

Mr. Right (Explicit Version)

Mickey Avalon

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 the black Sedan
With two cheap hookers and a Mexican
Pumpin' white lines, sippin' warm 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
Strippers so strip's up, entrees for Dante Alighieri
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, deeds done cheep
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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 LA 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
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Who that man in the black Sedan
With two cheap hookers and a Mexican
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