

Horst Chmela

"Checkin' Out the Ave"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Gotta check out, the avenue

Got, ta, check out.. the avenue

[Pudgee]

Livin in the big city, not just New York, every hometown
has a place where things are known for goin down
Where you can learn a lot of things that you shouldn't
know

It's a place where people tell ya that ya shouldn't go

All the kids that go dere they end up misled

Cause of a hardhead, some of 'em turn up dead

Mothers cry as they identify their child y'know

In the morgue wearin a tag on their big toe

I'm sayin listen you should go to school and learn

But fast cash and respect is what you wanna earn

So you stand for days and days on the ave

To make enough to get the things that you didn't have

Gettin five for the vial, some two for seven

But losin out on your childhood's what you're really
gettin

But if that's the way you get respect I pity you

Checkin out the avenue

[Chorus]

[Pudgee]

Second verse y'all, I'll catch you on the go around

Livin in the big city, the big city is where I come from

Not the slums but where poor is many more than none

A young man grows up and then grows to rump

with the girls wild now got a child and he's stuck

Dirt poor hits the block he's sellin the rock

Gets nabbed by the cops, hits the cell block

Listenin to Lou Rawls while lookin at the blue walls

of a jail cell, cause he tried life and he failed

So now the hardest job is keepin a smile

Stay in line for survival in the penile

This is your worst nightmare, how cheery it isn't

None of your family or friends don't even come to visit

So you're forced into a line of behavior
Cause you don't wanna catch scars from a razor
And it's your fault you couldn't make it, I pity you
Checkin out the avenue

[Chorus]

[Pudgee]

Checkin out the avenue..

Checkin out the avenue.. (check it out)

The city never sleeps I stay awake 24/7 days a week
Thinkin bout all the things that I consider deep
Literally ladies live life lonely, singin the blues
And to make matters worse, the eye witness news
From anything to everything that's under the sun
What's next? A mother usin her son for sex?
Bad lives, battered wives hidin they black eyes
And then they decide their husband has got to die
She's on trial, there goes another broken family
Unless she gets off on temporary insanity
Then there's a single mother, her man deserted her
Two year old grows up to be a mass murderer
There ain't nobody around that's left to raise 'em
straight
There ain't nothin we can do but sit back and wait
A sad life to live, some pity me too
Checkin out the avenue

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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