

## **Birdman**

### **"10 Bricks"**

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Look at my wrist (x3)  
Equivalent to 10 bricks  
10 bricks to the fish (x4)  
Look at my wrist (x3)  
Equivalent to 10 bricks  
10 bricks to the fish (x4)

Rick Ross:

Look at my wrist  
Its 200 thou, that mean fuck that nigga  
Come and fuck me now  
Suck me down, Blow my sucks  
Push that coupe, Ima drop that top  
And all them niggas that talk, Them bitches neva had  
money  
Whip it with a phunk and get that extra mob money  
Get yah first million and the come in with a test  
Watch for the feds, jack boys, and IRS  
4 Jesus pieces and a motherfucking tech  
Clapping at all you niggas imitating Samick Mavrado  
Got them argentinies and kilos up in the condo  
And my European bitch always screaming armani  
10 bricks on the wrist, I find it funny  
I'm counting cash, you don't know me nigga  
Its Rose, the one and only nigga

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10 bricks to the fish (x4)

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Birdman:

See i'm richer than the richest  
Filthy by my riches  
Dope boy fresh, made man getting tickets  
Holiday sunshine how we get it  
Flipping in the Bentley every time we come and spin it  
So she love the way I shine homie

Put on her mind, do it big time homie  
Priceless, you know the game with no line homie  
Tote it all the time, see my son did time on it  
So 100 mill what we eat  
The feast of the streets, Cash money young beast  
Full grind, Cash money all the time  
Fire flame spitter do this shit in day time, Bdatt  
Flip a nigga notha top  
The watch on rocks, do this shit hard knocks  
A all red new fleet, swagged out nigga, YMCMB

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