

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 VCs 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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