

Cuttin' (Remix)

Mike Jones

Mike Jones! Who? Mike Jones!
Who? Mike Jones, Jones!
My album, 'Who is Mike Jones?'
My album, 'Who is Mike Jones?' Swishahouse we cuttin' the finest
Two ladies on the covers now
Swishahouse we cuttin' the finest
Two ladies on the covers now Swishahouse we cuttin' the finest
Two ladies on the covers now
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'm a 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'm a 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 You got drank, well, po' it up
You claim a set then throw it up
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When my album doubles, roll it up

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