

Attitudes 2012

Ras Kass

But this dedicated to my homeboy. My nigga Hex Murda. Royce 5'9". Rassy Kass y. C-SICK, Sick Jacken let's get it

I'm still a Conceited Bastard
Threw away in Hell and said fuck it to asthma
Cause I self lord and master
Real nigga, let my nuts hang like a flasher
My life's the Hangover, Anchor Man and Wedding Crashers
My niggas mix the weed and the hash up
I keep heavy water stashed up
Feed inter venous like plasma
Keep vix face down with ass up
Like my nigga Cipher Sounds, hope I don't get gassed up
But this Ras and whips get crashed up
Then a niggas ski masked up to up and go get it
My daddy used to say I was obstinate
But then my poppa split so why be the opposite?
The judge sentenced me said I don't respect authority
Yeah, probably true, ask Priority
Ask that bitch nigga Garnett March I spit on at The Source Awards
So of course it's on
And my verses born with a curse upon
So I be fuckin' clowns up like circus porn
Peace to my nigga Hex, get well, we all prayin'
This dedicated to you for bein' 100 and stayin'... real
And sayin' exactly what the fuck you feel
Like these faggots wearing women's skin like Buffalo Bill
Haters
I'll let the silencer bust in your grill
Fuck pigs too, I'mma muffle your squeals
And I still walk around like my shit don't stink
Bootleg your album then I'll post your link
Fuck I'm so ill and I don't know Bill
So I'd rather kill you
Hide you in the shower and your corpse mildew
View to a kill
Niggas hate my guts but gotta respect how I take your lunch nigga

My attitude is fucked up and real shitty
My latitude is much up and real gritty
Have your brain fucked up, I'm too witty
Watch how a nigga nuts up, like two titties
My attitude is fucked up and real shitty
I done made enough bucks, a few cities
Have your brain fucked up, I'm too witty
Dog I done had enough lunch, you're too kitty

Your attitude determines your latitude
This house that we call hip hop, I'm in the attic fool
A mic and some turntables fit for the unstable
Converted to a padded room
Keep a street sweeper, in fact I call the Mag a broom
You seein' me you seein' things
You must of had yourself a bag of shrooms
I make a call make a faker fall
My clique is too sick so say goodbye
In the streets where the stakes/steaks is high

Like Ruth Chris, I'm from the city of true shit
Where the mayor went to jail for being a player right after Drew split
Levels ahead of competitors, Royce that
I'm drinkin' everyday till Hex Murda get his regular voice back
Ras I got you, this K will blast for you
From a block away, ask Tricky I'm that niggy
I'm more hooded than black Dickies
I rap like committing suicide in the booth takin' the track with me
Patron's in my chromosomes in order to leave it alone
You have to ween me off
That Lorena Bobbit chopper will knock a weenie off
Put your body between chalk
From squeezin' the nine iron like you swingin' golf
I'm the best rapper alive, put somethin' on it
You sound plain as a cheese pizza with nothin' on it

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