

Bricks In My Trunk

Stitches

I got bricks in my trunk and I'm drivin' in my Porche
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Feds follow me everyday but I'm still flippin' bricks
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I'm connected, I'm connected, well respected in the hood
Everywhere that I go I get love from every hood
I got bricks on top of bricks, I got bricks up in my attic
Everybody that I'm servin' is a fuckin' drug addict
I'm a boss, motherfucker, but I ain't no Rick Ross
If I kill your family member, nigga, sorry for your loss
Twenty years old, ballin' already, got three children
And I spend ten-thousand every month on each one of my children
When I was young, nigga, I didn't know my fuckin' dad
He's a pussy motherfucker, he was ghostin', yeah, it's sad
I'm a father figure to my children, money to the ceilin'
When they kill that nigga Stitches I'm gon' leave 'em with my millions

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The feds always follow me, they don't give me my privacy
Niggas always snitchin' on me, niggas always tellin' on me
Feds watchin' but Imma always stay fly
Always gotta stay high, fuck 'round, I pull up, drive-by
I got choppers, I got Uzis, bricks of cocaine I'm movin'
Fuck with me, boy, you losin', I kill you while you snoozin'
I come creepin' while you sleepin', they say that Stiches is a demon
Bitch, shut up, swallow my semen, my dick got your girl fiendin'
I always been real, boy, I never been fake, shout-
out to El Chapo that boy just escaped
Free all of my thugs, bruh, free all of my brothers
Everybody makin' mistakes, everybody wanna eat a steak
Holler at me if you want a brick, I'll front 'em to ya, I don't give a shit

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