

The Avenues

Fredo

Don't be looking at my life and think this shits nice
I lost some real close friends in this shit life
Amro lost his life he was playing 'round with flick knives
And when that happened see Plato, part of him died
Tarrick rose up his strap he didn't think right
But who can blame him he just lost his little bro
And straight after that the feds locked him in a hole
All I know it must have been impossible to cope
We was young I was thirteen, a year after that
Is when I went and shot my first fiend used to get up all vedercci
Tarricks out in Egypt 'bout to get married
8 years down the line and I'm just hoping that he's happy
I'm glad that your once at peace
At age 15 is when I really touched the street, I was moving bait
My mum found crack for the very last time
Now I'm living at my olders on a very hard grind
Shotting out on costcutter like every last night
Then you know the feds done went on the strip
Took Billy, Plato, Rido and Rengz for some shit
That was 6 years ago, I'm still sending them shit
Fast forward 1 year the blocks on fire, 2011 nigga racks drops messiah
These times I'm riding 'round with Mello, Skinz and Slicer, we was hitting 1
icks
The same goes for Blacks, G Dotz and Grim
Stus, Bones, Moths and Chip, we all grew up from kids, now we're 17 its acti
ve
I'm talking gunshots and stabbings
Plus there's bare straps 'round the mandem
I love all my G's. Shout my nigga Ruggy he showed love to the team
I made 10 bags and got banned from the block
I was in country, I knew crack and the rock
So I got myself a phone and made it bang for the rock
Nowadays I spend a clean bag on a top
O'12 I got a cunch phone serving packs, now I'm back up on the Avs
Smoking weed and you know we're riding round strat
Then bam, G Dotz died I'm sitting in the can
The feds kicked my door off, their talking kinda mad
Talking 'bout some shit I did in brikkyy with my gang, that was in o'11
I got a 2 do 1, now I'm doubled up with mello wearing 2, 2, 1
Got shipped out of Thames side for 2, 2 scuffs
'Member sitting in my cell taking 2, 2 puffs
Told myself I'd get this money what d'you take me for
I came home and chirrped the plug for eighteen and raw
And then I met Steve, he told me how to press yay
And then I met P's, now I'm trapped in a trap and I can't get free
All my brothers bro their missing got the zart feeling different
We're 'bout to bring it back for all of my niggas
Now I sit here I'm counting up all of these figures
Its like the feds just took all of the dingers
When they dipped my nigga Hersey, it hurt me, but they don't want you in thi
s country
Just cause you work see and he can't come back 'till he's suttin' like 30
The Pigs done him dirty, I miss all my niggas
All my niggas worthy