

Brisco **"Couple Blocks"**

Visit "[Couple Blocks](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus X4]

Shit I got a, couple blocks up in Georgia nigga
I got a, lil' brother cookin' quarters

[Verse 1]

I got a new trapper Vel Doston nigga
Nigga front there be some birds and I ain't callin' nigga
Straight gorilla, extortion niggas know what's up
All black Grandville cruise, nobody noticed us
I raced ahead in the last leg
Conspiracy was alaised by the last FEDS
I was acquitted in the last case
Got my weight up I refuse to be in last place

[Chorus X4]

[Verse 2]

Pyrex fulla that raw, cookin' that hard, cut it to rocks
Shred the script and flood the block
I got a couple ki's in Charleston nigga
A bad breezy up in Boston stalk a nigga
I got a safe house in Safe City
Every rental I rent, plates tinted and it got weight in it
On turnpikes I turn white to ice, four or five tennis
chains
Cartier eyesight, yes

[Chorus X4]

[Verse 3]

Cuban connect, call 'em my Legos
A Milton Bradley homeboy, I got the game sold
I play wit' dough like Lil' Bris' play wit' Play-Doh
A quarter ki to chicken leg I flip 'em like Fabo
What the game owe me was a G pass
Now I'm servin' off the rock like Steve Nash
My speed fast only E-Class bash
When you see me and E-Class know we see cash

[Chorus X8]

