

Break A Brick Down

Juvenile

(This is, this is, this is, this is!!)
Yeah... ha ha!
Whoahh (yeah)

[Juvenile]

You put the coke in a tube, and whaddya get
Whatever you want a car to the flip of your wrist
Drug traffickin been happenin since seventy-six
They lock us up cause government be wantin tax from the shit
I call my people in Detroit, they get that 9-1-1
Hoe gon' put it in her pussy and come flyin with son
And it's plenty full so he gonna consignment some
Same nigga that I be gettin the lime-ah from
Got yay too! How you want it? Soft piece or hard piece?
Work ain't movin, I'll break it down in a heartbeat
I'm tryin to put the new 25's on my Rover
So when I hit the lakefront they gotta slide over
Yeahhh, these hoes be respctin my cars
When I pass, they smile and start adjustin they bras
Niggaz peep hard and get to twistin they lips
But they could easily meet God so homey don't even trip

[Chorus]

Ridin with the strap on my lap, other one in the dash
On the way to drop this nigga off a fo'-and-a-half
Last time he put my shit on his tongue
He frowned up, cause the boy was NUMB
Can you break a brick down? I can break a brick down [3X]
I can break a brick down, but I prefer to sellin it whole

[Juvenile]

I read the paper today and everything was kinda chill
Word is circulatin niggaz is tryin to find a deal
So he could ride behind the wheel
of the 300 and put the dub deuces in the grill
You think you can't get killed? Me neither
That's why we almost forced to keep heaters
A quick ruckus if a bitch touch us
Ain't got no beef with no Muslims but move or you get hit brother
These streets move forward and backwards
These fiends out'chea somethin more than just actors
One nigga get popped, another fo' get a package
Watchin out for the law man patrollin the action
What next? We tryin to bring it back to the team
Let our dogs see how it is to do your own thing
Not like Baby though, really put your own bling
You ain't doin nuttin for me nigga, do your own thing

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

G shit to 'em, I don't just write rhymes
Goin platinum offa talkin about my lifetimes
I'm gettin love in these streets cause they like how I rock
I'm just a thug on the beat, fuck a hip-hop cop
Not jumpin on the bandwagon to get my props
Got somethin happenin fo' me right within my block

Now, everybody wanna be the king of somethin
I guess I'll just call myself the king of hustlin
I make things happen nigga, I'm a panhandler
Shit not like how it's lookin on camera
Won't exercise the right to put the bandana up
And nobody gon' handle us, we never put they hammers up
You couldn't make it where I survive
Right now my city murder rate is at it's all time high
And it's a must I have the piece in sight
When I'm drivin know I'm showin them no teeth, just eyes

[Chorus]

[Chorus - second half only minus last half of last line]