

Redman "Bricks Two"

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

Hey man, hey man, yeah go 'head with that man
Just rhymin' over here man
Hey go 'head, go get drunk, nigga
Ay, go smoke yo' weed, nigga

Yo, go drink yo' forty motherfucka
It's Brick City dawgs over here
We gon' take it down like this, yo, D-Don, Don

It's bone-afficial my nizzle
D-Don got issues and a type team that dismiss you
Oh boy, I gets more chips than ahoy
I got toys that deploy, I just aim and destroy

I keeps it gully in a bonafide skully
I ain't never had a hit but still get props like Nelly
I'm platinum in streets, I got love in the streets
And I'm more underground than your basement
concrete

Braids in my hair, gold still in my teeth
Still bringin' the beef if you're bringin' me grief
I, rat-a-tat-tat it like one-two one-two
Cock my shit back and let off on your whole crew

I'm Brick City baby, twenty-four seven
A project nigga, that's tryin' to see heaven
I done ran through hell with gasoline drawers on
I'm the portrait of a hustler and once again it's on

I still got money buried in my backyard
I'm bumpy like Johnson, they call me D-Don
My shit's so dope when you smoke you nod
And I spit that shit that leave you holy like the song

Yo, we from the place where they pump out D and steal
cars
Kids wild wave at you and smile you feel large
Like they cut and you got the power to heal scars
Never down 'cause the underground crown is still large

See, I rap for a livin' probably rap 'til I die

If you dope, where you been at? Your raps is a lie
I'm all real, the one, the raw deal
Do tour, come home, do a flick for four mill'

What the hardcore heads on the block would call ill?
Never catch me at the ball out spot with small bills
Innovative rapper, rhyme in new ways
When I spit niggaz cough up blood for two days

Never catch me with material girls, they fugaz'
Rather bounce with a short chicken head in blue shades
'Til the day I'm rich like Bruce Wayne
I'ma kick raps like pimps blew game

Ridin' through your block with six new chains on
Pullin' over, droppin' H-bombs
No doubt, I got it locked Sanford Ave. to Penn Station
Chancellor to Central a thousand men waitin'

Jersey that's whassup
(Whassup, yo?)
You heard me light the Dutch
(Smokin' weed)
Rock on like what the fuck
(What the fuck?)
Jersey that's whassup, Brick City

Jersey that's whassup
(Whassup, yo?)
You heard me light the Dutch
(Smokin' weed)
Rock on like what the fuck
(What the fuck?)
Jersey that's whassup, Brick City

Fuckin' with me is a close call out of my crew
Don't try it, I fuckin' roast y'all, you and your co-stars
Next up to bat, I done had enough of cats
Blast tracks like what the fuck was that?

Roz spit rawness, state to state hood streets and block
corners
Rhymes hold so much weight, the feds on us
Lot of niggaz didn't wanna see me last
But I won't stop just slow down like easy pass

Back up and give the R room
Or we gon' brawl worse than cartoons in bar rooms
In my city they don't pop they collar
Cats that do, get shot drop and holla

I'm from the B R I C K S
And my squad is hot, any beef they bless
Any squad that test gon' meet they death
Ask yourself, do you really need that stress?

Aiyyo, I project my voice so it's right in the crowd
There's a sign at the door, no bitin' allowed
Plus the blows that I throw bring a light in the sound
So whoever want the drama I'm invitin' them now

Phenomenal shit, spit 'til my abdominal split
Plus combined lines so minds demolish a click
Still burn MC's like Everclear, never fear
With razor sharp skills so ill they sever ears

Hard to the roots a hundred proof with no chaser
Scarves and some boots a hundred troops with chrome
bangers
Now rock with me, I spray blocks with glock fifties
Still when I spit, I flip like spock sent me

And never gave a fuck what a rapper grossed
But if they brag and boast I'ma clap the toast
Y'all can analyze this, watch me paralyze clicks
And sabotage y'all, I ain't a fan of y'all shit

Jersey that's whassup
(Whassup, yo?)
You heard me light the Dutch
(Smokin' weed)
Rock on like what the fuck
(What the fuck?)
Jersey that's whassup, Brick City

Jersey that's whassup
(Whassup, yo?)
You heard me light the Dutch
(Smokin' weed)
Rock on like what the fuck
(What the fuck?)
Jersey that's whassup, Brick City

I'm a nasty ass disease, and now I got ya mouth
celibate
I'm a direct descendant of Hannibal's elephants
That's word to mother, them damn jokes is over
You gon' run your mouth like a motor 'til I fuck up the
rotor

It's Double O again, still runnin', still gunnin'
It's like I got a cast-iron dick, I'm still cummin'

Talkin' that killer shit like you blood raw
And ain't even did ten minutes in the back of a squad
car

Be big niggaz to they weak, I'm true to the streets
Y'all niggaz is half-assed like one booty cheek
I'm [Incomprehensible], y'all is Swiss Miss
My camp'll make your army pull back like a slipped disc

It be the Bricks again with me with them steel rods
It ain't right unless Shane, Tariq, and Raouf Nayim is
involved
I did everything from robberies to dope
And y'all just lie about it like it's a big-ass joke

Playin' like kids, I think you want me to spank you
Ninety-nine on the charts with a ship anchor on your
ankle
And if you niggaz don't like what I say
I'm in Newark on Market and Hasley every fuckin' day

Brick City muh'fucka, that's the way it go down nigga,
slow down nigga
Brick City muh'fucka, that's the way it go down nigga,
sip yo' liquor
Yo Brick City muh'fucka, that's the way it go down
nigga
Slow down nigga, yo Brick City muh'fucka

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