

The Doobie Brothers

"Bricks Two"

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* Pacewon does the second verse but is uncredited

Hey man, hey man, yeah go 'head with that man
Just rhymin over here man
Hey go 'head, go get drunk nigga
Ayyy, go smoke yo' weed nigga
Yo, go drink yo' forty motherfuckaaaah
It's Brick City dawgs over here
We gon' take it down like this, yo, D-Don, Don..

[D-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-fo'/seven
A project nigga that's, tryin to see heaven
I done ran through hell with gasoline drawers on
(AOWW!)
I'm the portrait of a hustler, and once again it's on
I still got money buried in my back yard
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

[Pacewon]

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 chickenhead 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

[Chorus - 2X w/ minor variations]
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

[Roz]
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?

[Shooga Bear]
Ayyo, 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

[Chorus]

[Double O]

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 (??), 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 ery'thang 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 e'ry fuckin day

[Redman]

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..

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