

Run-d.m.c. "The Ave."

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[D.M.C.]

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 ?? 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 claat boi me nah hafa deal wit dat
Yo I'm a superstar for de world dem call 'im 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.. "uhh, uhh uhh, uhh.. uhh.."
"Na-na-na-na-na! The Ave."

[Run]

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.
... AUUUGH!

[D.M.C.]

Away from The Ave. they have what's called the
backstreets
Another world of girls that crawl the backseats
Systems that are kickin, sinkin many black beats
(This and that goin on ??? street)
I remember the time there was a jam in ???
??, the music, no ?? til 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 ? 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 ?? ??
(And my man from Japan got vicked for sure)
Do me a favor when you roll with your crew
You gotta check out, check out, The Avenue

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