

Bamble B

"Yellow Brick Road"

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(two dope fiends talking)

(whistle)

Hahahaha.

*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...ahaha!!*

Where you get that cream from man??

*The Ice Cream Man, man, that nigga ain't no mutha
fuckin joke.*

*Hold on, hold on, close the blinds, cuz, cuz the
neighbors are lookin.*

*What?? Nigga lets 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, cuz they gonna tell on us.

Eh I'm blazin this up fo tha Ice Cream Man nigga!!

Uh, uh, uh,
yeah.

Chorus *(Yukmouth)* x2

It's the Ice Cream Man,
BITCH don't you hear the music??
(Dope king, dope king.)
I got the shit fiends holla if you wanna use it!!

Verse 1 *(Yukmouth)*

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,
cuz 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,
sumpthin ferocious,
mo candy than Reese Pieces,
fo human species,
that wanna swap fo T.V.'s an V.C.'s,
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 weasle down the Yellow Brick Road while I fold the
greenery.

(Chours) x2

Verse 2 *(Knumskull)*

You wonder why I became the Ice Cream Man,
cuz I knocked straight hands,
but niggaz on my block didn't understand,
that I was born to be a factor,
if 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 stop,
slangin mo yay than the next man,
if I come up, don't get mad,
juss give a pound an let the best stand,
cuz 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 bundle,
an 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 slip,
I 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 bikes,
twice 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,
then I'm off wit the Lootchie,
my game is ready to be sold,
I got my stripes fo followin the Yellow Brick Road.

(Chorus) x2

Verse 3 *(Yukmouth)*

Now 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 scratchola,
I 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,
splended,
got my shit so I won't get apprehended,
once again it's on,
I gets my bail on,
weasle down the Yellow Brick Road wit hoes an my mail
on.

Verse 4 *(Knumskull)*

I chops cream,
seems like the whole block is holdin now,
broke my triple beam, cuz 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 truck,
nut up wit nuthins,
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 hoe,
(biatch!)
the 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 roooaad,
it's the Ice Cream Man.

(Chorus)

BIATCH!!

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