

Dat Boy Grace f/ Big T

"Crumbs to Bricks"

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(*talking*)

Heeey what's up, it's Dat Boy Grace

And Big T baby, huh

Turning crumbs to bricks y'all, hey

[Grace]

I'm still huffing puffing hustling, going hard can't quit

The only difference now it's legal, stacking chips pay legit

Off the block in the studio, made to switching the haters

Sorta like mash for my dreams, put it down finally made it

No more running ducking dodging, I'm steady blasting and laughing

Getting paid living laid, so Southside while I'm rapping

My ends meeting strangers speaking, show respect cause I'm real

A pad blesser pen pimper, going hard showing skills

Oh yeah it's all in they face, it ain't no stopping the Grace

Just lay the beat light up a sweet, and let me give em a taste

I got these stacks on my mind, play with my pen writing rhymes

Give it all I got make em body rock, I put it down everytime

Head blown I'm in the zone, riding high smoking trees

This for my G's stacking thees, coming down on 3's

Keep making some'ing out of nothing, with the game figured out

We turning crumbs into bricks, putting it down for the South

[Hook: Big T - 2x]

Turning crumbs to bricks, oooh

I made a profit off caine but I done switched the game, now I'm balling crawling having thangs

[Grace]

A perfect world mistakes are made, gotta take the

good with the bad
Fix up my fuck up's and hush up, and put my mind on
the cash
Pick up the pace in my walking, and slow down all of
the talking
Fuck up some bite and quit barking, keep rolling up
and keep sparking
Done paid my dues I roll and choose, hold my head
and got smarter
Went from a rage in the cage, to hitting the stage for a
quarter
Stack to stack I'm wrecking dats, rocking shows and
they packed
With a bigger figga bigger picture, switched from
crack to dats
Time to put it all on the line, my skills inclined in rhyme
The S.U.C. vet'll wreck, and break em down everytime
I sign my name on the line, G-R-A-C-E
Congratulated we waited, but now they got to feel me
Straighten out the profit quick, now watch the crumbs
turn to bricks
With every hit another lick, stacking chips pay legit
Street game to rap game, I switched up on them haters
Dope house to major sto's, worldwide money maker

[Hook - 2x]

[Grace]

No more nickels and dimes, I'm writing rhymes for
mine
I peeped the game while doing time, came home with a
grind
It's time to shine and blind, and represent big stacks
Across the map the shows packed, by acting bad on
tracks
I'm shown love in the club, known from the freestyle
dubs
With Screw-U wrecking mics, drinking Sprite and it's
mud
Riding high kiluminatti, underground on status
Screwed Up Click cream of the crop, and I'll be one of
the baddest
Stacking cabbage living lavish, watch my profit get
bigger
Bit off some bricks with some crumb, and painted
much clearer picture
A 3rd Coast mob figga, syrup sipper in the do'
Come from the land of candy swanging, banging on
84's
Popping trunk and blowing skunk, writing it down
getting crunk

But for the punks they pulling stunts, releasing game
over funk
The deal's done game over, mix the syrup with the
soda
That prove I'm colder thinking thoeder, sober down
and move over

[Hook - 3x]

[Big T]
I'm coming down coming down, coming down-down
Coming down coming down, coming down-down
Coming down coming down, chop-chop-chop

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