Cut Throat

Didley Squat

Hustlenomics, eh Joc, what up nigga?
A nigga quick produced this shit? Hell yeah
Shit crazy, homie
My niggas cut throat, my niggas cut throat
I got some killers on the East and the West Coast
Them braids on your head, get up hoe
Uh, get up hoe, uh, get up hoe
My niggas cut throat, my niggas cut throat
I got some killers on the East and the West Coast
They whip game real good, they got the best doe
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, motherfucker, 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, nigga, even Puff know
We ain't mad about Pac, we know who did it
We just mad that him and Big got crossed in [Incomprehensible]
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
Now, fuck you, bitch
I rescue all my niggas first, then 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
My niggas cut throat, my niggas cut throat
I got some killers on the East and the West Coast
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Uh, get up hoe, uh, get up hoe
My niggas cut throat, my niggas cut throat
I got some killers on the East and the West Coast
They whip game real good, they got the best doe
Uh, get up hoe, uh, get up hoe
Eh, I know some edge hangers zonin? till they reach the course
Yeah, they 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 ?em over the bridge
When I'm on the East I'm ballin' with that Jimmy cat
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 moguls
Chirp my nigga JT Lo in the booths, it's over
My niggas cut throat, my niggas cut throat
I got some killers on the East and the West Coast
Them braids on your head, get up hoe
Uh, get up hoe, uh, get up hoe
My niggas cut throat, my niggas cut throat
I got some killers on the East and the West Coast
They whip game real good, they got the best doe
Uh, get up hoe, uh, get up hoe
Yeah, now shouts to Yung Joc, another one to block
You can meet me in the hood, the engine runnin? on my drop
And we was just runnin? from the cops
Cookin? coco coco with the stove or two wonders with the pots
I started as a pumper on the block
Either you slang crack rock or you had that wicked jump shot
Either or, there was no in between
It was either be poor or move coke to the fiends
20 it would cost, I was hopin? 19
[Incomprehensible] I indulged the team
Amongst the murders and plus the burglars
The fly willie niggas when they start swerving up
In them fly rides niggas like the high side
Till they go slippin? and you catch ?em from the blind side
Tap the glass and you give it to them 9 times
He owes some cash but he didn't meet the timer
My niggas cut throat, my niggas cut throat
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My niggas cut throat, my niggas cut throat
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