

## Jim Jones

### "Bricks 4 The High"

Visit "[Bricks 4 The High](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

How rich y'all niggaz wanna be?  
You wanna be a millionaire, you wanna be a billionaire?  
Nigga, you wanna be what I wanna be  
I wanna be a fuckin' trillionaire

I got them bricks 4 the high  
And the purp by the pound  
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down

Nigga, I fuckin' hustle, nigga, I get money  
I can get money doin' anything

I got them bricks 4 the high  
And the purp by the pound  
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down

Nigga, I really do my thing  
Kind of fuckin' hustlers are y'all?

I was posted in that tip and my homeboy home  
Blew an ounce of that kush in my Sean John Jones  
I got the mild for the low from smokin' plenty optimos  
Tryna make a quick flip like my patna Maceo

I'm shinin' on my haters, signin' deals so I'm a pa  
Twenty G's on the chain and I'm still worth a couple  
blocks  
It started in that temp, flippin' mids by them O-Z's

On the hill wit that shit from a custom border  
Two gram, fifties, do the math for a quarter  
That's one, I fulfill nigga's order  
What you nigga's wanna order?

Oh six' Nino Brown, flip the temp into the carter  
Rebirth, don't cut out my four-ways  
I stash purp pounds, that's down for the drop days  
And for my pay, I hit the trap when the sunrise  
I break one down and the rest goin' for the high

I got them bricks 4 the high

And the purp by the pound  
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down

I sound like the shit these niggaz is talkin'  
Real hustla's recognize other real hustla's  
That's why I'm fuckin' wit em

I got them bricks 4 the high  
And the purp by the pound  
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down

I got houses in different continents, nigga  
Nigga I did my trips in London, remember that?  
Fuck is wrong wit ya'll?

I'm the boss of my own shit, I'm the ruling general  
Bricks lined up like cars at a funeral  
I'm working hard white, so I never twurk, touch and  
bust  
My workers on the block, so the work ain't even gotta  
touch

My money come in stacks and I know just how to get it,  
man  
A low profile, might be ridin' a Honda Civic, man  
You'll never know it's me, but a nigga got the work  
holmes  
I move it all day, think he clirpin' on my chirp phone

Connects so sweet and I'm dealin' wit tha Carribeans  
They come from 'cross the water  
Masked, taped to my Europeans  
Supplyin', whole towns, little counters in the projects  
Tryna double my money up, leave the block wit a profit

For you nigga's that like to pop, you know I got them  
pills too  
Getcha you a couple of splitters  
Have you spinnin' like some wheels fool  
This shit don't stop, I move this work clockwise  
I got my own bizness, I call this shit tha Franchise

I got them bricks 4 the high  
And the purp by the pound  
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down

Niggas get a million dollars and think they gettin' it?  
Nigga, I made my first million when I was a teenager

I got them bricks 4 the high  
And the purp by the pound

I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down

Jones, Capo, Dipset, them niggas know I'm 'bout this  
Spillin' champagne, all over Vision's couches  
Like fuck it, tell Alex keep the cris' rollin'  
I'm gettin' drunk blowin' weed wit the pistols showin'

Spendin' a couple K's up in Stroker's  
Flyin' up Peachtree, racin' in the roster's  
I'm so icy and I think they like me

Seven Jeans saggin', fitted cap and my white tee  
The foreign cars got they eyes poppin'  
And you can see the stars when the ride droppin'

Aye, Jim Jones  
Let ya boy Parlae get some of that Harlem clientele  
I got more crack than a curb, fuck wit me  
I'm iced out and keep snow like an Eskimo  
And when the show's slow, I cook extra blow

Put the whip game on it, get some extra dough  
Keep the cars pullin' up like it's Texaco  
I can make it get stiff like dead people  
Keep my hand workin', wit the mic or a egg beater

And ya bank account? Shit, that's my pocket fare  
Residue on my clothes, call it roc-a-wear  
I can beat it like my, I treat the dope like Tina

And I beat it like I  
And I keep tha grass, so you can call me the lawn-man  
I ride around wit chickens like I came from a farm, man

I got them bricks 4 the high  
And the purp by the pound  
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down

You see how I get down wit the get down  
Nigga, I got a car for every day of the week  
And two other cars for the weekends  
Nigga, fuck is wrong wit you?

I got them bricks 4 the high  
And the purp by the pound  
I'm posted on the block till the sun go down, down

Fuck is wrong wit y'all, nigga  
I can sell whatever I wanna sell  
I done sold muthafuckin' music, that shit was easy  
Started Roc-A-Fella and sold it

I can get money in fashion, that shit was nuthin'  
In five years I started that shit  
Sold my part for thirty million  
And let's watch what the fuck is gonna be now

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.