

# 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

My attitude is all fucked up and real shitty

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