

Goodie Mob "Cutty Buddy"

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You can be my cutty buddy, my hangout honey
You can be my cutty buddy, cutty cutty

Now when I saw you in the club, all I did was stare
Intimidated by my golds and my long ass hair
But I couldn't let you pass and didn't even care
I had to make conversation and let you know this here

Who am I, the well known T-Mo, represent the G Mo B
Trinity to infinity
Baby what's your name, where you came from?
Where you get your game from, I bet you learned a lot
growing up

Being a cute lil' thang, like to bang with the big dawgs
Roll in the big hogs, 18, living life raw
Little shawty was a dream
Had to put up my dream my brother had

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Well my dear, this here you can quote
Carlitto will cut your motherfucking throat
Left low, you can ride shotgun in the boat
Hit my red light digit and that's all she wrote

Of course, she shaped like a stallion horse
Goddammit, shawty finish your drink
We going to get a room, what the hell you think
I'll buy you something to eat but you can't break the
bank

First time, the gold plate from the IHOP
Then to the inn to umm drop, plop plop
Fizz fizz, oh what a relief it is
Get it, got it gone, now he out for his

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You can be my cutty buddy, cutty, cutty

Hey Jo, I know this girl that wanna cut your throat

(Huh?)

Hold up shawty
Before you finna to get your boy in some serious
trouble man
I'm talking 'bout cost cutting, ain't nothing
(Snip-snip)
Tell her all we can do together is make this grip-grip
She talking 'bout chiefing, sipping, bending and
stripping

I ain't chicken fool, you know I'm ranged up
All these fools around here may be harder
But I ain't studying this young buck
Jail baits are best seen hiking the drawls
And looking for a daddy to cake her

All you gotta do is take her out
Stuff her face, get her pumped
Put her on the chopping block
Now she nice and crunk

But I ain't no punk dutty
Heard if you stick your thumb in their booty it drive 'em
nutty
She'll walk nann day, owe me but a cent and out when
I'm through boo
Now you know the real meaning of cutty

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Gipp cutty, they call me too fresh too clean
Got the girls hooked off the D like morphine
Where we gonna go, I don't know but let's hit it
With the strawberries, blueberries, looking for the tooth
fairy

For the night out, downtown, second floor
In the loft with the lights out
Candles straight burning
Everybody hot, clothes on the floor
You ain't know, yo we got some Hollywood cake
We can slice Mrs. Meyer

Even got some twins that can get in
Head for head, bed for bed, it don't matter
Everything jumping off just right
And we ain't leaving till the sunlight
'Cause we undercover with our cutty buddy

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