

# Cuttin'

## Mike Jones

Mike Jones! Who? Mike Jones!  
Who? Mike Jones, Jones!  
My album, 'Who is Mike Jones?'  
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Swishahouse we cuttin' the finest  
Two ladies on the covers now  
Swishahouse we cuttin' the finest  
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Swishahouse we cuttin' the finest  
Two ladies on the covers now  
I keep that purple stuff, in my cup  
Diamonds shine from princess cuts  
I stay on the grind, stackin' bucks  
I'ma major now fin' to fuck it up  
Twenty-fo's when I roll up  
Purple drink gon' po' it up  
Find a block then sew it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
Like Lil' Jon I keep it crunk  
Got beef with me I'ma pop the trunk  
Like Pastor Troy I'm ridin' big  
To the club, blowin' skunk  
Mike Jones and I'm on the rise  
Eighty-four's pokin' out of my ride  
My name alone can't be denied  
My name alone can't be denied  
281-330-8004  
Hit Mike Jones up on the low  
'Cause Mike Jones about to blow  
281-330-8004  
Hit Mike Jones up on the low  
'Cause Mike Jones about to blow  
If you don't work, you don't eat  
You don't grind, you don't shine  
So the next time you come up to me  
And ask how I blew put that on yo' mind  
If you don't work, you don't eat

You don't grind, you don't shine  
So the next time you come up to me  
And ask how I blew put that on yo' mind  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
When my album doubles, roll it up  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You know me, I'm 'bout that paper  
No time to deal with haters  
Screens fall in Navigators  
'Cause Mike Jones a paper chaser  
A hater I will erase  
If he come trippin' to my face  
Back then look in my do'  
I was flippin' yapes for the papes  
I swang from lane to lane  
With one hand on the woodgrain  
The other hand on my cup  
Sippin' that purple stuff  
H-Town, Houston Texas  
We jam music screwed up  
You better throw your shades on  
When I show my princess cuts  
'Cause I used to hustle hard on my block  
Laws got hot so I shook the spot  
Started rappin' to stack a knot  
Seven months later name got hot  
Now I'm fin' to take it to the top  
I'ma run this shit when my album drop  
All you haters hatin' on me  
Thanks a lot y'all helped me out  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up

You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
So all you haters hatin' on me  
Thanks a lot y'all helped me out  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
So all you haters hatin' on me  
Thanks a lot y'all helped me out  
I come through on all four's  
Cartier tic-tac-toe  
Candy red with the butter flows  
I got friends but mainly foes  
I got candy color on butter non-stoppers  
I call 'em cutters  
From 12 to 12 I'm a hustler  
That came up, from a struggle  
I hustle from noon to night  
When I step in a room you see ice  
I'm on my grind puttin' it down  
So I can live my life right  
I stay on the scene, lookin' clean  
24's roll while I'm droppin' screens  
Befo' I got a major deal  
I was underground stackin' green  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You got drank, well, po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
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