

Trae f/ Boss

"White Bricks"

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(*talking*)

Mr. Rogers huh, fuck em up this time around homie
Hard on these motherfucking tracks, let's get on em
huh

[Hook - 4x]

Sitting on white bricks, wrapped in duct tape
Thirty minutes flat, I could bake a whole cake

[Trae]

Still sitting on the white bricks, while they wrapped up in
duct tape

In the do' panel of the rental car, finna slide the
Interstate

I'm grinding and I heard that it was a drought, and the
FED's was on they way to sweep

Even if they was, Tuesday and Thursday ain't part of
my week

But dig this here homie, I'm only out here trying to get
it

Every couple of months, I'm trying to stack another
ticket

Quit it then I move around, so these niggaz don't know
my bidness

Give my brother K my sister P, the work until the finish
Plus I got Columbian connects, to fuck a nigga price off
And they know it's real, fuck with me and they gon fuck
your life off

Never seen the Federal Pen, and I don't plan on getting
by one

Material witness come, I load the talons and I fly one
I holla at the Snowman, when I feel it need to snow
And if it pump we gon jump to the mood, and work it
then resco'

For trappers that's all they know, and we gon shine it
when the time is right

Duck off in the day and move at night, cause you know
we still

[Hook - 4x]

[Boss]

Still sitting on white bricks, in the hood
I ain't no motherfucking fool, I wish these bitch niggaz
would
Got birds strapped under the hood of my low-low,
middle finger pointed up for the po-po
Got that pistol grip pump in my lap, riding out on the
solo
Got a call for three 9's, but I don't sell no pistols
I'm in distribution for selling soft sacks, with them
crystals
Cocainia hit em like missiles, when they snort that first
line or two
Take over the whole neighborhood, is what I'm trying to
do
So I don't do no cutting, when it comes to this work
When trouble come the pump'll start barking, but it
won't chirp
But I been waiting for one of you niggaz, to get out of
line
I'ma start hitting niggaz, up in the line one at a time
With that H.G.C. like, Lil' Boss up in his G Nike's
Under the street lights, trying to get rid of the rest of
this whizzite
All it take is one whistle, and the homies is coming
I strapped all them niggaz up, so when they get hit ain't
cutting cause I been

[Hook - 4x]

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