

# 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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