

South Circle

"Attitudes"

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[VERSE 1: Mr. Mike] They say that pimpin's a necessity, damn, it's a trip how God been blessin me Cause if you know like I know, then y'all know it's some jealousy Floatin through the hood, ill communication on a brother Other niggas pull triggers cause a nigga's gettin richer So I sit back and smoke a spliff Ahhh... do you know where you are? On a planet where the pimps fill the atmosphere Thinkin to yoself, "Damn, should I be here?" But it don't matter to the player hater Cause he'll sweat you now or he'll sweat you later Until you reach the peak of all peaks, then you let him speak And still he sweats the technique See, it's no doubt that Suave's gon' come up No doubt that niggas gon' run up No doubt that did he die, yeah, he got done up Who's my witness? (It's all about a baller) Players, get this (cause niggas livin larger) And if you struggle, then you hustle, if you hustle, then you struggle Bustafied niggas, seems they can never move a muscle Except for stickin they hands out to see what a nigga can pass out It's yo attitude that's keepin you assed out It's yo attitude That's what describes you Be what you wanna be Yeah Do what you gotta do Yeah [VERSE 2: Thorough] I'm givin out buster cards, here fool, take one Make some copies for yo click and stay off my dick It's a trip, a bitch in hustler's clothing The hoe wasn't showin, so I had no way of knowin While smilin in my face he stabbed me in my back I react like a mack cause I'm bigger than all that In fact, fuck you, fraud-ass nigga See this player figure? Wanna take a picture? No? What about your bitch, though? And if she take it with me, partner, she wasn't yours from the get-go It's so funny, honey got him sprung But if she come this way, she gettin bad news and bubble gum Now 1, 2, this what we gon' do Crack a brew, light a blunt and let me kick what's true You know you go with the flow, try to keep your cool But you always got to worry 'bout somebody actin a fool So I use my head, don't let it get me fed I drink a fifth of 'yac and take yo gal to the bed Instead of straight trippin and actin real rude I just charge it to the game and blame yo player-hatin attitude It's yo attitude That's what describes you Be

what you wanna be Yeah Do what you gotta do Yeah [VERSE 3: Mr. Mike] I'm just a late night creeper, high-powered like I'm Eisenhower At the drop of a dime I'll get mine, wine and dine on the heighest tower Now who's that man in the black suit, will he back you If he have to, or slap you, then jack you Nobody knows as the story goes Cause in my world it's just one of me and a bunch of hoes I kicks that pimp shit to my real niggas Then I sit back and let my niggas kick that pimp shit to they real nigga [Thorough] Slick rhymer, mircrophone Prime Time like Deion Peons get popped cause when it's on, it don't stop We dropped the bomb from way down south Suave House, Suave House, ain't no need to shout So when it's told, take heed as I proceed to make cheese Now muliply my sales by the gals that I cheat Hm, I'm a Hollywood nigga - not I I'm real till I die, and that's the reason why It's yo attitude That's what describes you Be what you wanna be Yeah Do what you gotta do Yeah

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