

It's A Brick Around

Rio Da Yung OG

(Marc Boomin, this you?)
Aw shit, this shit on the floor
What up, Loud Boy?
Alright

Had to call Loud Boy, now the crib jumpin'
Goin' to the store for niggas with a chain on, you a rich flunky
I'll never hug a rat bitch, 'cause they 'pits musty
My stupid ass hit the bitch raw, now my dick funky
Finna ramshack her off a Perc 30 and a zip of honey
Talkin' 'bout I can't get the pussy, man, this bitch funny
I just drunk a line raw, got my lips numbin'
Five months ago, I hit her raw, she got a big stomach
All twenty dollar bills, this a big hundred
You say your brother really got a bag, go get a brick from him
Bitch, I'm good in the hood from the D to Flint
Change was eighty dollars and a cent, told 'em keep the shit
Okay, you tryna get your money up, huh? I peeped the shit
Last year I couldn't drive my car 'cause the heat wasn't fixed
Now we ridin', slidin' on the opps outta Jeeps and shit
Wake up out my sleep, shoot the Glock, I sleep with it
I got a whole pint of Act', but I'm keepin' it
Bitch take too long to come outside, then I'm leavin' her
Invest 20K into her craft, I believe in her
And she got some good pussy, I left skeet in her
Hate a dirty pussy-ass bitch, when she pee, it hurt
Try Da Yung OG and you're gonna be beneath the earth
Took off Gucci in the Louis store and let 'em keep the shirt
You could call me for a sixteen or if you need work
And no, you can't send nothin' to my Cash App, it don't even work
Caught my first body tryna learn how .223s work
Before he had the AK, had an old M16 first
I'll give you two-fifty for a line if it's clean syrup
Oop, that's a lean burp
I remember wearin' too little pants, ma, these jeans hurt
Now I'm walkin' out of Saks Fifth in Celine shirts
You can take off runnin', I'ma still hit you 'cause the beam work
'Fore I had a line on the Trish, it was green first
I'll have it done the same day, how a fiend work
I'll probably buy the pint of Wock', let me see first
Damn, why you tryna take my spot? Let me eat first
I just bought a 550, yeah, it's really mine
Now we all come in foreign shit, we don't hemi drive
Paid fifty racks for the Benz and I don't really drive
Can't believe you think I went broke, you a silly guy
Throw you a bird? Have you ever seen a chicken fly?
I'm kinda slurrish, I forgot I just sipped a five
I just punched a hole in the wall 'cause I spilled a line
Had to tell my shooter calm down, he'll kill a child
Fell in love with me after I fucked her down
I done got the bitch pregnant, now I'm skippin' town
If you see me chillin', nah, I'm makin' chicken, I don't sit around
I know I rap, but if you still fuck with the work, It's a brick around