

Brick By Brick

Skyzoo

Sunny LA, as bright as the coke I poured in the Pyrex
Back when I was building this building big as a project
So shout out to the projects
This empire came out y'all ground, and what we got left
Is more than I can digest
It started as a side bet, for the purpose of all intents
Never seen a dream more serene than seeing corners bend
So Saint got a plan to get the Saints to where we need to be
Forgive us in advance for all the blood you're gonna need to see
Cause bloodshed is part of this
Brick by brick, my hands mortaring
Flip by flip, my stance cornered it
Listen, the least expected to walk up and squeeze a weapon
Mama blessing the plate but all I seen was collections
Corners clicking everywhere, all I need is a checklist
Pistol loaded packing under Members Only jackets
I'm in a members only bracket where you gotta be invited yo
Now you see why I spend every night alone
'Cause yo 'til every rock comes from the church of Saint, we in the street
The white kicking business 'bout squares like Tina Marie
You keep it discreet and closed mouths is easy to feed
Just respect that everything here is what you need it to be
Reasoning seems to now where I'm back and forth with the shooters
They feel it's justified when a pack of raw's like Medusa
Bring the beast out, Alton was talking that bring the peace now
How the fuck I'ma peace out? I'm South Central's re-route
Inspiration is me now, and they're speaking yet again
So I'm smart enough to never let you see me in a Benz, never
'Word to the curtains that these BBS's been
Hit the trunk, there's a pistol and ki' between the rims, whenever
Beeper on me, street sweeper on me
And bullet proof my strippers, keep a sweeter army
So don't spare me any love unless you be with us when the ship dock
And don't compare me to your plug if he re-you up out a ziplock
Know if I'm talking brick by brick it could be throwing ki's
Or one of my buildings where I wrote your lease
Either or, or I can literally sit on my money and let be
Count it from the basement it's face to face with a mezzanine
Tall numbers, take the rap for us all numbers
Trap wall numbers, Fat Back and two broads numbers
Clap y'all numbers, and turn you all to a mirage
'Cause yo the funny thing about it? We got more money than God
And knowing what I know from this, I just followed protocol
Same sunny LA plowing through all this snow involved
Never rain in SOCAL but I got all this snow to fall
Counting all this money while making this shit the smokers' fault
Like "you ain't have to buy a rock to smoke at all"
But the way I hit this market made you flock with open arms
And Lee was on the side of me, pockets full of bomb
I pull up on your block and build a shop with open calls
Like who need work here? Double entendre yo who need work here?
Truthfully I could've retired after my first year
And here we are, four years later, toddler work here
Makes sense with all of this talcum powder dispersed here, for real

One brick at a time to build the bottom up
Two bricks at a time? You got your product up

Few bricks at a time? Feel like you got enough
Room full of bricks anytime? Yea that was probably us
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