

Bricks

Stitches

We don't need this rap shit, we give this away for free
Mister ten bricks and a Beamer
Mister eighteen karat cavaties
Shout-out my nigga DJ Winn
VVR, TMI Gang
Been down since before this music shit
Really sold the most, really whipped that shit up
I swear to God, every track I hear be the truth

I love sellin' bricks, bricks, bricks!
I love hittin' licks, licks, licks!
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I flip bricks so I'm ballin', I hit licks as a hobby
I wish a motherfucker would say that Stitches isn't ballin'
Bricks up in my trunk, bricks up in my attic
When it comes to doin' drugs they say that I'm a drug addict
Rob him for a brick, rob him!
I just might snort the whole damn brick!
My life is lovely, it's like I'm made of gold
These hoes always wanna touch me
Hold my cocaine for me and that's if you really love me
Diamonds on my pinky ring, diamonds on my Rolie watch
(She's suckin' my cock!)
I'm sellin' drugs and I cannot stop
And all of my bullets for the cops

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I'm gettin' bricks that's straight from Trinidad
Tie you to a chair, nigga, call your plug
Ain't a day in my life, I ain't on them drugs
Stay fuckin' all these bitches, never fall in love
Brick Bible, this a statement, nigga, fuck your rifle
I made my own Brick Bible, nigga, fuck the rappin'
I'm gettin' baptised in the [?]
Pussy, money, weed, that's all a nigga needs
Now we're lookin' for them niggas, where they at?
It sounds like a thousand haters when that chopper clap
Lord have mercy on me, this life with sins is lonely
You can't walk in my shoes, you end up [?] on the glory
Wake up in the mornin', crack another brick
Buy another phone, them cops is on my shit
In the kitchen Imma stove
Twist them with the flip

If this rap shit don't work, bitch, I'm still sellin' bricks

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