

## Fred Bertelmann

### "Kids on the Ave"

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The block's hot, the block's hot with top notch glock  
shots  
Surrounded by fiends but in for slingers to drop rocks  
The blue baggy bender boys, that's the way we roll  
Fiends around the way'll suck the ego out your pee hole  
I'm fuckin fed up with my pockets bein empty  
I'm known as an MC but all these fiends tempt me  
Starin at my man Chill lookin at the way he would  
Run the drug game, we was from the same  
neighborhood  
But back then nothin more than a average  
We grew up together, dunkin balls off a carriage  
And now he got little hot shot slingin rocks in spots  
Mad props, got all the fuckin blocks locked  
I knew this kid when he was a litter but now he's bigger  
Got little kids pullin triggers and I feel like a quitter  
And all I do is complain, I gotta earn a rap name  
Cause gettin caught always kept me out the crack  
game  
But then I see the five-o don't harrass em, they just  
pass em  
Even ask me if they can have some  
I go straight to my man J.B. to hit me off  
I hit you back, so you won't be at a loss

[ CHORUS (2X) ]

You got kids on the ave  
Lickin shots in the locks  
Slingin rocks on blocks with cocked glocks  
It don't stop

A year later, my pockets are greater, but no, not much  
I got my girl cookin product and cuttin rocks up  
Yeah, the microphone whiz got his own biz  
Daddy dearest to weirdest, I'm sellin to my own kids  
They call me greedy as a granddad  
Leave a whole clan mad, I want the same car my man  
Jam had  
I never get it by little crack freaks in backstreets  
Fuck the backseat, it's time to let my gat speak  
But then again I'd rather be on the corner pushin

cookies

On little steps that locked up slingin cigarettes

Man, my mind's all fucked up

I tell my man "tough luck, in this game you never get  
enough bucks"

And so I'm 'bout to spread eagle on muthafuckas

Had business from Southern Cal all the way to Rockers

Got a bunch of kids who know my name on the block

As the hand clapper rapper on the rise with the rocks

Cause real late at night all these fiends are like

zombies

Don't walk by me (I ain't your everyday timer-timer)

I never do my own dirt cause that won't work

I got kids runnin for mine, fuck doin they homework

[ CHORUS ]

It seems the more time passes the larger that I'm gettin

Writin rhymes every day but don't know where my  
future's headin

It's me and my girl cause my crew ran a game

Took a train to the plane cause they said I ain't the  
same

They said I got the drug fame now I'm actin cloudy

But cash rules everything around me, so be audi

This ain't the way I planned it, I don't understand it

Back then I rock a party and still end up bein stranded

But now I got my onw ride, got my own crib

Clockin get me more money than a microphone did

I find J.B. to pay him what he gave me

I'm walkin mad nervous cause these kids are actin  
shady

I sit back collectin, the five-o ain't expectin

If ain't shit wrong, there's no need for correctin

I got the mad dough cash flow, paid out the asshole

More power than Wonder Woman's lasso

But oh shit, there go Chill, said he gotta speak to me

That's that kid that inspired me illegally

He probably wan' get d with me, or maybe not

Pulled out the black glock, "stay off the fuckin block"

Now what m'I gon' do, fuck that bitch, he ain't shit

I put the hollow tip clip on the hip and hit the strip

Scared as a muthafucka, I ain't gon' front

These bitches want my head, I'm 'bout to give em what  
they want

They'll probably get my girl if they don't see my brains  
melt out

Fuck the satisfaction, I'm about to take myself out

( \*shot\* )

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