

Dodging Bullets

Mickey Avalon

Been dodging bullets, losing sleep
Getting by, the skin on my teeth
Say what you wanna 'cause talk is cheap
Better run like hell, here comes the police

I know a little lady who's dad was shady
And beat and bullied after, she ran away, she
Never knew anything but a, a cold water
Wanna [?] was daddy's little girl
Dancin' for a dollar, she's a naughty daughter
Tryin' to find an away place from her father
This was her only concept of peace
In the VIP room givin' out handies

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Little man with the gun in his hands
Pull back and pop, makin' drug dealers dance
I'll take all the narcotics and all the bands
I'll use half of the stash and sell the rest to make ends meet
Like nothing can kill me
He wasn't raised by his mom, he was raised by the streets
Product of his environment
Try and shoot me down but I keep flying, man

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Run like hell, here comes the police
Run like hell, here comes Mickey

Shot him in the back while he walkin' the track
And it wasn't 'bout the money, just a funny way to act
Trade his whistle for a pistol, flash his badge for vag
And a box of peanut butter, sink your teeth in that
'Cause this little piggy ate roast beef
And this little piggy got none
And this little piggy can woo-ooh-ooh all the way home

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