

Roll Up Your Sleeves

Mickey Avalon

For next to nothin'
Your soul could be mine
Now that I got your attention, look you dead in the eyes
If you're gunna make a move, let it be quick
Because the last mother fucker stuttered and got clipped
I stick and move like a dog in the night
Who proud but won't growl before I'm gun' bite
Street lamps light the way as I stray
Past the corner liquor store and the penny arcade
Juiced on bennys and hard lemonade
I boost so many sweets I've got tooth decay
Who say, that Mickey can't rock your life
I've been up for 2 days straight
and 3 nights
I wear my lee's tight
and tapered at the bottom
I bought them at the swap meet in Spanish Harlem
So if you got a problem
You know where I'm at
Lurkin' in the garden with snakes and gutter rats

At the end of the eve we
Roll up our sleeves
Mess with my stake and I'm gunna have to swing
So don't make nothin' more difficult
Blood starts gushin' when I kick your skull

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With eyes on the back of my head after dark
I'm just a lone drifter on the lookout for a mark
I've got angles that'll tangle masterminds with heart
fuck it I'll even run a bum for his shopping cart
When I was young my father, rest in peace
Taught me how to pick a pocket and copy car keys
As a little boy I'd hop through chimneys
Skilled at the art of making enemies
So if you got beef
Better have good luck because
Even if you knock me down, I'll get up
And if you don't kill me
I'm gunna slice your gut
With a straight edge razor
Riddled with rust
Blood lust takes me over when I close my eyes
And look back over these jet black skies
My time here may be short along
So when I rhyme here I'm gunna light this on

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What you lookin' at punk you don't know me from Adam

And you have the nerve to step on my chucks fuck that

I wasn't brought up to turn the other cheek

I'll break your mothers back, just for touchin' me

I crush MC's with line step line they're mute

Strangalin' triangles, spheres, and cubes

The day old leader throwin' jabs and slabs

Of meat, that hang on hooks and straight stink

Go play the clubs that love to dance

Where chumps step bump me as they walk on past

Avalon don't care none for breasts

Less they cook and clean and wipe my ass

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My attitude is all fucked up and real shitty

Crazy ill mad rap

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