

# Attitudes

Ras Kass

Yeah, some niggas got bad reputations man  
I know I got one  
But this dedicated to my homeboy  
My nigga Hex Murda, Royce 5'9", Rassy Kassy  
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, Anchorman 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 in 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 fucking clowns up like circus porn  
Peace to my nigga Hex, get well, we all praying  
This dedicated to you for being 100 and staying... real  
And saying 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'ma muffle your squeals  
And I still walk around like my shit don't stink  
Bootleg your album then I'll post your link (nigga)  
Fuck I'm so I'll 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 too kitty

Now if 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 seeing me you seeing 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 is high  
Like Ruth Chris, I'm from the city of true shit  
Where the mayor went to jail for being a playa right after Proof split  
Levels ahead of competitors, Royce that  
I'm drinking everyday 'til Hex Murda get his regular voice back  
Ras I got you, this K'll 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 taking 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'll knock a weenie off  
Put your body between chalk  
From squeezing the nine iron like you swinging golf  
I'm the best rapper alive, put something on it  
You sound plain as a cheese pizza with nothing on it

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