

Cut It (feat. Young Dolph) [James Hype Remix]

O.T. Genesis

Cut it, cut it, cut it, cut it
Cut it, cut it, cut it, cut it
Them bricks is way too hot, you need to cut it
Your price is way too high, you need to cut it
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Them bricks is way too hot, you need to cut it
Your price is way too high, you need to cut it
Run up them bands on the regular
Hittin' my plug on the celly, yeah
Tell my ex bitch that I'm sorry
I'm a skate off in the 'Rari
Keep 36 by my side
I'm a go bake me a pie
Keep 45 on my side
Fuck with my niggas, you die
All of my niggas say blood
All of my niggas say cuh
OT, I found me a plug
I got it straight out the mud
Keep it a hundred, no budge
I fell in love with the drugs
Bustin' it down in the tub
Pay me my money in dubs
Water whippin', lookin' like I'm fishin'
Baseball in kitchen, with my arm I'm pitchin'
Rolie on, it's glistenin', now my doner kissin'
Niggas steady trippin' so I'm steady grippin'
Dirty money on me, got a scale up on me
I don't fuck with phony, 'bout to sell a pony
All these niggas on me, all these bitches on me
Say my price is good, motherfucker, show me
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Went and bought a 911 with my trap money
A million up but still ain't never touch my rap money
I'm out in LA fuckin' with that boy OT
Flew to LA, got a plug on that OG

You know I've been gettin' money if you know me
When I first met my plug, I tote my pistol, hundred Gs
I ain't comin' to get it unless you got a hundred piece
I don't want it, fuck it, your price, you need to cut it
Your ice, you need to tuck it, she fuck with me, she lucky
A half a million, all 20s in that Gucci luggage
Let's skip the small talk, it's time to talk numbers
Young nigga playin' with commas, might go get a Lamb for the summer
I've been outchea in these streets all my life hustlin'
My nigga beefin' then I'm beefin', wrong or right I'm bustin'
My traphouse, I love it
Put some Forces on my old school and I had to cut it
But should I put a roof in?
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