

## Bricks Two

Redman

Hey man, hey man, yeah go 'head with that man  
Just rhymin over here man  
Hey go 'head, go get drunk nigga  
Ayyy, go smoke yo' weed nigga  
Yo, go drink yo' forty motherfuckaaaaah  
It's Brick City dawgs over here  
We gon' take it down like this, yo, D-Don, Don..

[D-Don]

It's bone-afficial my nizzle  
D-Don got issues, and a type team that dismiss you  
Oh boy! I gets more (Chips) than (Ahoy!)  
I got toys that deploy, I just aim and destroy  
I keeps it gully in a bonafide skully  
I ain't never had a hit but still get props like Nelly  
I'm platinum in streets I got, love in the streets  
And I'm more underground than your, basement concrete  
Braids in my hair, gold still in my teeth  
Still, bringin the beef if you're, bringin me grief  
I, rat-a-tat-tat it like one-two one-two  
Cock my shit back and let off on your whole crew  
I'm Brick City baby twenty-fo'/seven  
A project nigga that's, tryin to see heaven  
I done ran through hell with gasoline drawers on (AOWW!)  
I'm the portrait of a hustler, and once again it's on  
I still got money buried in my back yard  
I'm Bumpy like Johnson, they call me D-Don  
My shit's so dope when you smoke you nod  
And I spit that shit that leave you holy like the song

[Pacewon]

Yo.. we from the place where they pump out D and steal cars  
Kids wild wave at you and smile you feel large  
like they cut, and you got the power to heal scars  
Never down cause the underground crown is still large  
See I rap for a livin, probably rap 'til I die  
If you dope, where you been at? Your raps is a lie  
I'm all real, the one, the raw deal  
Do tour, come home, do a flick for four mill'  
What the hardcore heads on the block would call ill  
Never catch me at the ball-out spot with small bills  
Innovative rapper, rhyme in new ways  
When I spit niggaz cough up blood for two days  
Never catch me with material girls, they fugaz'  
Rather bounce with a short chickenhead in blue shades  
'Til the day I'm rich like Bruce Wayne  
I'ma kick raps like pimps blew game  
Ridin through your block with six new chains on  
Pullin over droppin H-bombs  
No doubt I got it locked Sanford Ave. to Penn Station  
Chancellor to Central a thousand men waitin

[Chorus - 2X w/ minor variations]

Jersey that's whassup (whassup yo?)  
You heard me light the Dutch (smokin weed)  
Rock on like what the fuck (what the fuck?)  
Jersey that's whassup, Brick City

[Roz]

Fuckin with me is a close call out of my crew  
Don't try it I fuckin roast y'all, you and your co-stars  
Next up to bat, I done had enough of cats  
Blast tracks like what the fuck was that?  
Roz spit rawness  
State to state, hood streets and block corners  
Rhymes hold so much weight, the feds on us  
Lot of niggaz didn't wanna see me last  
But I won't stop just slow down like Easy Pass  
Back up and give the R room  
Or we gon' brawl worse than cartoons in bar rooms  
In my city they don't pop they collar  
Cats that do, get shot drop and holla  
I'm from the B-R-I, C-K-S  
And my, squad is hot, any beef they bless  
Any, squad that test gon' meet they death  
Ask yourself, do you really need that stress?

[Shooga Bear]

Aiyyo, I project my voice so it's right in the crowd  
There's a sign at the door, no bitin allowed  
Plus the blows that I throw bring a light in the sound  
So whoever want the drama I'm invitin them now  
Phenomenal shit, spit 'til my abdominal split  
Plus combined lines so minds demolish a click  
Still burn MC's like Everclear, never fear  
With razor sharp skills so ill they, sever ears  
Hard to the roots a hundred proof with no chaser  
Scarves and some boots a hundred troops with chrome bangers  
Now rock with me, I spray blocks with glock fifties  
Still when I spit I flip like Spock sent me  
And never gave a fuck what a rapper grossed  
But if they, brag and boast I'ma clap the toast  
Y'all can analyze this, watch me paralyze clicks  
And sabotage y'all, I ain't a fan of y'all shit

[Chorus]

[Double O]

I'm a nasty ass disease, and now I got ya mouth celibate  
I'm a direct descendant of Hannibal's elephants  
That's word to mother, them damn jokes is over  
You gon' run your mouth like a motor 'til I fuck up the rotor  
It's Double O again, still runnin, still gunnin  
It's like I got a cast-iron dick, I'm still cummin  
Talkin that killer shit like you blood raw  
And ain't even did ten minutes in the back of a squad car  
Be big niggaz to they weak, I'm true to the streets  
Y'all niggaz is half-assed like one booty cheek  
I'm (??), y'all is Swiss Miss  
My camp'll make your army pull back like a slipped disc  
It be the Bricks again, with me with them steel rods  
It ain't right unless Shane, Tariq, and Raouf Nayim is involved  
I did ery'thang from robberies to dope  
And y'all just lie about it, like it's a big-ass joke  
Playin like kids, I think you want me to spank you  
Ninety-nine on the charts with a ship anchor on your ankle  
And if you niggaz don't like what I say  
I'm in Newark on Market and Hasley e'ry fuckin day

[Redman]

Brick City muh'fucka, that's the way it go down nigga, slow down nigga  
Brick City muh'fucka, that's the way it go down nigga, sip yo' liquor  
Yo Brick City muh'fucka, that's the way it go down nigga, slow down nigga  
Yo Brick City muh'fucka..