

Master P

"Brick To A Million"

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[Intro]

New niggas wearin' dresses - fuck it, I ain't scared
to address it

Gangster niggas on skateboards?

I'm at the house breakin' motherfuckin'
headboards

Real niggas stand up - three dollar niggas y'all man
up

Real niggas stand up - I ain't hatin', three dollar
niggas man up!

[Hook]

Candy paint on my foreign whip

Frito Lay, we got corn chips

Middle finger, we don't give a fuck

Turn a brick to a million bucks

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[Verse 1]

Hatin' niggas just ride off

I'm the corporation, bitch, and the bylaw

You the motherfuckin' secretary

You got on lipstick, nigga, lookin' hella scary

Bitch nigga be gone, bitch

Starin' at me, what's wrong, bitch?

I'm in the Louis shoes and the shirt

Hoe nigga, you got a Louis purse

Bitch nigga, you ain't right

Mad at me 'cause my paper right

Mad at me 'cause my paper right

And you know your bitch ass can't even fight

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Slutty boy game, bitch - who I came with?

Three hoes, one date, fuckin' with the same dick

No metro, .38 Special

Left when she asked for some snots on the petrol
That's a no-no, Louis, no logo
Liquor store, fuck the pussy up and down, pogo
What's next? High-def, shoot slow-mo
In between her legs, turn my Jheris into cornrows
Find me fuckin' on a badass hoe
LA beat with the DC flow
Louis V sheets, said she keep it on the low
Got a nigga out the streets, stripper bitch for my bro

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Aye... what these faggot niggas on, P?
Me an Trel Louis'd down all in DC
Aye... I see these niggas made hoes choose 'em
Rare bitch, green eyes with a big booty
You'll get your shit pushed back for the right fact
I got them fakers on sight, we gon' eat that
Ain't with the new cool, we just gettin' money
Foreign whips, candy paint, they gon' look funny
I got 10 exotic bitches for the foreign car
Quarter-piece, groupie hoes, we gon' fuck 'em all
Mr. Chow every day, sushi roll salmon
Master P, five mil', just one album

[Hook]

[Outro]

Brick to a million bucks
Brick, brick to a million bucks

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