

Frontstreet Boys

"I Got an Attitude"

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Aurally potent, lethal, bust steady
Man your battle stations, I'm ready
Cold gettin bigger, an idol-like figure
Play me if you want and make like a trigger
Squeeze off your best, you can huff and puff
But it's kiddie stuff because your best ain't good
enough
Stand on attention, your body in line
This ain't your average rhyme, if it is, it ain't mine
Ducks, has-beens, I'ma show them all
I'm not a joker but I laugh cause y'all can't brawl
I roll the mic, smoked I lay it to rest
Embalmed in my palm, I touch it and it's blessed
Got style, I know the routine
All punks poppin junk can't join my team
I got an attitude

I run through the motions, I don't ramble
20:1 I'm up to par, don't gamble
I take it till you're broke, you think it's a joke?
The last duck that laughed choked from my smoke
I light the mic on fire, set alarms to perk
Antoinette is alert, I put bodies to work
My attitude fills the room, you can feel the tension
And if I ain't around, just mention
I'm on the way with the mic at my side
Watch the ducks hit the road up to Duckhill Drive
When I finally approach I be in the mood
To get loose and get mine, me and my attitude
I got an attitude

Come to the party with an attitude, a mood to chill
When the music starts kickin I can't keep still
Biters watchin me, eyein me, waitin to make
Little rumors causin tumors that I might break
But I'll never break, I'll just address the crowd
There's no ifs, no ands when it's pumped up loud
Cause I'ma rush em, crush em, shame, tame and blush
em
Voices that are moist - I'll hush em
I'm no joke, the mic smoker of chicks

From the pack I'm the pick, no, it ain't no trick
I got rhymes that'll rock ya, beat that'll knock ya
If it don't shock ya the body'll stop ya
But don't play me close, other words hands off
Deep voice, hard and moist, playin hard when you're
soft
You want a cutie? Don't mean to harness the charm
Dom Perrignon in the arm, duck alert the alarm
I'm not braggin or boastin, don't wanna be rude
But (?) keep tellin I got an attitude

You wanna know why I play you like that? I don't like
your face
Take your running shoes off, you ain't in this race
Kick back, sit back, step off, sit down and be numb
Feed crumbs to bums, rock rhymes over drums
It ain't complicated, must I break it down?
Def rhymes from a lady with a real live sound
Must admit it I'm with it so get with it, you dig?
Flossin carat and gear, and real hair, not a wig
Bodily I'm vivacious and vocally gracious
Antoinette's put together in all the right places
Fit to carry wit, makin hit after hit
Never ask me to quit cause I'm eternally lit
You ain't ready, baby, sorry Sally, this is my thing
A lot of male vocalists can't even hang
And if they sound like a sissy when they diss they just
piss me
Off, I get wild and on the mic I get busy
Bold just like a bee, I'm the queen of this thing
Rock a beat inside out like Whitney can sing
Clear my throat, hit a note, (?) and bruised
You run circles with my words, I finds and loose
Ya, run your (?) to the edge, you must be on qualudes
Don't be comin in my face (?) sayin I got an attitude

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