

Yuh
Yeah
Soulja
Police checkin my phone so I need 40 of them things
Soulja
Rich Gang, SODMG
Loud, loud
Don't play with it

I got bricks, bricks
Ridin with this shit, let's go
Young Soulja Boy, I'm down to hit a lick (trappin)
That loud, loud
I got loud (let's go)

I got bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks
Bricks bricks bricks
I got bricks, bricks
Ridin with this shit
Down to hit a lick (let's go)
Ridin with them bricks (them bricks)
Rollin with them bricks (I got em)
Brick, bricks, bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks, bricks, bricks (turn up)
Ridin with the shit (let's go)
Down to hit a lick (I got em)
Ridin with them bricks
Rollin with them bricks

I got bricks, bricks
You know I got the racks (let's go)
You want a Bentley, that's 250 racks
I walk inside the club, I got lean, I got Act
Fuck with me Shawty and I won't even text
SOD, Money Gang, we done broke the bank
Rich Gang, Soulja Boy be blowin on this thing
Ridin through the city and my cup full of drink
In my Ferrari and it got that candy paint
Ridin foreign whips and I stay getting cash
iPhone 5, they can't bring me all my racks
Smoking on that kush and I stay spending stacks
They say the bank closed, well I open up the racks
Walk inside the vault, I see bands, I see rings
Walk inside this club, I spend bandz, I spend grands
Million dollars niggas, catch me on my tour bus
Million dollar niggas, hunned dollars for a haircut

I got bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks
Rollin with them bricks
Ridin with them bricks
Ridin with them bricks
Rollin with them bricks
I got bricks, bricks

I got bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks, bricks, bricks
Ridin with them bricks
Burn them with a lick
Soulja run with them bricks
Ridin with them bricks

Stuntin is a habit, I'm in love with racks
I'm in love with cash, I love to hit licks
Ridin with that iPhone5 talkin bricks
On the tex with my plug, cold wars and shit
Flexin like a bitch, Soulja Boy don't move sloppy
I just hit a lick, time to cop that Bugatti
Ridin with that new choppa
Nigga try me, body drop
Pistol pop, block is hot
Soulja got them bands in that stamp
Bracelet on my wrist cost a chicken (damn)
Catch me in my condo water whippin (damn)
Soulja Boy in love with that gold shit (damn)
Soulja Boy be flexin you like oh shit (damn)
Jordans on my feet, number 9
Flexin through the hood, I hit licks all the time
Bricks bricks bricks bricks bricks on that low
Bricks bricks bricks bricks bricks ran from above

I got bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks
Ridin with them bricks
Rollin with them bricks
Down to hit a lick
Ridin with them bricks
I got bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks
I got bricks, bricks
Ridin with them bricks
Rollin with them bricks
Ridin with them bricks
Down to hit a lick
I got...

Nigga hittin my phone talkin bout Soulja, where the bricks at?
It ain't nothing on the street, this is drought
I said nigga what the fuck is a drought?
SOD Money Gang, Rich Gang, flood the streets
I got em