

Think quick, hit me with a brick, lickety split  
The quicker he flip, the quicker the whip  
The turbochip, twenty-four inch dipped  
glock on the hip in the kitchen with the magican watchin him mi  
x

I don't give a fuck, somebody pull up in a cement truck  
and get some bricks on my lawn, like you diggin it up  
its been a droute, no doubt, trying to find a new paper route  
Brick-layin like a mason out there, what you about?  
Grinder, baller, hustler, servin customers  
Money get a hoe-hitter, have him lovin us  
From elbows got bank rolls  
And all the freshest clothes and all the coke-head stank hoes

I was born in a dope spot, holdin rocks  
Foldin knots, baking soda, bubble hot water and pots  
Learnin watch for the cops, twenty off every hundred, five-  
hundred is tops  
But my story's untold, cause it's so out cold  
Did all of this shit when I was very young  
Learned to pack a gun in my early days  
And the only thing on my mind was getting paid  
Twenty-four/seven sittin in a spot with a mac eleven  
Sniff, blow your brains out real quickly  
The old people say you can go to jail for that  
I got a scale for that, plus a sale for that

Hit me with a brick of that flakey shit  
That jump back quick from one-two-five to one-five-six  
I'm helluva on the mix  
The fiends need a fix  
Don't talk no shit  
Just hit me with a brick  
Thats if your holding  
big figure folding  
i'm rollin like Nolan  
Boomin' like Newman in the fast lane zoomin  
I need a new plug cuss mine just blew, man.