# Bad Attitudes (feat. One Two)

## Apathy & Celph Titled

I bring the planet to it's knees like fellatio
(Rippin' through the radio)
Classic as Kane in a Mercedes in the 80's when I flow
The cat young ladies know
They wanna see me underground cause they're afraid if he blows
I rock a 32 blow chain till the Equator froze
Got the crowd rolled tighter than when braiding a fro
? like Regan with coke
Burn you like rosary around a Satanist's throat
Even player haters sayin' it's dope
Askin' Ap to flow is like askin' a Jamaican to smoke
I'll slap you cats and snap your wax
So tryin' to scrap with Ap is like a body builder tryin' to scratch his back
Y'all are way off, face to face with a boss
A player that'll floss little gators on a Lacrosse
You're out of place like a cross being placed in a moss
Or a Fossil watch with the face laced with frost
"Temperamental, I snap quick, very touchy" - Prodigy 'Keep It Thoro'
"My attitude is all fucked up and real shitty" - Prodigy 'Keep It Thoro'
"My attitude is all fucked up and real shitty"
"My attitude is all fucked up and real shitty"
One time, two time, three time, four
One mind, two nines, see mine ROAR
You wanna rhyme borderline, lack success
And won't spit, like chicks with no gag reflex
So don't miss a step, or better yet, step off
Cause I'm Maximus pissed, and I'm cuttin' heads off
Always the last weapon
Snatch one of your shoes to watch you half step in
I'll flip your script till you dip to the back exit
With two troops that'll snatch all of your crews loot
Stickin' our Tims so far up your poop shoot
Stick a finger down your throat and puke boots
You loose, little bitch, I left you paperless
It was my fate to diss
You on the job? pays that shit
Cause all you gotta do is kiss a girl to taste my dick
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Yo, I'm the type to spend Christmas robbin', pullin' Santa outta the sled

My slugs are catchy tunes, you can't get 'em out of your head
Mother Nature's callin', I got jungle fever for real
My gorilla family is havin' picnics in mine fields
Drive a stretch Hummer through your crib and crash the party
I don't rap unless it's money on the table
You don't have my down payment?
You'll be down under the pavement
That's quick to straight drown a bitch
You hear the sound of the clip when listen to my sound clip
My record label havin' conference calls about my behavior
Cause I write rhymes on my forearms with a rusty razor
Ain't nowhere but hell be safe
That's what I call home, my savin' grace
Critics say I'm lukewarm with these rhymes I got
On tour to Mexico, I'm borderline hot
Above that, smugglin' the raw right to your doorstep
Crazy motherfucker to go off roadin' in Corvettes
That you fuckin' with the lords rep
You'll be spendin' your first honeymoon in bed with a horse bed
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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