

# Cut Me Off

Cam Meekins

Sick split with the flow shit  
Bitter like burning butter  
But i bang? on the game  
Pick pain but burn blunters  
No games while you david and bustered  
I'm getting flustered  
Rolling down my windows  
Asking for fucking mustard  
Small fries on theese fast food rappers i take em out  
Pick plenty pop rappers I smash with no clout  
Smash mouth what I raised on  
My lines doing coke  
That post nasal drip got me literally spitting  
Crack it back with these toys no need for decoys  
I'm out in b town getting ?brain? Like BC boys  
Fuck universities and what it just occurred to me  
Cause I be written raps way before the fucking nursery  
Yeah yeah we know im balling like a freethrow  
That?s my alter ego but on god im real bro  
Bowl cruise in the pasat  
No for size in my bars on the track  
This stomach full of scars bitch, arrr  
\*CHORUS\*  
You didn?t have to cut me off  
now your just somebody that I used to know  
You didn?t have to cut me off  
Have your friend collect your records and then change your number  
You didn?t have to cut me off now your just somebody that I used to know  
You didn?t have to cut me off  
Have your friends colect your records and then change your number  
  
Flick flickin the blunt  
Flip spitter  
Pink pounds of the best picked piffs leaves  
Literally seeds in my weed  
No need to stack ??ex??  
Smoke mad hash  
?Father? the ground I pass tests im a  
Never need no help not even we know

Just pleased if my trees blow being baked like bistros  
No motivation in our generation im just chilling in my basement  
Looking for an occasion man  
Man I be outy playing hooty fruity tooty  
Rap practice on my way to Ruby Tuesdays  
Or the movies buying rounds on your bitch ass  
Watch this gold record fly by bitch think fast or get wip lash  
I came in the game just to claim what I can  
The lyrism of ?I ram? bitches with no lane  
No backpack toughing the sack  
Fuck frat raps trying to act hard you should  
Get some fucking arm tats  
I aint in college I aint even go to class back in high school  
But you know a motherfucker passed  
Pass blunts to the left side  
No ash on my dash board  
Whores trying to rhyme with us but I don?t even skateboard  
Sticking digits in their cellular devices  
Im a nicer guy in person on these verses bronchitis  
And these teens fuck with it like ?mono? Bitches gold digging  
Real with my rap game you just Nicole Kidman  
Are you kidding?

Lyrics provided by

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