

## Jim Jones

### "Cut Throat"

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Hustlenomics, eh Joc, what up nigga?  
A nigga quick produced this shit? Hell yeah  
Shit crazy, homie

My niggas cut throat, my niggas cut throat  
I got some killers on the East and the West Coast  
Them braids on your head, get up hoe  
Uh, get up hoe, uh, get up hoe

My niggas cut throat, my niggas cut throat  
I got some killers on the East and the West Coast  
They whip game real good, they got the best doe  
Uh, get up hoe, uh, get up hoe

I'm coming straight for your neck, dawg  
Razor blade hecklered and cocked  
In California, niggas, back on the block  
I'm from Compton, motherfucker, the city of Gs  
We ain't got pretty bitches but we got plenty of these

All my niggas cut throat, gang bang and cut throat  
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  
[Incomprehensible]

I was 16 then, little nigga inspired  
Now me and Joc ridin', homie, put that on the wire  
If hip hop was a building I'd set it on fire  
And leave everybody to burn except Mya

Now, fuck you, bitch  
I rescue all my niggas first, then let em' fuck you, bitch  
On the East Coast, them niggas say I'm dumb hot  
And when I'm in the South you can just ask Yung Joc

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Eh, I know some edge hangers zonin' till they reach the  
course  
Yeah, they head banging for less than a brick or so  
Well acquainted with fiends and even dope addicts  
My niggas work the triple beams and they dope at it

Hey, nigga, you don't want no static  
Holes throw your chest, hard to breathe, like  
asthmatics  
Just like Big, tell them niggas, 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 Ds, hundred fifty packs  
I fuck with real Gs like the Diplomats

When I'm in Cali, nigga, we blow incense  
Call my nigga Cavi to smoke away my stress  
The only coats you'll see, locs and Dickie suits or  
moguls  
Chirp my nigga JT Lo in the booths, it's over

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Yeah, now shouts to Yung Joc, another one to block  
You can meet me in the hood, the engine runnin' on my  
drop  
And we was just runnin' from the cops  
Cookin' coco coco with the stove or two wonders with  
the pots

I started as a pumper on the block  
Either you slang crack rock or you had that wicked  
jump shot  
Either or, there was no in between  
It was either be poor or move coke to the fiends

20 it would cost, I was hopin' 19  
[Incomprehensible] I indulged the team  
Amongst the murders and plus the burglars  
The fly willie niggas when they start swerving up

In them fly rides niggas like the high side  
Till they go slippin' and you catch 'em from the blind  
side  
Tap the glass and you give it to them 9 times  
He owes some cash but he didn't meet the timer

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