

Bad Attitude

Deuce

R.I.P, blood is all I see
I'm bringing death to these motherfuckers, all I need
Is the good book, ain't going on my knees
Take a good look, I know it's what you wanna be
Yeah, I started this gangsta shit, this how you thank me?
Like you are the ones who made me?
Five years later, got the plaque hanging
Still in the back of the 'Lac, screaming "baby!"

Hail Mary, hail motherfucking Deuce, what?
Living large, fancy cars, simply Deuce, I
Don't give a fuck, don't care what you do, as
Long as I'm me, I'm winning, you'll lose bitch

I would never die for you, live a lie for you
I would never cry for you, it's a little too late to
What am I to do? I hate you too
I got a bad attitude
I would never die for you, write a rhyme for you
Wouldn't even try for you, it's a little too late to
What am I to do? I hate you too
I got a bad attitude

Yeah, ashes to ashes, dust to dust
You can try to hide but you can't run
Yeah, I got you bitches right under the gun
I'll leave you six feet under, son
I'll shoot you motherfuckers right in the face
So you better get used to how the bullets taste
Make a bitch ass tape I'll erase
Just another dead body left to trace

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I hate that you hate me and it's driving me crazy
Made a mistake, you thought that I was your mainstream
I'll tick on the world with all the problems I'm facing
Destined to break things, I'm fucking amazing
I won't slow down, I can't be stopped
I'll be looking down at you from the top
Cause I'll calm this bar, I won't give up
I'm a bad motherfucker, I won't give up

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Come on!
Bad attitude! (Yeah!)
Bad attitude!
(Ain't never fuckin' with us, never bitch!)