

C-Murder

"Cuttboyz Anthem"

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feat. Cuttboyz

Intro: Yep yep we in here, this lil forty
Flex what ever, it's me ya dig
Right!

[Chorus]
Cuttboyz cut boyz cuttboyz
uh bro
Cuttboyz cuttboyz, what bro
Cuttboyz cuttboyz uh bro cuttboyz cuttboyz cuttboyz,
what bro
We got them toys, and we bring it on

[Verse One]
Check it out
On the city rolling, but truth been tollen
Them buster folding, and I think they know it
But homee chockin, I think he smoking
I am breaking bread, on blocks harder than free
cheese
Inside of me is a Cuttboy with multiply robberies
And my committees only the real can ride with me
I am in the drivers seat, so god forgive me please
Rest in peace my enemies, I wanna see then bleed
Become a memory is this Hennessey talking to me
This greenery is blurring my vision, I am making stupid
decisions
Head on head collision is Heaven or Hell, straight to
the present
My cali glissen, now act kaoit this game Hypnotic
The shit that you got it, and the fourteens your vest will
stop it
And the album just go coupe it, iam huge like a Nassau
Rocket
We about to blow like the World trade
That what Slim says (cuttboyz)
Cuttboyz Tru Records for life ain't nothing nice
Aint no other click like, the Cuttboyz we keep it solid
We bout that volience
Fist Matt, Key deniro cuttboyz anthem baby

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

They call me dope man, dope man (da price is hella proper)
Santa clause got Christmas trees and helicopters
I'll ship, I'll deliver, I'll bring them to ya
I even got a couple Nâ€|
that will sling'em for
Cuttboyz B call me the muffin man, smell it baking out
the oven from muphin pan
Dope swell up in tube like Ruspian man
Two stacked jeans baggy, you gotta cuff it man
I stack the old money, to spend the new cc
The old c sat song long, so the blue c
I tuck that flip that stack, got two keyz
I came out and dropped that pot, and they o wee
Holla at the boy, you ain't getting slabs
I promise everything you got you got a extra gram
It like cake mix, get the spam (dam)
Cuttboyz holla at ya man

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Boy I am the Cut, a thug by nature
I took a minor set back, but I am trying to get major
Pockets full of stones, I am trying to get paper
Shoe box full of bread I am trying to get paper
Aint that a bitch, look at these niggas hating
Paint dripping in the street like its ministrating
Soak it up Like a maxi pad, you know that young
motherfucker Maxi pad

[Verse Four]

I am always in cut boy, 24-7 yep
Shop open girl like seven Eleven
My pockets on swoll and rocks steady swelling
The glock for you robber, yeah I keep the protection
The copper on my my nuts, trying to find my double up
Flashing they Id's, mad cause my ride clean
Mad cause I am big time, mad cause my bitch fine
Mad cause my ice dog, got big big shine

[Chorus]

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