The AVE.

Hustleunion

These are the words that I wrote so I hope that ya don't man
I'll never joke about the coke that you're smokin'
Understand you're fuckin' up, fuckin' up the block
Got shot rocked and that's just where the shit stops
What's the meaning of this? I must be dreaming
Everybody's [unverified] when I see men dealing
For a rhyme or rope or a dime of coke
Sometimes I rhyme when I'm crying broke
Many, many, many records broke laws, broke jaws
A few months ago I had to pause during that time, me and my man
Was chilling on the corner with a quart in our hands
A beef broke out, at Soul Kitchen spot
It was crazy Baby Pop, someone got shot
I seen him drop then came the cops sayin'
"Nobody run, everybody stop", I wanted to run
'Cause I was carryin' my gun
Darryl Mack packin mine, strapped with my nine
Everyone on the wall, that's what the cop said
"Everyone complied, except Bald Dread", he said
"Blood cleat boi me nah hafa deal wit' dat
Yo, I'm a superstar for de world dem call I'm Darryl Mack"
I turned around and said, "Word up cop!"
He said, "D.M.C., take your ass down the block"
If it happened to him, it could happen to you
'Cause that's what's happenin' on The Avenue
When I, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, na, na, na, na, na, The Ave
Now on The Ave, what people steal and they dealin' away
I got the feelin' the illin' will never ever pay
'Cause on the street, you're never in the fast lane
You go to jail or get a bullet in your brain
People laugh and smile at a stick-up
A young man in a rut, shakin' a big cup
People pass his ass and say, "Tough luck"
To waste time for a dime is cold fucked up
A loud shot in the air, not rare
A brother fell to the ground, nobody cares
You ask why, the baby cry, a man laugh
Nobody give a damn, that's how they livin' on The Ave, uh
Away from The Ave, they have what's called the backstreet's

Another world of girls that crawl the backseats
Systems that are kickin', sinkin' many black beats
(This and that goin' on [unverified] street)
I remember the time there was a jam in [unverified], the music
No [unverified] till after dark that's when the shit starts happening
(Brother from The Ave, this and that again)
Body move in the back and a quarter in the jar
Find the rules by the basketball court in the park
And the [unverified] by the bench where the 40 dogs spark
The crowd crowds around like they found Noah's Ark
The young, hung, and swung on a swing
Glidin' and slidin' and ride the ding a ling
I didn't see a kid by the see, so he saw
(Near the monkey bars, funky cars we adore)
I'm throwin' fate to the gate [unverified]
(And my man from Japan got wicked for sure)
Do me a favor when you roll with your crew
You gotta check out, check out, The Avenue

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