

Waiting to Die

Mickey Avalon

(We are going to have open sexual intercourse on every street corner of America)It's like a
jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder
That God must be one sick motherfucker
So I bust a nut in the sky
Spend another day waiting to dieI came twice this shit as any German scheisse 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 onThe dopest 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 laundryMickey 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 bodyIt's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder
That God must be one sick motherfucker
So I bust a nut in the sky
Spend another day waiting to dieIt's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder
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Spend another day 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 subsides when honeys rub on it
It's Mickey Avalon, dick thick as a baton
The illest motherfucker from here to VietnamI 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 'ummm'I 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 shutters, 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 numberIt's like a jungle sometimes, it makes
me wonder
That God must be one sick motherfucker

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