

# Cut You Loose

Slaughterhouse

"You're no good I have to cut you looooooose, you looooooose"  
[repeat in background]

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Woo! Hello hip-hop, goodbye music

It's like a love-hate relationship  
Ridin in the Ferrari while takin trips  
Compared to beer takin sips  
Sittin somewhere in a Camaro with racin strips  
Either way you embrace it  
Can't no amount of money or lady replace it  
And after all this rhymin  
If I refer to you as a girl niggaz'd call this Common  
... I'm through as a fan  
No disrespect to music, I'm talkin to you as a man  
How the FUCK is you flossin a Benz?  
Listenin to this nigga Rick Ross dissin Em  
Jim Jones dissin Jay  
This rap shit done gone a different way (that's right)  
I know my lawyers play the lies game  
It's okay for Soulja Boy to say Nas' name  
Nothin but +Ludacris+ answers  
The game backwards like dancers  
shootin on the same dancefloor you grew up and answer  
to them shooters, now them shooters is dancin  
... FUCK you too!  
You corny so I gotta cut you loose  
I looked in my book of rhymes, took the sign  
I swear I heard a few of my nigga Crooked lines

[Crooked I]

I got these A&R's heart racin  
Got 'em in fear of me sonnin they flagship artists for spittin {?}  
This is bar raisin  
I'm raisin the bar so far tryin to look at it's equivalent to star gazin  
Think I'd rather be waterboardin - you feel me?  
Than to listen to what y'all recordin - for real G  
Hell naw, I will not support it  
Rather switch places with the child mom's aborted - kill me  
My skills be on point like a flyin dart  
Sometimes I feel like the messiah of a dyin art  
A whole 'nother animal, not the kind that departed on the giant ark  
But a vulture with a lion heart  
I eloquently breathe fire  
I speak for the Eastsiders like I got a Long Beach speech writer  
And I could teach riders how to do they thang  
So they won't ruin the game for comin off lame  
We could be birds of a feather, what does it mean?  
Think about it, that mean I put you under my wing  
Or I'ma leave this hip-hop thing to all you wack dudes  
Cut you loose (you're no good I have to) cut you loose  
Call me a hater when I'm tellin the truth - expect it  
SoundScan is unveilin the proof - respect it  
Here's somethin you could NEVER dispute  
The last time I spit a rhyme the roof fell in the booth - I wreck shit

[Joell Ortiz]

Man I feel ruined inside  
Somebody tell me what to do, I'm a guy  
that loves music but I am truly through with the vibe  
Sometimes I wish it was dead, rather than look this stupid alive (word)  
I found out I been persuin a lie  
It's nothin like, what I thought, man the proof's in the pie  
Cause ain't no puddin in the hood when niggaz shoot to survive  
But what's my single? Ask dude in the suit and a tie  
Who stole the whip? Man I'm losin my drive  
I 'member when singles used to have cuts on it  
Nowadays the rewind button got mad dust on it  
Can't bring it back if it's wack, when they come back then it's crack  
I'm FIENDIN for somethin good so I can puff on it  
Y'all don't even give me a buzz  
I can't enjoy a glass of beer if it's really just suds  
Nothin there but the air in y'all heads  
Man I'm fed dawg, I had it up to HERE (done!)  
I'm cuttin you loose, fuckin abuse  
I can't believe they in your talks when you discussin the truth  
These dudes suck and they bad liars  
This is not what I expected when I was 11 steppin up in rap cyphers  
(What's goin on?) I thought you had to be mad nice  
But apparently you could be trash as long as you look good and have ice  
I ain't complainin, I'm just sayin though  
There's no reason a musician should wanna watch a television  
instead of be listenin to the radio  
I'm cuttin you loose

[Joe Budden]

Look, I used to dream of just bein wit'chu  
Woul'da probably gave whatever to be seen wit'chu  
On the block on the scene wit'chu  
And the most beautiful thing wit'chu  
is we shared the same passion and I could get cream wit'chu  
Not a qualm, not a problem, not a single issue  
Then we started arguin, havin single issues  
Somethin's off nowadays, you don't seem official  
SO! {"You're no good I have to cut you looooooose"}  
I see you with them other artists and it's sickenin  
E'rything's changed since we parted, you been different  
Do whatever for bread boo when you started trickin  
For real though {"You're no good I have to cut you looooooose"}  
How you could thug me?  
If I can't be me when I'm wit'chu, tell me how could you love me?  
(How you) Get so ugly - eat it, beat it, treat it better than niggaz  
so you still be dyin to fuck me, baby don't interrupt me!  
Ain't complete tryin to compete but you judge me  
What you really think of me, you disgust me  
I 12-step my addict itch  
So Method Man, you could have that bitch  
But now she got neighbors against me, still her favorite MC  
I just hit her hard and she got papers against me  
It's cool; I get up wit'chu later if meant be  
Just text them old heads, tell 'em mate with they memories

"You're no good I have to cut you looooooose, you looooooose"  
[repeat to fade]