

# Attitudes

## Rumpletlskinz

Attitude is madness  
Attitude is personality  
Attitude is flexibility  
Attitude is balls  
Attitude is talkin'  
Attitude is ways and actions  
Actions and ways  
Attitude is the Rump!

I'm the one! That gets that deeper job done  
Refuse to Jump Around and rhymin' like a burnt one  
For them who pause, you got to get out of the midst  
Split teeth grit, but your shit don't mean SHIT  
Bustin' to the backs when Flip, Modes  
Although I'm only X-T-O's  
Beware of the vocal when I'm shinin' like gold  
Get fold, I'ma slip into dangerous mode

Here comes the Now when I deal with aspect of  
the loom and my attitude swells and a phone can't cop  
No please don't freeze lyrics are run to siege  
I'm known as a mess, when I rhyme silly pleas  
Bad boy big mouth, I smack your waist out  
With a birds blow, when the weather gets kinda cold  
Use an instructive tongue or you get flunked  
As I boot out my burner and I flank up your block  
Knowin' that you're one who pays a freaky cop  
But I won't stop cause the son out just took your spot

To the bump bass! Styles comin' down I need help mo'  
space I got mad stress hangin' off a bass that's  
Attitude a minimal to be rump  
Number one dump, niggaz are pussy, time to hump  
I'm gettin' ready for the skin  
go for sex I flex and throw men's  
And shit pens and legends and clips  
I'm the last Mowhikan, heat seekin' the bit  
Hip-hop and rock when Jeranimo's rippin'  
It's a Indian so mic planet sounds is the beat

Oh goody gumdrop, there's props  
Welcome to the ill got skills, chill  
Hard knocks

[Chorus]

My attitude is fucked up, and real shitty!  
My attitude is fucked up, and real shitty!

When it's Jeranimo, everyone, yell timber  
This Apache war, skin raw yeah enter  
My inner, hardcore center hold scouts  
I taste or racial punks with the doubts  
We 'bout zabout super superb on curbs  
Kind of fresh guess best, press, the answer  
Is yes, for nuttin' all over your face  
And you don't have to say you're  
Damn, my attitude is rude  
It's another bad mood, ha hah release  
Rumple-in killin', skill in, original styles  
No peace I shout, much stress and I'm out

I would think eligible, always willing to tell a few  
Rappers, dappers, butt skill rappers, that I'm about to  
Blow up! In ninety-four or tomorrow  
But yet, still flow, talkin' about super tracks  
And lips gonna be flappin', and yappin'  
Ten thousand plans  
Make it a thousand hands  
Cunts simply chargin' to feel my funk  
But they gets nothing but a bunch of jeep bump  
Tell me something what makes the female sex  
Want to swing with a singer  
I got a partner he can sing but shh, it's on the D-L

Wrap my fist grip it tight break the skull on the mic  
From my well fittin' rhyme that this Rump bring in sight  
I love to see when the noise gets the crowd hype  
And like clit detention, I need more affection  
Thinking things with appeal of redemption

Soak the attention I gets no detention  
Finality shots ay what it's worth mentionin'  
Too much funk with a touch be a Rump  
Attitudes act up increase but never cease  
When we feed the ears from China to Peru

[Chorus]

Crossin' that line, crossin' that line  
Crossin' that line, crossin' that line  
Crossin' that line, crossin' that line  
Crossin' that line, crossin' that line

Crossin' that line, head for the border  
Crossin' that line, head for the border

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