

Waiting to Die

Mickey Avalon

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

We are going to have a open sexual intercourse
On every street corner of America Looking out the window but then I can't help but wonder
That God must be one sick motherfucker
So I bust a nut in the sky
Spend another day, I'm waiting to die I came twice this shit as any German Sheisse the flick
I'll sperm on your perm, leave cigarette burns on your tits
It's Mickey Avalon, all up in your prom
Pissing in the fruit punch with a baby blue tuxedo on The dopest is rapper this century
I sodomized your father in a federal penitentiary
And on the day I got out
I went to your mother's house and slept on the couch A street walker selling cock for rock
At the flea market trying to hock my watch
I stay on beat when I work the concrete
Some honeys give me money and others do my laundry Mickey Avalon, the kosher salami
For twenty you get Chachi for forty he gets you Fonzie
A motherfucker hustler kamikaze
I use to bust tables but now I sell my body Looking out the window but then I can't help but wonder
That God must be one sick motherfucker
So I bust a nut in the sky
Spend another day, I'm waiting to die Looking out the window but then I can't help but wonder
That God must be one sick motherfucker
So I bust a nut in the sky
Spend another day, I'm waiting to die Here is how we're gonna do it
For the first time in America
There is a generation of visionary maniac
White mother country dope fiend rock 'n' roll freaks
Who are ready to get down I deliver quick with the magic stick
Tragedy subside when honeys rub on it
It's Mickey Avalon, dick thick as a baton
The illest motherfucker from here to Vietnam I used to work nights at Hot Cock dot com
But then I got fired when my mom logged on
I'm on the run, my dad's a bum

I asked my girl if she loved me and she just said, UmmI bust flows that turn nuns to hos
So wake you from your slumber then shake you out ya clothes
There aren't no other late night lover
All up on the track like Scatman CrothersI'll bust through the shudders, masked in a rubber
Duct tape your mother and butt rape your brother
Break down the lumber and shake my cucumber
When you're at home alone you know my phone numberLooking out the window but then I can't help but
wonder
That God must be one sick motherfucker
So I bust a nut in the sky
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