Brick To A Million

Master P

New niggas wearin' dresses – fuck it, I ain't scared to address it
Gangster niggas on skateboards?
I'm at the house breakin' motherfuckin' headboards
Real niggas stand up – three dollar niggas y'all man up
Real niggas stand up – I ain't hatin', three dollar niggas man up!

Candy paint on my foreign whip
Frito Lay, we got corn chips
Middle finger, we don't give a fuck
Turn a brick to a million bucks
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Hatin' niggas just ride off
I'm the corporation, bitch, and the bylaw
You the motherfuckin' secretary
You got on lipstick, nigga, lookin' hella scary
Bitch nigga be gone, bitch
Starin' at me, what's wrong, bitch?
I'm in the Louis shoes and the shirt
Hoe nigga, you got a Louis purse
Bitch nigga, you ain't right
Mad at me 'cause my paper right
Mad at me 'cause my paper right
And you know your bitch ass can't even fight

Slutty boy game, bitch – who I came with?
Three hoes, one date, fuckin' with the same dick
No metro,.38 Special
Left when she asked for some snots on the petrol
That's a no-no, Louis, no logo
Liquor store, fuck the pussy up and down, pogo
What's next? High-def, shoot slow-mo
In between her legs, turn my Jheris into cornrows
Find me fuckin' on a badass hoe
LA beat with the DC flow
Louis V sheets, said she keep it on the low
Got a nigga out the streets, stripper bitch for my bro

Aye... what these faggot niggas on, P?
Me an Trel Louis'd down all in DC
Aye... I see these niggas made hoes choose 'em
Rare bitch, green eyes with a big booty
You'll get your shit pushed back for the right fact
I got them fakers on sight, we gon' eat that
Ain't with the new cool, we just gettin' money
Foreign whips, candy paint, they gon' look funny
I got 10 exotic bitches for the foreign car
Quarter-piece, groupie hoes, we gon' fuck 'em all
Mr. Chow every day, sushi roll salmon
Master P, five mil', just one album

Brick to a million bucks
Brick, brick to a million bucks