

Brick Road

French Montana

I'm just on a brick road
(La Musica de Harry Fraud)
Thought I told the bitch no
I'm drowned on the brick road
Yeah no, no, no, bitch no

Pussy moist, speakin' francois
Be the face, say it like the Glam Squad
Hand 'em, Alimoe, Sham God
In the hood niggas 16 gram pop
Flow go grander
.44 hammer
Slow flow animal
Wildebeast ain't good, what's your price range
Jets in teterboro, straight white plains
Stuck to the buildin' triumph Killa Beez
Enemies turn friends, friends turn to enemies
Hella beans, 27 change
'95 bullet, 27 angles
Niggas change for money and a little name
Talkin' M-O-P nigga, little fame
I'ma shooter so I gotta say Grand Puba
Animals with dirty minks, dirty links, and Cubans
Pride in my pocket, eagle in the back
Ridin' with a rocket plus you in the sink
Percs and dirty drink
Dirty drink, dirty drink, dirty drink

Uh, know you want me broken out
Know you want me to fall on my face
Know you want me askin' you to hold somethin'
You niggas ain't crazy, crazy, nah
Don't make me treat you like a lady
Baby, ah

Rise like the ashes from the phoenix
Redemption in Shawshank
30 chains for Mac
Red diamonds, shot clock floor seats
Wood nigga, do it cause we could nigga
Ain't nothin' change but a couple diamond rings
Bunch of real niggas doin' realer things
Guerilla gang, clip banana man
Get stitched, hashed up, Taylor Gang
Wanna see me broke smokin' dope
Bullet proof sprinter like the pope
Tell 'em bitches float, haah
Wavy like a sailboat, haah
Know the feds wanna catch a nigga sellin' dope

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