

# Mickey Avalon, Waiting To Die

(We are going to have open sexual intercourse on every street corner of America)

It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder  
That God must be one sick motherfucker  
So I bust a nut in the sky  
Spend another day waiting to die

I came twice this shit as any German scheisse the flick  
I'll sperm on your perm, leave cigarette burns on your tits  
It's Mickey Avalon all up in your prom  
Pissing in the fruit punch with a baby blue tuxedo on

The dopest rapper this century  
I sodomized your father in a federal penitentiary  
And on the day I got out  
I went to your mother's house and slept on the couch

A street walker selling cock for rock  
At the flea market trying to hock my watch  
I stay on beat when I work the concrete  
Some honeys give me money, and others do my laundry

Mickey Avalon, the kosher salami  
For twenty you get Chachi for forty he gets you Fonzie  
A motherfucker hustler kamikaze  
I use to bus tables but now I sell my body

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(Here is how we're gonna do it  
For the first time in America  
There is a generation of visionary-maniac-white-mother-country-dope-fiend-rock'n'roll-freaks  
Who are ready to get down)

I deliver quick with the magic stick  
Tragedy subsides when honeys rub on it  
It's Mickey Avalon, dick thick as a baton  
The illest motherfucker from here to Vietnam

I used to work nights at Hot Cock dot com  
But then I got fired when my mom logged on  
I'm on the run, my dad's a bum  
I asked my girl if she loved me and she just said 'ummm'

I bust flows that turn nuns to hos  
So wake you from your slumber then shake you out ya clothes  
There aren't no other late night lover  
All up on the track like Scatman Crothers

I'll bust through the shutters, masked in a rubber  
Duct tape your mother and butt-rape your brother  
Break down the lumber and shake my cucumber  
When you're at home alone you know my phone number

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