

# Cut Throat

Yung Joc

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  
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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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