

Mr. Right

Mickey Avalon

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Who that dude sleepin' with ya girlfriend?
Gettin' nude and rude in your bed
Same dude that your sister like
Mickey Avalon, call me Mr. Right Who that man in a black Sedan?
With two cheap hookers and a Mexican
Fuck the white line, sippin' one Coors light
Mickey Avalon, call me Mr. Right Stab on the ave, on the back of green grass
Young teen on the scene, no future, no past
I don't know nothin' 'bout nothin' so don't ask nothin'
'Cause I only be talkin' out my ass Somethin' smells fishy and I don't know what
But I got a hunch it's your lady
I'm little bit country and a little bit punk
I got a pistol named Sunny that whistles when he's rubbed The wrong way, Mickey Avalon song playing
Strip clubs [Incomprehensible] Bumante
Illiterate, I seen a better day
Wine and cheese, fine ladies and lemonade Gettin' paid for rhymes like these
And I never even learned to say my ABC's
With ADD I rock the beat
Like AC/DC, please turn sheet Who that dude sleepin' with ya girlfriend?
Gettin' nude and rude in your bed
Same dude that your sister like
Mickey Avalon, call me Mr. Right Who that man in a black Sedan?
With two cheap hookers and a Mexican
Fuck the white line, sippin' one Coors light
Mickey Avalon, call me Mr. Right Radio can't wait to play me
From K-Rock in L.A. to rooftops in Haiti
Hey baby, he's Mr. Wrong
And maybe you should listen to the words in this song Bird on a wire, your skirt's on fire
Now please take a moment to admire my attire
Fresh white valleys and pink tube socks
Tight gray Levi's and shirts with polka dots Rolex watch but it's fake
Gold gazelle glasses and a platinum chain

But it's fake like your tits
And your eyes, and your nose, and your lips, and your braids
The glitz in L.A. got me ready to play
Anytime, anyplace, anywhere, any day
Every night on the strip I slip and slide
I'm that guy, call me Mr. Right
Who that dude sleepin' with ya girlfriend?
Gettin' nude and rude in your bed
Same dude that your sister like
Mickey Avalon, call me Mr. Right
Who that man in a black Sedan?
With two cheap hookers and a Mexican
Fuck the white line, sippin' one Coors light
Mickey Avalon, call me Mr. Right

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