

Cut Throat

Yung Joc

Hustlenomics
eh joc
wud up nigga?
a nigga quick produced this shit?
Hell yeah
shit crazy homie

My niggas cut throat My niggas cut throat
I got some killas on the east and the west coast
Dem braids on your head, get up hoe, uh get up hoe, uh get up hoe
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They whip game real good, they got the best tho
Uh get up hoe, uh get up hoe

I'm coming straight for your neck dawg,
Razor blade hecklered and cocked,
In California niggas back on the block,
I'm from Compton muthafucka, the city of Gs
We ain't got pretty bitches but we got plenty of these
All my niggas cut throat, gang bang and cut throat
Original bad boys man even Puff know
We ain't mad about Pac, we know who did it
We just mad that him and Big got crossed in nine senses
I was 16 then, little nigga inspired
Now me and Joc ridin, homie put that on the wire
If hip hop was a building, I'd set it on fire
and leave everybody to burn except Mya (haha)
Nah, fuck you bitch, I rescue all my niggas first and let em' fuck you bitch
On the east coast, them niggas say I'm dumb-hot
And when I'm in the south you can just ask Yung Joc

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Eh, I know some edgehangers, zonin till they reach the course
Ya dey head banging for less than a brick or so
Well acquainted with fiends and even dope addicts
My niggas work the triple beams and they dope at it
Hey, nigga you don't want no static
Holes throw your chest, hard to breathe, like asthmatics
Just like Big, tell them niggas, kidnap your kids,
fuck em in the ass and throw um over the bridge
When I'm on the east, I'm ballin' wit that Jimmy cat (ballin!)
Bad bitches everywhere, they all on my Jimmy sack
We blowin sour Ds, hundred fifty packs,
I fuck with real Gs, like the Diplomats
When I'm in cali, nigga we blow incense
Call my nigga Cavi, to smoke away my stress
The only coats you'll see locs and dickie suits or molguls
Chirp my nigga JTLo in the booths it's ova

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(Jones! Jackal!)

Now shouts to Yung Joc (its poppin)

Another one to block (its good)

You can meet me in the hood the engine runnin on my drop (Ferrari shit)

And we was just runnin from the cops (yeah)

Cookin coco coco wit the stove or two wonders with the pots (Chef boy R' Jim
)

I started as a pumper on tha block, (uh huh)

Either you slang crack rock or you had that wicked jump shot (swish)

Either or, there was no inbetween, (no)

It was either be poor or move coke to the fiends (get money)

20 it would cost, I was hopin 19 (give it to me cheaper)

Tachiney valaws (?) I endulging the team (I was fly)

Amongst the murders and plus the burglars (Who else?)

The fly willie niggas when they start swerving up (and what)

In them fly rides, niggas like the high side, (flossin')

till they go slippin and you catch em' from the blind side (get outta that r
ide)

Tap the glass and you give it to them 9 times (pow pow)

He owes some cash but he didn't meet the timer (D O L)

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y'all know who I be?

haha who you be nigga?

Cut throat masta numba 1 nigga, it's your boy big block nigga, and I ride wi
th cut

throat niggas, muthafucka we got richie lewis in the house, cutthroat man, c
utthroat nigga,

thuggin piece of my nigga, free my muthafuckin dawg man, and last but not le
ast nigga, I'm

leadin the new south, haha, we ride sideways in the muthafuckin chevy nigga,
ya we up to no

good, cut throat baby.