Andre Nickatina, The Ave

I used to laugh when I see dope fiends get beat
Bleedin' all out they head in the middle of the street
Shit, ball fights would go on in the park
And like vampires niggas come out in the dark
Freaks sell dope for material shit
On the side gold-diggin' for some part-time dick
O.G. nigga's turn into alcoholics
What you think about it fool "Nigga I can't call it"
Little kids run around wit' a nose full of buggers
Well my nigga's on the block sell that rocked up shit
Touchin' they gat everytime a fool pass
Quick to put slugs up in a nigga's ass
We say fuck school, we say fuck grades
We rather get paid and snort cocaine on the Ave.

I see some niggas I used to go to school with (Back at Gal) They look at me like my face is full of bear shit They don't even say whats up to a young loc Just put they hands on they guns inside they coats But I'm thinkin' to myself I ain't fearin' ya I remember back when ate in the cafeteria Huh, but those days are rested I grab a dime bag of ses, get my change and keep steppin' To the store for some zig-zags Every store on my corner is owned by an Araib But like a bucket I say fuck it I'm drivin' Grab my dick, spit my shit and keep rhymin' Cuz some nigga's don't like me, but I don't care They put they plex on they chest act sick and try to fight me Yo, but I don't want to bruise ya I rather take you on tour wit' me nigga then lose ya Then hit back to the set, roll a seven and eleven Hit the dice game and then... jet Them police wanna find me Because I stand on the corner all day and smoke gunji And I don't care about jail hoe I just lift weights let my hair and my nails grow Beat up on the fags, I did a calendar Now I'm even sicker on the Ave.

Some niggas say they sucka free
Now why the fuck you motherfuckers keep fucking with me
I love pussy like a motherfucker
But I'll be damned if a fool get me sprung like a clucker
I'm not a motherfuckin animal
You want your pussy ate baby
find a nigga that's a cannibal (lick lick lick)
And he'll eat your ass up
And while he eatin you I'm on the set making big bucks
Cuz there's money out on the streets (on the Flav.)
And if I didn't have the streets
then the Dog nigga wouldn't eat
So baby throw that gum
You got your mommy and your daddy
and a nigga for an income

And my niggas on the block, got one income that's from breakin boulders down to rocks
But we were all born to be dead
Why you wanna wear a vest when nigga's get shot in the head
But a helmet won't work though
Ya get a nine in your ass and watch your dick blow up
Cuz real niggas just multiply

But now days real nigga's just die Put a bullet in a nigga's ass laugh then jet Real nigga's smoke buddha hoe Triple cross a muthafucka then giggle at his funeral I snort caine with the hard heads Outta when I sale to make mail from the damn feds Now I'm about to get high Hit Kentucky for some chicken then the store for a St. Ide's Dre Dog creeps solo Me be wit' hella muthafuckas ah hell no Cuz I don't worry bout' shit I'm a pit and pitbulls ain't to be fucked wit' So I'm back on the block, snortin' caine doin' thangs Well them young locs just jock And white folks can't pass Give up your cash and your bags or getcha ass stabbed on the Ave