Cool Cutter, Cool Cutter he ain't nuttin to me Cool Cutter.. he ain't dirty fuckin south to me Cool Cutter...

Cool Cool Cutter ain't nuttin to me

I'll stack me a track on Cool Cutter's ass!

Hell is Cool Cutter! Stack that track!

I know I look good.. cuz I feel real good And when I'm feelin real good, I wish somebody would I'm just like that

I'm Cool people I'm telling you, but ain't nobody gon' play me He run his mouth then reach for somethin, he gon' be laying in gravy

The rap game like the dope game, man I ain't got no friends When I was lettin 'em go for the low-

low, shoulda got you one then

Man playboy life is automatic, lemme discribe this sentence It'll shoot one at you, another one slide up in it ?Then Jam?, man I'm tellin you, cous' he ain't no punk Man I got this attitude wrench, man I get it crunk Describe me in a recipe; hot grease in a pot One cup Orville Redenbacher, cuz everything gon' POP Man it's the Dungeon Family boy, run out and go get it It comes in a real small package, but makes a real big difference

So don't call me Cool Cutta, just call me Mister Bitch And that's the only thing you call me from now ok, Mister.. bit ch!

Get off yo' ass nigga, get on the grind

Forever pimpin, never slippin nigga that's how it is

This system is designed to twist yo' mind

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