

Roll Up Your Sleeves

Mickey Avalon

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

For next to nothin', your soul could be mine
Now that I've got your attention, look you dead in the eyes
If you're gonna make a move, better be quick
'Cause the last mother fucker stuttered and got clippedI stick and move like a dog in the night
Who prowls but won't growl, before I'm gonna bite
Street lamps light the way, as I stray
Past the corner liquor store and the penny arcadeJuiced 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 nightsI 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 ratsAt the end of the eve we roll up our sleeves
Mess with my stake and I'ma have to swing
So, don't make nothin' more difficult
Blood starts gushin' when I kick your skullAt the end of the eve we roll up our sleeves
Mess with my stake and I'ma have to swing
So, don't make nothin' more difficult
Blood starts gushin' when I kick your skullWith 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 bump on his shopping cartWhen 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 enemiesSo 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'ma slice your gut
With a straight edge razor, riddled with rustBlood lust takes me over, when I close my eyes
And look back over these jet black skies
My time here, may be short or long
So, when I rhyme here I'ma light this onAt the end of the eve we roll up our sleeves
Mess with my stake and I'ma have to swing

So, don't make nothin' more difficult

Blood starts gushin' when I kick your skullAt 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 skullWhat 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' meI crush M.C's with line, step line, they're mute

Stranglin' triangles, spheres, and cubes

The day old leader throwin' jabs and slabs

Of meat that hang on hooks and straight stinkGo 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 assAt the end of the eve we roll up our sleeves

Mess with my stake and I'ma have to swing

So, don't make nothin' more difficult

Blood starts gushin' when I kick your skullAt the end of the eve we roll up our sleeves

Mess with my stake and I'ma have to swing

So, don't make nothin' more difficult

Blood starts gushin' when I kick your skullMy attitude is all fucked up and real shitty

Crazy ill, mad rap

My attitude is all fucked up and real shitty

Crazy ill, mad rapMy 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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