Yung Joc f/ The Game, Jim Jones "Cut Throat"

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[The Game] (Yung Joc) Hey Joc (What up nigga?) That nigga Quik produced this shit? (Hell yeah) Shit crazy homie (Ha!)

[Chorus]

My niggaz cutthroat, my niggaz cutthroat
I got some killas on the East and the West Coast
Dead prez on your head, get up hoe
Uh get up hoe, uh get up hoe
My niggaz cutthroat, my niggaz cutthroat
I got some killas on the East and the West Coast
They whip game real good, they got the best dope
Uh get up hoe, uh get up hoe

[The Game]

I'm comin' straight for your neck dogg Razor blade, Heckler & Koch In California niggaz back on the block I'm from Compton motherfucker, the City of G's We ain't got pretty bitches but we got plenty of these All my niggaz cutthroat, gangbang and cut dope 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 '9-sizix I was 16 then, little nigga inspired Now me and Joc ridin' homie, put that on the wire If hip-hop was a buildin', I'd set it on fire And leave everybody to burn except Mya Ha ha, now fuck you bitch I'll rescue all my niggaz first then let 'em fuck you bitch On the East Coast, them niggaz say I'm dumb hot And when I'm in the South you can just ask Yung Joc

[Chorus]

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[Yung Joc]

I know some head changers, total rich to cost Yeah they head bangin' for less than a brick of soft Well acquainted with fiends and even dope addicts My niggaz work the triplebeams and they dope at it Hey, nigga you don't want no static Holes through your chest, hard to breathe like asthmatics Just like Big', don't let niggaz 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 deez, hundred-fifty packs I fuck with real G's, like The Diplomats When I'm in Cali, nigga we blowin' cess Call my nigga Cavi, to smoke away my stress The only coast you'll see locs in Dickie suits on moguls

[Chorus]

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Chirp my nigga J. Taylor on the Boost Mobile

[Jim Jones]

Now shouts to Yung Joc, I number one the block You can meet me in the hood, the engine runnin' on my drop

And we was just runnin' from the cops
Cookin' coke over the stove, I do wonders with the pots
I started as a pumper on the block
Either you slang crack rock or you had that wicked
iumpshot

Either or, there was no in between
It was either be poor or move coke to the fiends
Twenty it would cost, I was hopin' nineteen
Tacchini Valours, I indulged as a teen
Amongst the murderers, and plus the burglarers
The fly wheely niggaz when they start swervin 'em
In them fly rides, niggaz like to high side
Til' they caught slippin' and you catch 'em from the
blind side

Tap the glass and you give it to 'em nine times

He owed some cash but he didn't meet the timeline

[Chorus]

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