

# Butta

## Cool Breeze

I had the strangest dream  
I was in this place called Butta  
You wouldn't believe what I seen  
Ooh, you got that buttaI had the strangest dream  
I was in this place called Butta  
You wouldn't believe what I seen  
Ooh, you got that buttaMy name Cool Breeze, I got that country crock  
All the girls on the block they call me chop, chop, chop  
I cuts 'em up baby and my cuts be very precise  
And, uh, right before they melt, I put 'em back in iceAnd every now and then I take 'em out for a test  
Then it's back to the cooler to make sure they stay fresh  
They always scream my name at my heavyweight 'bout  
I like grits, girls raised in the SouthHanging out for a night and she'll never forget  
How I showed her respect and I'm a East Point vet  
She stay on Old Nat'l, she wants to see me today  
And when she see me tonight she gon' be college parkayI had the strangest dream  
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You wouldn't believe what I seen  
Ooh, you got that buttaI had the strangest dream  
I was in this place called Butta  
You wouldn't believe what I seen  
Ooh, you got that buttaOkay, first let me tell you how I tell how I tell  
When I first walk in the room I check for the smell  
And if it's on and popping I won't be saying nothing  
We can begin on the sofa where the part's jumpingI know she telling all her friends about this butta she get  
And tonight she gon' submit to the greatest hit  
Now we done done a lot of talking and enough has been said  
Girl, get up on this toast and let me see how you spreadI said paper, scissors, young cool cutter  
Toss 'em up in the air and cut 'em up like butter  
She said she never heard of nothing like that in her whole life  
That's when I pulled off my shirt and then I took out my knifeI had the strangest dream  
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You wouldn't believe what I seen  
Ooh, you got that buttaI had the strangest dream  
I was in this place called Butta  
You wouldn't believe what I seen  
Ooh, you got that buttaTake you to get yo nails done, play that song "The Player's Ball"  
Run you over Kiesha house, drop you off by Greenbrown Mall  
It don't matter how long you try to keep me out

I'm a still chop and dice you up like we were at the Waffle House  
Girls always asking me like what do I mean  
When I say butter berry cream when I'm floating downstream  
See this type of butter ain't like Land-O-Lakes  
It's just moist in the middle like some hot pancakes  
When I go over her house she always sitting alone  
And be playing my songs, I mean like all night long  
If I, Cool Cutter, gave one reply  
When I wake up in the morning, my cholesterol high  
I had the strangest dream  
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