

# Cut You Loose

## Buddy Guy & Junior Wells

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 dance floor  
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  
I got these A&R's heart racin', got 'em in fear of me  
Sonnin' they flagship artists for spittin' [Incomprehensible]  
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 water-boardin', 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'm a leave this hip-hop thing to all you wack dudes  
Cut you loose, 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  
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  
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  
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  
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  
Look, I used to dream of just bein wit'chu  
Woulda 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  
I see you with them other artists and it's sickenin'  
E'rythin's changed since we parted, you been different  
Do whatever for bread boo when you started trickin'  
For real though  
How you could thug me?  
If I can't be me when I'm wit'chu, tell me how could you love me?  
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

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