

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, 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 My attitude is all fucked up and real shitty
Crazy ill mad rap
My attitude is all fucked up and real shitty
Crazy ill mad rap
My attitude is all fucked up and real shitty
Crazy ill mad rap
My attitude is all fucked up and real shitty
Crazy ill mad rap

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