

Bricks

Wale

Turn a brick to a stone but you think we don't have a soul
As a kid need to grow, the powder's weight in gold

Getting blowed

Thinkin I'm so glad that I can't rap 'cause I can't move no dough
But I do know a few niggas that did and a few niggas that still
And a few niggas that's through or a few niggas that's dead

So fuckin 9 to 5, they clockin and tryna to survive
Cop a brick and supply 'cause nobody offerin jobs
Bricks build, buildings build, houses build neighborhoods
Better ripped than turned into a baller or a Davis shirt
Understated to say it hurts, I was optimistic
Tryna see my gang and whippin plain English that I was flippin
This college went out of his dollar pension
'Cause after 4 or 5 you don't got to have a college ticket
Bounce

But them niggas tryna hold my head and work this out
Countin numbers up in my head tryna build this house
Mama told me if I made my bed then I gotta lay down
But I never seem to keep these words all up out my mouth

Bricks bricks - it's all them niggas talkin bout
Bricks bricks - it's all them niggas talkin bout
Bricks bricks - it's all them niggas thinkin bout
Many niggas on the scene, ain't gotta dream it now

Tulio getting blowed

Thinkin I'm so glad that I can't rap 'cause I can't move no dough
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Look, little niggas will shoot you, they got nothing to say
'Cause local celebrities only bout a brick away
If you still whip em he getting those from whippin yay
And you got no paper, you been so patient, come get some weight
Just think about it, come see your products
And you weekend shoppin, show people no people problem
I can see the problem, you nigga don't have no conscience
Can't shoot, can't blow but can rap
Young nigga don't have no option

Turn a brick to a stone tryna feed for my homie
From the powder to the power and the power turn to gold
Turning head with yo whip
Is it worth what you did?
A brick is a brick and a brick you can build
Turn a brick to a stone tryna feed for my homie
Trenches on the full, turn reefer to a homie
Turn the powder into power and the power to the homies
A brick with a brick to a brick you can throw
Build bricks
Bricks
Bricks
Bricks

Many years old, feds lookin for my moms
10 to 11 held my first gun
First time I held bricks I was getting construction
Tell me you puff a medical, gave him my introduction now
16, get them bricks for the 16
Course I'm rappin bitch but now wrappin bricks for 16
I was 17 ridin and then is all good
18 and 19 payin nothing over 20
And 1008 divided by 4 is 2-52
If you know what that mean you noticed it now
And if you don't learn how to divide nigga
I'm talkin bricks, no jump shots
I call it work, no punch clocks

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Million to a stone, the stone to the sour
The show in the hood and you know that you could
The powder and the crack and the crack to the suns
Dollars in the bag and the glocks in the front...