

**411****"A Crumb 2 A Brick"**Visit "[A Crumb 2 A Brick](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus] x1

I flip a crumb 2 a brick  
A brick 2 some rocks  
Some rocks 2 a juice  
(Now we chopping up them for food)  
A chevy 2 a lac  
A lac 2 a vet  
A vet 2 a benz  
(With this dough we makin' ends nigga)  
I flip a crumb 2 a brick  
A brick 2 some rocks  
Some rocks 2 a juice  
(Now we chopping up them for food)  
A chevy 2 a lac  
A lac 2 a vet  
A vet 2 a benz  
(With this dough we makin' ends nigga)

[Verse 1]

You can call Mrs. Serv On, cause I get my hustle on  
Looking for some donkey kong, got me blowing up my  
phone  
So you wanna get along, got no money but you (?)  
I'ma break you off a crumb, leave me in the early morn'  
Always trapped up with a tone, Always shoot you when  
you gone  
All you robbers got me wrong, I will show up at yo'  
home  
Gotta make my money job, Fuck wit me and you'll be  
gone  
Always striking for they call, La' Chat gotta make it  
known  
I be bout' that money mayn, For the top is where I am  
I don't play no looser games, Niggas always say my  
name  
Shit I be the one to blame, When they ain't to booming  
thangs  
In these streets they got to fight, Mayn you know I can't  
be lien'  
Always strugglin' for they chains, Try my best to  
maintain

Watch them shoot it in they thang, It be throbbin' in the  
brain  
I be causing plenty pain, (?)  
Servin to much cocaine, Theya'll gone love me when  
I'm game

[Chorus] x1

[Verse 2]

I be posted on the tracks, Slanging rocks back-to-back  
Shit I even fuck with packs, Everybody know La' Chat  
Mayn I'm gone make a kill, Flip from rocks to servin'  
deals  
Catch me on the corner still, Cause I'm out to make a  
mill'  
Niggas thinkin' that I'm heavy, Cause I'm ridin in there  
chevy  
(?) cause i'm sweaty, Got that hoe bumped down and  
ready  
I'm a bitch about that skrilla, Got more work than half  
you niggas  
Just to keep it on the realla, I'm a buy a drug dealer  
Thuggin' on yo' fuckin block, Keep my eye up on the (?)  
I ain't tryin to make it hot, So I get from spot to spot  
Got to keep my 9 on me, Always ready fo' some heat  
I don't know if you got beef, It's so hot out in the streets  
But this how I choose to live, Thanks the lord to be  
forgived  
This is how I pay my bills, This is how I eat a meal  
I would give it up one day, When that day I can not say  
Cause I feel I'm livin' straight, Slangin' dope what keep  
me paid

[Chorus] x1

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Some rocks 2 a juice  
(Now we chopping up them for food)  
A chevy 2 a lac  
A lac 2 a vet  
A vet 2 a benz  
(With this dough we makin' ends nigga...ends  
nigga...ends nigga...ends nigga)

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