

Yo, now first of all I'm a kid about money  
Talkin hot bid'ness and my paper work, runnin  
Doc in hot knickers like Good Will, Huntin  
Put them shotguns up in the air and start, pumpin  
Real niggaz in the hood don't start, nuttin  
When the heat breaks they proceed to start, dumpin  
You eyeballin me like you movin somethin  
Yo' bitch fuckin you with me in the Walkman  
Slow down boy, you're not a real, killer  
Three-wheel motion from me shootin the wheel up  
Out the jungle, Doc straight go-rilla (ahh ahh ahh ahh)  
Bananas, antennas can't pick up (doo doo doo doo)  
My crew is Triple P, watch us do it  
Brook-nam, Shaolin, the T-Dot, Newark  
All my shorties skippin school watch truant  
Hit the college dorm, make freaks out the students

Yeah, now do you like the way it feel baby? (uh-huh)  
Do you like the way the Bricks move baby? (uh-huh)  
Roll the L, let's inhale baby (uh-huh)  
Startin it up befo' twelve baby (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
To my niggaz that say buck hoes (uh-huh)  
Only real dog is they red nose (uh-huh)  
If it ain't green can't accept those (uh-huh)  
that can't roll with niggaz that's petrol (uh-huh)

[Verse Two]

Niggaz, abandon ship when I'm geared for landing  
Your own tec-ll see my grill and start, jamming  
Throw your hands up in the air, keep 'em standin  
Fuck if you in here on V.I.P., laminates (fuck you)  
You'll get touched too with the, cannon  
Around the handle, a fuck you ban-danna  
Dawg I was grown with balls and bad, manners  
That's why me and your broad is on, camera [click click click]  
I'm sick from a childhood head, blow  
When systems was pumpin before I let, go  
The head honcho fall back and pump, fo'  
Bigger four flows 'til they scream, ALL GO!  
Now wake your punk-ass up if you asleep  
Doc and Brick City bout fo'-thousand deep  
Fourteen years old, got TV's in the, seat  
Watchin pornos of Janet Jack-me

[Chorus - 2X]

[Chorus - whispered]