

Third Avenue

Fredo

(Aw, shit
Aight, Mini
Gon' let this one breathe, for real
Let this one just talk to them
Receive them, you feel me?
Happy birthday Amro
Never forgotten
Love you though, nigga
Rest in peace all the fallen soldiers
Free all my day ones
Fuck the rest of them)

Yeah, when I was just a teen (Teen)
I swear money was just a dream (Dream)
I been runnin' on the street
Since a young one, with the team
I stopped goin' school early
Just to go home late
When you're livin' in the trap house
No, you don't go home safe (Never)
Yeah, it was me and Billy 15
We was sleepin' in blocks (Damn)
Man had them cheeks full of rocks
Man, feds just took C off the block (Facts)
Next time I'll see him's visitin' the box
Street niggas know the feelin' is odd
But we'll just leave it to God
Honestly, all them robberies
From Queensway to Kensal Green, I gotta eat
Shit, we did them properly (For real)
I had ten when I was seventeen
Yeah, the whole hood remembers me
At nineteen, bought my press machine
And since then, I been very clean
I seen niggas come and go
In the streets 'cause they weren't built for this
My niggas been away for years
You know I still visit
'Cause I can feel your pain, bro
We came up from the same roads
Now I'm livin', doin' stage shows
While you're locked up in the same clothes
That makes me feel shit sometimes
I know I gotta live my life
You know I'll never switch, my guy
Need anything, just hit my line
I'm from the zone, no switchin' sides
Drippy chains, drippy knives
I never asked to live this life
So fuck if I ain't livin' right

I'm on Third Avenue
You know I came up on the Third Ave
Where niggas gettin' burst at
That's where I shot my first pack
I'm on Third Avenue
You know we're doin' what we have to do

Got coke up on the avenue
No joke up on the avenue
I'm on Third Avenue
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I still remember when the gun jammed
But Savvy had his shank on him
Them yutes crashed, my niggas hopped out
We still dampened them
Remember Gooby got nicked
And we thought he was rattin'?
Remember the first time I ever done a shootin'?
Was rattlin'
The first time I pulled somethin' up
I can't lie, I was a neeky youth
But he was in Grove
So I felt like I just needed to
Gdotz used to ride his bike on wheelie, fool
Now I gotta go to cemetary just to speak to you
Can't believe it's you
Robbin' phones for a day with Melo
Get cheddar, right
Shotguns were metal
We were slidin' on them pedal bikes
Tryna show these opps what pellets like
Mommy said she's terrified
Hurt her mind every night
Chasin' opps for exercise
In this booth I've never lied
You niggas do it every time
It's Gucci for my sweater sign
It's happenin', I never tried
All my cells are tellin' me I'm blowin' up (Facts)
But I be tellin' them I still got it for the long now
You know how

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