

Erasure

"The Bricks"

Visit "[The Bricks](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Yah Yah]

Yeah, Outsida style, yo Axe, D.U., Nawshis, come down!

[D.U.]

See me in a wool cap, black boots, takin' Prozac
Gives me a rush like a full back
When my niggas wild out they don't act human
I punch out gorillas lookin' like Pat Ewing

[Axe]

Pull out the gat, clap to it; no protection from the blow
Smith & Wesson turn your bulletproof vest into a robe
On another level, dig it, with the metal spitted
Beef got settled with it, roam the ghetto (?) rockin'
devil fitteds

[D.U.]

Yeah, Axe...

Underneath their ski masks haters be mad
See me in the green Jag' playin' Sega Dreamcast
Sometimes I be on some He-Man shit
Pilted up, more sticks than tree branches

[Axe]

We can't miss
Ill like Arabic soldiers, bustin' shots at cop cars
Blowin' shit up, yellin' (???????)
Hardcore cats, gettin' dough like pop stars
Ski pulled out the glock, turned your block to hot tar

[D.U.]

Now, before the beef get any further
I make y'all C-Murder like Master P's brother
I pack a 4-4 nozzle that's so-so-colossal
Now when I cock it back it'll blast off both nostrils

[Chorus - Yah Yah]

This for Springfield, Chadwick, Hawthorne, 18th 16th,
Avon, 13th Ave.!
Bricks, Bricks! Shit is crazy in the Bricks!

Bricks, Bricks! We be wildin' in the Bricks!
Chancelor, Bergen, Clinton, Hyde St.
Stratford, Newport, Wacker Ave!
Bricks, Bricks! Shit is crazy in the Bricks!
Bricks, Bricks! We be wildin' in the Bricks!

[Yah Yah]

In the Bricks I get drunk and hang warriors
Plus there's more than four of us; y'all can ride
assorted nuts
I make niggas trade places like Mortimer
Slaughter 'em 'til their house boarded and girl's been
fucked

[Nawshis]

We be ridin' through your block slow, like 5-0
And hit up your Tahoe with more shots than Dialo
Call me Nawshis, poison's my blood
I'm more than a thug and iller than the boys in your
hood

[Yah Yah]

Gats, you know I ride aimin' 'em, gray titanium
Buttin' niggas over the fist in Shea Stadium
Ever since the raid I gotta wait because I wave the gun
Save the lump, Outz blazin' up with laminated rum

[Nawshis]

Comin' through the back door
Nawshis spits like chewin' tobacco, two in your
backbone
I'm tweakin' lungs like Cheech & Chong's (?) bong
Y'all ain't seein' mine like Peeping Tom bein' blind

[Yah Yah]

Boys, you'll lose if you ain't glocked up, payin' your
dues
Plus the college don't fuck with the neighborhood
schools
Got tools, better sleep with a pair
'Cause Brick layers start sprayin' right after early
mornin' prayer

[Nawshis]

Catch us swervin', son; chickens chirpin' from me
workin' 'em
Sippin' Bourbon rum, not givin' a fuck like a virgin nun
You herbs is done when I start releasin'
Call the preist in; I got a indecent art of beefin'

[Chorus - Yah Yah]

One Deuce, Bruce, 7th, Park
Peddleton, Bradley, Southport Ave.!
Bricks, Bricks! We be wildin' in the Bricks!
Bricks, Bricks! Shit is crazy in the Bricks!
Brauden, Market, Irving, Turner
Prince, Mt. Prospect, Fairview Ave.!
Bricks, Bricks! We be wildin' in the Bricks!
Bricks, Bricks! Shit is crazy in the Bricks!

[Nawshis - 2x]

Yeah, this Newark, the Jerusalem slum
Take your cake, you get none, not a crumb
Should've came to the Bricks packed with a gun
Instead my dogs made you back up and run

[Yah Yah]

Yeah, 'cause shit is crazy in the Bricks!
Bricks, Bricks! We be wildin' in the Bricks!
Bricks, Bricks! Shit is crazy in the Bricks!
Bricks, Bricks! We be wildin' in the Bricks!
Yeah, SS County, yeah, 07104 goin' down, or up!
Irvington, Newark! Yeah, owww!

Visit [Erasure](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.