

Low Lives

Mickey Avalon

Crackheads stalking
Loud mouths is talking (4x)

Fuck the bullshit I'm about to get paid
I got mouths to feed and trials to beat
Now turn up your radio and bump The Av.
There ain't been none better since Gucci rap shit
I break it down to the real nitty gritty
Show no shame, feel no pity
Pause for the cause we about get busy
Mickey Avalon kick up the the inner city
Line after line ain't another that can catch me
Without even trying my shit sound catchy
Me and Dirt Nasty bumping down the block
Now all you junkies just rock-rock

Shoot To Kill out the Coupe Deville
Crush the dust in the crumpled up 2 dollar bill
If you looking for a little chitchatter on the phone dial 97670
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It's the get fresh line and it ain't no joke
I revv the gas til the mother fuckin asphalt smoke
They call me Avalon and I'm the best in show
I fill my scripts on weekly trips to Mexico
And if there's a problem when I want to go home
I've got a solid gold roll for the border patrol
Don't you love to love my baby though
Shes six foot six with testicles

Feet on the street eyes to the skies
It
Just a kid with a long list of crimes getting high
To forget yesterday for the rest of my life
Avalon take the easy way out every time
At the top of the world with a low sense of pride
Now go tell my mom I'm a die soaking wet
With a Beatles record spinning & a needle in my neck
Drapes pulled shut, television fuzz
And cigarette butts in the styrofoam cup
No fam or friends drop by
So just a plain pine box to drop my body in
To drop my body in...