

# Mickey Avalon, Roll Up Your Sleeves

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, better be quick  
Because the last motherfucker 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 you right  
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 gonna 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 gonna 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 gonna 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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