

## **Mike D f/ Clay Doe**

### **"Brick Licka"**

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(\*talking\*)

What what what what, we brick lickas nigga  
Hide your motherfucking ki's nigga  
Cause I come to get em nigga, (Mike D nigga)

[Hook - 2x]

Who run the town down, gun the town down  
Really out of town, shuffle bricks and pounds  
You know nigga, who the fuck I be  
Corleone nigga, the brick lick hitter

[Mike D & (Clay Doe)]

(who the fuck is you), Corleone the brick licka  
(how you handle niggaz), with a hot point sticker  
(what you sipping on boy), straight bar no liquor  
(well how you handle broads), I'm a true dick sticker  
(what you flipping cat), Range fo' point sixer  
(who you run with nigga), Clay-Doe the wig splitter  
(who up in the crew), Young Duke the go-getter  
(what camp you claiming), Laf-Tex nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike D]

I don't know what make these hoes think, cause I stand  
out  
I'm good for a hand out, and making they land rot  
Motherfuckers must don't know bout me, Boss got me  
on from that 3  
Where my niggaz gon bust with me, side by side let em  
fly with me  
24/7 getting high with me, always smoking on the  
finest tree  
Ain't no limit like Master P, money in the bank like  
Jermaine Dupri  
Hit a shot straight to his arteries, FED's still waiting on  
the autopsy  
Fucking with a nigga from 3-R-D, game and short to the  
Penitentiary  
You niggaz gay and elementary, and I damn if you  
hoes try to contradict me

Only real niggaz gon stick with me, whether I'm broke  
or having money  
Send him on a test like a crash dummy, fighting with  
vets and old top primey's  
All I ride and all I slide, on buck hide DVD's inside  
All you niggaz the big 4-1, are fucking with a nigga like  
me  
Like who cause I come to him nigga, Boss Hogg  
Corleone nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike D]

Got a thousand and one problems, and money still ain't  
a thang  
And I gamble my dope money, to get in this rap game  
Now look at me now, scrambling C.E.O. money  
Taking notes and quotes, from all you industry crash  
dummies  
Getting in where you fit in, like old hip hop bond  
Been in the game for ten deep, and you still working  
with crumbs  
That's why I'm planted like concrete, to the fam' we  
been in  
I don't need no new niggaz around me, new millions  
only  
Front line, niggaz that don't mind niggaz  
Out of town niggaz, that love to find niggaz  
In a berry wine Bentley, dranked out on Remmy  
Throwing dick to bad chicks, when the X-O hit me  
2000 trying to hit me, playing with legalized dope  
Doing circles round you dopefiend rappers, in low-low's  
Or maybe the fo' do', S Type Jag on chrome  
Corleone, gon get his hustle on

[Hook - 2x]

(\*talking\*)

Scoob what's up, Dave, Ant  
Ain't forgot about y'all mayn, we in here doing this shit  
You know I'm saying Yellowstone, what's the deal  
Ward what, swang and holla at me mayn  
Know I'm saying, Clay, Brandoe  
We got what on the motherfucking tracks mayn what

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