

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]