Roll Up Your Sleeves

Mickey Avalon

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 clipped
I 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 arcade
Juiced 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 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'ma 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'ma 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 bump on 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'ma 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 or long

So, when I rhyme here I'ma light this on
At 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 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 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 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'ma 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'ma 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
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