

Harlem World

"Cut the Chase"

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(ad lib)

Look look..

[Chorus x2]

I wanna see 'em bounce (bounce)
Na na na na na na na na na
Let me see you shake (shake)
Na na na na
Just let your knees touch your face (face)
You got the time, but lady I got the place (place)
Just cut to chase (uh huh)

[First Verse]

I'm in the club (club)
Poppin bottles, man its been on since I threw up (up)
Fellas, ladies, babies, TA just show me love (love)
This for my people who knew I wasn't givin up (uh huh)
Ain't giving up (uh huh)
And for my ladies (ladies)
Independent, hair all weaved up and actin' shady
(shady)
Yeah you look good, but momma how you tryin to play
me
(play me)
I ain't gonna sweat you boo it's on to the next lady
(uh huh)
Uh uh.. next lady (uh huh)
She all sweaty (sweaty)
Might sound bogus to some of ya'll but dawg she ready
(ready)
To get get cut down by Suella like a machete ('chete)
Bought her a drink, so ya'll I really hope she lick
(uh huh)
Uh uh.. she lick (uh huh)
But now I ain't worried (worried)
With Pretty Willie she ate the flow it a hurry (hurry)

She see the ice that resembled them snow flurries
(flurries)
I'm just gonna hop and the ride and peel out

Tell all the rest of them 'rillas to chill out
Head to the house and dig her out!

[Chorus x2]

[Second Verse]

Next spot (spot)

Same story, women bouncing and getting hot (hot)

All up on my jock, but I cant stop

So I just drop a hundred dollars on the bar

Not thinking, got a bottle of Corona

So all my niggas start drinkin!

Now it's on (on)

Bet they all think somebody's chicken comin home
(home)

Pretty Willie ain't never goin home alone ('lone)

And it's a shame because they know

There's one thing or two that a brother can do is try
his best to keep shows

Now let's ride (ride)

I'm locally known, nationally recognized ('nized)

All you fake ass players I despise ('spise)

I got my game from Willie J

Old school, '73 big paper in erylthing!

[Chorus x2]

[Third Verse]

There I go, there I go, there I there I go (there I
go)

Do what I gotta do just to let em know (let em know)

I don't care what you doin, you better hit the floor
(hit the floor)

Hit the floor, hit the floor

I'm blowin up like gas prices (prices)

You wouldn't believe how many haters don't like this
(like this)

But I don't care long as my people keep bouncing
(bouncing)

I'm Pretty Willie - king poppa of this rap shit! (this
rap shit)

[Chorus x4]

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