

Dre Dog (Andre Nickatina) "The Ave"

Visit "[The Ave](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 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 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 fuck 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 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
'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 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
'cause 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

Visit [Dre Dog \(Andre Nickatina\)](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.