

Gucci Mane f/ Yo Gotti & Yung Ralph

"Bricks"

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[Intro-Yo Gotti]

It's ya boy yo gotti
Chea
Gucci mane the flare
My nigga Ralph in here
Zaytoven on the beat nigga
And its a street nigga holiday
My Nigga DJ Holiday
Chea

[Chorus-Gucci Mane]

Bricks
All white bricks
Off white bricks
Light tan bricks
Just hit a lick, For 50 more bricks
Balling like a bitch, with all these bricks
Bricks
36 zips
That's a whole chick
Wanna bad bitch? Gotta have bricks
Yea that make sense
Yea I make hits
But I still take bricks

[Verse 1-Gucci mane]

So icy c.e.o, I'm a fool with the snow
They think I'm puttin' v.v.s jewels in the coke
My watch a cool hundred, Paint-job a cold 20
And after this flip I'm quittin' the trap cold turkey, Sike!
The pack in and I'm workin'
Drought season in, charged ya ass a whole 30
But right now you can get it for a low number
The fish scale white, Same color my hummer
Zone 6 polar bears never see summer
It's winter all year cuz the birds fly under
95' Air Max cuz I'm a dope runna'
I'm ballin' like an athlete but got no jumper I'ts

[Chorus-Gucci Mane]

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[Verse 2-Young Ralph]

I'm like a waitress in the trap I got somethin' to serve
That's 16 bars, Same price for a bird
What you need a bird?
Or A Couple Pounds?
I'm on Cleveland Ave, You know my side of town
So many bricks i can build my own apartment
Ya better a check, When ya come in my department
Yes I break em' down
And I sell em' whole, Try me watch ya whole crew fall
like some dominoes
I got a trap house
And a trap car
100,00 off a cap, That's a trap star
All this smoke got me feelin' real nauseous
Ridin' with them bricks got me feelin' real cautious

[Chorus-Gucci Mane}

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[Verse 3-Yo Gotti]

Tony Montana, All I have in this world
Is my 100 round chopper and my white girl
Oil base bricks, Shit hard to cook

Call the plug back, Tell him he got took
Know what that mean? The shit free
That mean none for him, And more for me
I took somethin', I'm gutta bitch
Don't trust me dog, This that North Memphis shit
Old school, New Porsche
Couple choppas just in case they wanna go to war
bricks
A.k.a my best friend
28 inch rims call em' grown men
Dope stepped on, Call it step child
I got that Slim Shady, We call it 8 Mile
I'm from North Memphis, Watkins and Brown
Gotti Street, And nigga that's my brick house

[Chorus-Gucci Mane]

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