

# Dre Dog (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 sugar  
Touchin' they gat everytime a fool pass  
Quick to put slugs up in a nigga's ass  
We say f\*\*k school, we say f\*\*k 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 get 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 Arab  
But like a bucket I say f\*\*k it I'm drivin'  
Grab my dick, spit my shit and keep rhymin'  
'cause 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 f\*\*k you motherf\*\*kers keep f\*\*king with me  
I love pussy like a motherf\*\*ker  
But I'll be damned if a fool get me sprung like a clucker  
I'm not a motherf\*\*kin 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  
'cause 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 dont act dumb  
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  
'cause 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 muthaf\*\*ka 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 muthaf\*\*kas ah hell no  
'cause I don't worry bout' shit  
I'm a pit and pitbulls ain't to be f\*\*ked 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