

My Attitude

Diabolic

News Reporter: Are you referring to Diabolik?

Minister of Interior: Diabolik? I assure you that this individual, whose very name reveals his antagonism to the established values of our society, will soon be brought to justice

Middle fingers up, y'all. Let's go. Come on!

I'm an animal caged, paid dues, no annual raise
I channel my rage, attacking on a national stage
Fighting 'til my knuckles cracked, pushed back, and displayed
Coming through the skin like Wolverine's retractable blades
I'm a cannibal, caveman that escaped
To paint pictures with my words, spray cans on my waist
You better recognize like the city's cameras in place
With software to identify by scanning your face
Now examine the traits of a mythological beast
A monster unleashed like those Greek gods on the beach
Released the Kraken, attacking Metropolitan streets
Demolishing beats while you're busy following Tweets
A Diabolical, freak genius secretly stands
I'm on a different wavelength, got your frequencies jammed
Strategically planned, 'cause the streets that we ran
Exorcise demons, bringing out the beast in each man
Screaming:

"f*ck you, f*ck you, you're cool" (Nah, "f*ck you"'s my attitude!)
"f*ck you, f*ck you, you're cool" (Nah, "f*ck you"'s my attitude!)
"f*ck you, f*ck you, you're cool" (Nah, "f*ck you"'s my attitude!)
"f*ck you, f*ck you, you're cool" (Hahahaha!)

I'll take a shot of tequila, and pop's prodigal son
Starts hollering like his father with a bottle of rum
Who got some shit to pop? Scream top of your lungs
Choke on your words, have a seizure, and swallow your tongue
I'm hollow and numb, plus I'm coming through with the goons
My crew carpooled to throw barstools in saloons
Moving the room like visuals when chewing some shrooms
So you should assume a doctor's gonna suture your wounds
A stupid buffoon from the worst environment known
Where scientists clone cells like a wireless phone
In the 90s, and deny me when applying for loans
At least street cred can buy me a retirement home
We're dying alone, slowly, so we're losing control
Presently, I'm past caring what the future can hold
I'll live for the moment, fusing both the new and the old
My music is cold and represents the roots of my soul
It's like:

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Ain't no fictional plot—it's real shit, hitting the spot
It's simmering hot with your bitch on the tip of my cock
Choking from it like a noose with a fisherman's knot
Then I give her a shot like she's in insulin shock
Still ain't got a pot to piss in, so I'll piss in the pots
In your kitchen after I get done picking the locks

Listen and watch. The time bomb ticks on the clock
And after I blow, I'll move to Cuba, living with Pac
Sitting atop the charts while they market my name
Arsenal aimed at any marketing target in range
Discharged of the game. I don't need the stardom and fame
So I'm attacking like Japan at Pearl Harbor with planes
Far from the same, 'cause the music industry's wack
That's why every real motherf*cker's giving me dap
I'm sick of these cats, so riddle me this, riddle me that
When will someone grow some balls and try dissing me back?
Tell 'em:

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You should already know
Don't ask me for shit
You know what you'll hear
Hey! f*ck you
You heard
I'll repeat it, f*ck you
Peace
(f*ck you, I'm out)