Cut You Loose

Tinsley Ellis

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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