Attitudes

Barkays

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!
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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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