Hustler Hall Of Fame

Mickey Avalon

The road to the top through cross guards and hard knocks
Copper penny times and endless city blocks
Thieves straight as they never been crooked rent-a-cops
Shooting craps in the back of vacant city lots
Free-range circus acts and worthless facts
Dancing in my solar soggy bowl of dick and smack
Fist-fucking fagots at the White on gym mats
Rats run the wire while I'm looking for a match
I go back and forth just like a cameo song
Honeys wanna love me but the line is too long
I make 'em take a number, wake 'em from their slumber
What you know about Mickey? He's a bad motherfucker
Truckers get my digits off the stalls of rest stops
I'm sick on the microphone like smallpox
Wild-eyed babies go crazy when I rock
Blind old ladies into diabetic shock
'Cause it's all the same when they call my name
Mickey Avalon, hustler hall of fame
There ain't no ball and chain to hold me down
I got a golden smile and a platinum frown
'Cause it's all the same when they call my name
Mickey Avalon, hustler hall of fame
There ain't no ball and chain to hold me down
I got a golden smile and a platinum frown
I flow like an acrobat, go tell your manager
That Mickey Avalon ain't no motherfuckin' amateur
I fly flicks with my dick at your camera
I rip the stick out my girl's Porsche Carrera
I brought your whole formula, just warmin' up
Storm the front line and then I find a spot for lunch
Toxic-proof punch when the loot comes
Rocket boosters with my boots on
Underneath the tundra reach out for the Thundercats
Holds no better than this brother act
I ripped the rubber mats out your lover's pad
And kicked your mother's ass right in front of your dad
Last night, a brass pipe and a flashlight
Smashed my crown and left me down with a black eye
The bad guy, walking over landmines

Who can't die but still cried?
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Leave your gods and your politics back at home
'Cause I just wanna drink and be left alone
I gotta girl who likes to talk my ear off, see
So when I'm at the bar stay away from me
Don't ask for a smoke or to make some change
I don't care about your kid or your menstrual pains
You can call me rude but I like my solitude
And we don't need to chat while we're playing pool
So stay cool, mister, I wasn't lookin' at your sister
That snuggle toothed sea hag, lips all blistered
Now rack the balls while I'm in the stall
Pissin' out vodka and walkin' up the walls
I turn off the ringer when my lady calls
Don't point your finger unless you want a brawl
I chalk up my cue and sink the eight ball
Then reach into my pocket and light a Pall Mall
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