

Bricks & Mortar

ONEFOUR

Gang
Gang, gang, gang
Yeah, ah, gang

Bricks and mortar, sticks and quarters, I used to move the lock
I had to move with mops, and turn out through the rock (of course)
Sticks get sorted, it's important, we go shoot the opps (grr, baow)
'Cause we can't take a loss, do that and break him off (yeah) (yo)

Bricks and mortar, now we're building bricks and water (yeah, yeah)
Grip that sauna, but the AK makes shit awkward
Still taking orders in the sauna, I can't get no breaks
Six laps of flake, I thought I'd wrap the tape

Hey, when they're talking wicked, I see them outside, they're timid
I put the Pyrex in for a minute, look, you see it swimming
Raise point of Cuban, shining a dollar, stupid
Still don't confuse it, I'm still not to use it

Sticks get bored and used for war and stored away for them rainy days
Opps get rolled, no tailor-made, in jail, get cut with a razor blade
They already know about me on the field 'cause I ain't on the wing like Tayl
or May
E2R, let's see what them haters say, come through like Clark and save the da
y

Aimed at tryna fry some hats, bad luck if your tie is flat
No typing chats, we been tryna make him twitch, no kites to nap
If lil' brody's getting a call-up, pulling up shiesty, swinging his forearm
Don't come back, let some get sore up
Life ain't nothing but bricks and mortar

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If I don't answer her, she thinking that I'm outside cheating
But I'm on the block, my opps are sounding like my tire screeching
I've got both hands on the wheel, it sound like no one's breathing
Like my team is full of demons, pull up and your door get breaching

Don't make me repeat it, it's gon' be more than I'm beating
If you're taking Liam Neeson, Polish call me winner, sneezing, baow!
Crime rate increasing back when it was soccer season
Now my young guys ride out on that side, and they don't need a reason

I'm hearing they're tryna ride out on the gang, but I ain't impressed
Got us in my veins, now we ain't the same, I cannot be stressed
Just laid up the hottie, was spinning it
If it's water we're talking, we're winning it

Like how many opps have tried their luck
And how many got trapped by the end of it
Kitchens and Nescaes, I want them mad days, I'm never calling a truce
But I can't say the same for that hooligan, so I tell everybody the truth

Festival X, summer of 2190 was calling for beats
But the only thing I ever wanted was beef
Fuck that shit, hop on the street

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