

## Joints

Blade Brown

Half brick of buj, no tax, put a clamp on it  
You ain't seen a pretty little brizzy with a stamp on it  
Learned how to whip and I made me more P's (Way more)  
My soldier saw a brick before me  
Hands full but I'm hands off (Off)  
I see them niggas try and do a bad job  
Killed the trap and the niggas got the rap locked  
That's a crack pot and a laptop (Yes)  
So it's clean but it's dirty also (Dirty)  
I got fish scale and dirty, it all goes (It's goin')  
Young boy, got myself one toy  
Pulled the shotty when I still wore school clothes  
Bought the pendant and neckpiece, all rose  
And said "Flood it" and it came back all froze (Buss down)  
And I don't smoke trees but the bro's do (Gang)  
But if you're talking 'bout waps, then we all smoke

Get the joints, fuck the law  
.36, that's a hoe  
All these bands, that we blow  
Niggas paid, and it shows

Hit the strip, make her flip  
And that's raw, take a pic  
See the scale, I got fish  
Silver tray, rubber grip (Bang)

Nautilus, rose gold, that's six figures  
Plus a scale, he give a fuck about a whip nigga (No way)  
Money long and the clip bigger (Ayy)  
Think I gotta pay for a hit nigga? (Gotta pay for it)  
Had to say that bar twice  
Fast life, must have been a trapper in my past life (Past life)  
When I pull up, nigga, lookin' like The Dark Knight  
Double R, getting head under the starlight  
Damn, he hit a duffle with the bricks in it (Bricks in it)  
This is straight off the boat, no mixing it  
Put it on the strip, gettin' rich from it  
B. Brown goin' broke, couldn't picture it (Never)  
Bankroll got no cap  
This is old racks, hundred thou', that's a throwback (Haha)  
And I could talk wassy for the whole track  
'Cause I'm a trap lord, that's a known fact

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All these bands, that we blow (That we blow)  
Niggas paid, and it shows (And it shows)

Hit the strip, make her flip (Flip)  
And that's raw, take a pic (Pic)  
See the scale, I got fish (Fish)  
Silver tray, rubber grip (Bang)

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