

# Bricks

Soulja Boy

Walked out the strip, got that thang on my hip  
Pussy nigga better not play with gang, do not slip  
Yeah, hop up on that yacht and I go take a trip  
Came back with them pounds, came back with them bricks  
Came back with them bricks  
Came back with them bricks

Young Drako nigga I play with the pans  
Poppin' the seals and mixin' the xans  
Stacks On Deck Money Gang, we in demand  
Go ask your bitch, she know I'm the man  
Go cop a zip, yeah that's soon as I land  
Pour up a six, double cup in my hand  
Hit your bitch from the back just to get up the count  
Bankroll on me way bigger  
Two bitches with me but I'm in the middle  
My type of bitch she like backwoods, not swishers  
Hop out a Range and keep range from you niggas (skrrt)  
Posted with a whole lot of money, young nigga up to somethin'  
Model lil bitch, I'm in out in London  
Then I go pick up 15, throw it all at Onyx  
Run up them bands, where my cake?  
She wanna fuck but I made the bitch wait  
Tried to send him a P, but it's really all shake  
Ran up 50s to 100s, I throw 'em the safes  
Cartier wrist with the ice  
Might catch a flight but I can't stay the night  
Shawty my type so I might change her life  
[?] like he Juice  
VVS on every tooth  
She wanna fuck but her pussy too loose  
I rather go count some blue

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Jumped out the coupe, then I walked inside the trap (aye)  
Posted with my niggas, I got automatic straps (uh)  
You know that the gang put shit on the map  
Fuck with gang, nigga you know you gettin' clapped  
You not my homie, nigga you don't get dapped  
Ridin' round town with that strap in my lap  
Serving Hi-Tech, lean, act'  
Juugin, finessin, when I hop on the track  
I got your bitch, come get your bitch back  
Run up on gang, the bullets gon spray yo ass flat  
Yeah, back of the Maybach  
Shawty wanna fuck me then say that  
Send a couple shots at your du-rag  
[?] cause they filled up with blue racks

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