes back with them lanes
Still they answer your calls, like they're acting the same
Be the trap to the game
When you're looking for cheese
Nigga's looking to plead, thirty, he took it with ease

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