

# Hustler Hall Of Fame

Mickey Avalon

The road to the top through cross guards and hard knocks  
Copper penny times and endless city blocks  
Thieves straight as they never been crooked rent-a-cops  
Shooting craps in the back of vacant city lots

Free-range circus acts and worthless facts  
Dancing in my solar soggy bowl of dick and smack  
Fist-fucking fagots at the White on gym mats  
Rats run the wire while I'm looking for a match

I go back and forth just like a cameo song  
Honeys wanna love me but the line is too long  
I make 'em take a number, wake 'em from their slumber  
What you know about Mickey? He's a bad motherfucker

Truckers get my digits off the stalls of rest stops  
I'm sick on the microphone like smallpox  
Wild-eyed babies go crazy when I rock  
Blind old ladies into diabetic shock

'Cause it's all the same when they call my name  
Mickey Avalon, hustler hall of fame  
There ain't no ball and chain to hold me down  
I got a golden smile and a platinum frown

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I flow like an acrobat, go tell your manager  
That Mickey Avalon ain't no motherfuckin' amateur  
I fly flicks with my dick at your camera  
I rip the stick out my girl's Porsche Carrera

I brought your whole formula, just warmin' up  
Storm the front line and then I find a spot for lunch  
Toxic-proof punch when the loot comes  
Rocket boosters with my boots on

Underneath the tundra reach out for the Thundercats  
Holds no better than this brother act  
I ripped the rubber mats out your lover's pad  
And kicked your mother's ass right in front of your dad

Last night, a brass pipe and a flashlight  
Smashed my crown and left me down with a black eye  
The bad guy, walking over landmines  
Who can't die but still cried?

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Leave your gods and your politics back at home  
'Cause I just wanna drink and be left alone  
I gotta girl who likes to talk my ear off, see  
So when I'm at the bar stay away from me

Don't ask for a smoke or to make some change  
I don't care about your kid or your menstrual pains  
You can call me rude but I like my solitude  
And we don't need to chat while we're playing pool

So stay cool, mister, I wasn't lookin' at your sister  
That snuggle toothed sea hag, lips all blistered  
Now rack the balls while I'm in the stall  
Pissin' out vodka and walkin' up the walls

I turn off the ringer when my lady calls  
Don't point your finger unless you want a brawl  
I chalk up my cue and sink the eight ball  
Then reach into my pocket and light a Pall Mall

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