

Yellow Brick Road

Luniz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Eh, eh, eh, yo mama got a long ass throat, when she drink milk

By the time it get to her stomach it's spoiled

Where you get that cream from man?

The ice cream man, man, that nigga ain't no muthafuckin' joke

Hold on, hold on, close the blinds, 'cause

'Cause the neighbors are lookin'

What? Nigga let's get busy man, I'm ready to hit this big shit man

You know what I'm sayin', this is big, big

Get that kid outta here

Whoa, the kids, man get the kids outta here

Close the door, 'cause they gonna tell on us

Eh, I'm blazin' this up fo tha ice cream man nigga

Uh, uh, uh, yeah

It's the ice cream man

Bitch don't you hear the music

I got the shit fiends holla if you wanna use it

It's the ice cream man

Bitch don't you hear the music

I got the shit fiends holla if you wanna use it

This shit is to be to let go, so welcome to the ghetto

Got no love from my moms an pops

Had to creep an caulk heat wit my fellows

Niggaz from the Big O, always down to scuffle

Had the hustle from the get go

An' didn't no, body, give a fuck about Jerold

Not when I had hella dirt an lint in my dried up ass curl

Hit the dice game, hurled off the night train

So hang that four-fifth at my brain

If you want me to do the right thang

Ever since my eyes open, I musta really sell dope in

The 6-9 Village of East Oakland, hopin', my dad would

come back

But that fool vamp, now my mama spend the checks

On woozy's an the food stamps

That's why my ass was pumpin' gas, an shootin' craps

So I can make me some rootin'-tootin' scratch

No dap from the school hoes, now why did I cut school

Fuck school, 'cause me didn't have no school clothes

I had to go, hook up, a book up, now I'm a crook up

On the late night posted, slangin' cakes like Hostess

Sumthin' ferocious, mo candy than Reese Pieces

Fo human species, that wanna swap fo TVs an VC

I'm ready, like Heav D, nuttin' but love fo ya

Fedi dubbs fo ya, the only nigga would glove fo ya
It's me, the ice creamery

So weasel down the Yellow Brick Road while I fold the greeneryIt's the ice cream man
Bitch don't you hear the music

I got the shit fiends holla if you wanna use itIt's the ice cream man
Bitch don't you hear the music

I got the shit fiends holla if you wanna use itYou wonder why, I became the ice cream man
'Cause I knocked straight hands
But niggaz on my block didn't understand

That I was born to be a factorIf roses what I play, to get paid, then don't fade
But first give a nigga props, fo ditchin' cops

I couldn't work, so I knew a nigga couldn't stopSlangin' mo yay than the next man
If I come up, don't get mad

Just give a pound to let the best stand'Cause I done tried gettin' twenty off a note
I been there, slangin' fo the next nigga still broke
He flippin' shit, but you ain't, you fuck around an crumble

Then you come up short on yo bundleAn plus the dope fiends be gafflin', rolled out all yo scratch
You broke, so you whips up a dangle batch
To get enough to cop a zip, I'm stackin' up my grip

Got my 380 out so I don't slipI need some real folks to come up, niggaz wit some guts
Plots an set up shop, wit Dru an Yuk
My lick mates, 100 percent hustlaz, games an heists

Quick to lick a niggaz house on bikesTwice the game, bigga the endin', endin' rules
Much shit, an tucked tens is what I'm sendin' fools
I goes through all shit, to lick a ball bitch

To law shit, and then I'm off wit the LootchieMy game is ready to be sold
I got my stripes fo followin' the Yellow Brick RoadIt's the ice cream man
Bitch don't you hear the music

I got the shit fiends holla if you wanna use itIt's the ice cream man
Bitch don't you hear the music

I got the shit fiends holla if you wanna use itNow I'm the ice cream man, bitch
Don't you see the man sittin' on gold ones
Dishin' off half, zips, an whole ones, no one
Could stop the Operation Stackola

A black soldier slangin' crack only fo scratcholaI told ya, I do it to fold ya, straight over nighter
Then flag the driver down wit my flash lighter
He speak, "Please G, please don't say no to me

Fo the cream, I dream, I fiend like Jodeci"Notice he had a G ready to spend it, splendid
Got my shit so I won't get apprehended
Once again it's on, I gets my bail on

Weasel down the Yellow Brick Road wit hoes an my mail onI chops cream, seems like the whole block is
holdin' now
Broke my triple beam, 'cause the whole scene is rollin' now
Hope I can get to break it down an hold thangs, wit my luck

Num an Yuk, wit gold thangs on the ice cream truckNut up wit nuthin's, stroll down the Yellow Brick Road

Quick to lick fo some paper to fold, stole my whole load

What you want a nigga to get hurt fo?

My operation don't include spendin' on the turf hoeThe quickest nigga to finish, I cruise some

Can't be too dumb, sewed up the block, where you from?

So float on, an roll on, an understand, easin' down the road

It's the ice cream manIt's the ice cream man

Bitch don't you hear the music

I got the shit fiends holla if you wanna use itIt's the ice cream man

Bitch don't you hear the music

I got the shit fiends holla if you wanna use itIt's the ice cream man

Biatch

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