

Another Brick Please

Fred The Godson

They say bars is back
I got that
I just need my man on the hook (Jaquae)
Ha, okay (GOOORRRDOOOO!!)

Wrist frozen
Go on rap tours 'til we find a garage to put the Rolls in
Tell ya entourage I goes in
Shooters outside ya aunt's garage, you owe him
What you expect?
Every shot'll be silent, you in debt
In debt, the B is silence
And in the B-X, we known for bein' violent
Clap that heat, everybody they gon' squeeze
Like cheap ass seats, everybody he knows bleeds
Ha, we gon' see
New York City, I'm what your flow needs
And knowin' the streets fuck with you
And I never sold my soul, I can sleep comfortable
Give you parents credit, that blow, they keep comin' through
You'll pay 'til ya mother clear, Denise Huxtable
Gordo writin' again
Why I wasn't on the cypher again?
I don't know, I just know not many rappers is nicer than him
I bring that metaphor life to the pen
I'm tryin' to win like Hurricane Matthew doin'
Pills slow, I hurry 'caine, what math you doin'?
If it's 'bout a dollar you can hit me, new feel
In my pocket, Monica Lewinsky, blue bill

Tell me what the lick read
I'm ridin' in a six speed
Before it get reported
And Trump get us deported
Papi, another brick please
Another brick please (another brick)
Another brick please
Another brick please, a thousand grams

Early morning stove like six somethin'
Break it down to O's 'cause the strip bubblin'
It's fresh out the brick oven
I can put you on your feet or put you under six of 'em, huh
Regardless I'm the hardest artist ever as far as bars is
Cartridge hit you cartilage
This infra-red light'll turn a dark skin dude to the DeBarges
Who want it with me?
My shooters carry two 4-5's like a quarter to three
Can't tell what I might spit
Like Pippen in Salt Lake City, I carry the mic sick
Gordo

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