Mickey Avalon

When the pot gets hot they're cooking in the kitchen The top goes pop just like some ammunition When the pot gets hot they're cooking in the kitchen The top goes pop just like some ammunition

Your ticket, my show
Your girl, my hoe
My money, my house
My dick, your mouth
Kissing on my neck like she was ready to go
Lipstick on my zipper thought she never let go
We was on a mission and the vision was low
If this was the Olympics she would be getting the gold

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So wrong, so right
So long, so white
So sweet, so tight
So long, goodnight
Slipping on my loafers grab my hat and my coat
Fire up the Pontiac as big as a boat
Racing through the canyon on my way to the coast
Palms are getting sweaty 'cause I'm ready to go

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