

Pastor Troy Feat. Ms. Jade "Are We Cuttin'"

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Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl
Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl
Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl
Ha-ha, ha-ha [Incomprehensible]

Ooh, baby what's your name?
Ooh, are you wearin' Bugle Boy jeans?
(Hell no)
Ooh, I heard you was from Atlanta
Ooh, but baby please excuse my manners, I just wanna
know

Are we cuttin', are we cuttin', are we cuttin'
Ooh, hell yeah, hell, hell yeah
Ooh, she won't see tomorrow, if I don't cut tonight

Yeah, Friday night, yeah
Yeah, ballin' holmes, yeah
Got a nigga smellin' fresh as a rose
Grab my kicks and tuck my clothes, 'cause y'all

Sharp as a knife, and this is the life
Pastor, ya tell me how ya love that?
Let a nigga see that pussy crack
Where you at?

The dance flo' that's my shit, yeah
Baby girl let ya hair down
Show a nigga what you workin' wit
Twerkin' wit

I am low-key
You don't wanna leave? C'mon baby
You don't wanna go back to the suite, c'mon
Let you caress my feet, huh now what you wanna know?

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Off the chain
Damn, damn boo
Where ya been all my lifetime?
Let me fuck ya 'til the sun shine, uh huh

What I do?
Mind my biz
No, I can't take ya home wit me
Baby girl, it is what it is, show biz

Saturday morn'
Damn, damn I'm weak
Knew whassup when you came to the room
Talkin' about gettin' some sleep

She's the, the-truth
Shorty got loose
Sorry, but all I needed
Was a pretty red substitute

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What you talkin'?
I, bring heat when it's hawkin'
'Cause I can't stand a man that don't understand
I'm weighing kilos and grams the bitch wit the upper-
hand

I'm, 'bout to kill it, you, dealin' wit the realest
Fuck the strawberry's and chocolate
Hennessey and a condom, say they kissin' and grindin'
It's all about the timin'

I, really like vice-versa
But, tonight's much worser, and um
Philly chick you only travel wit for best of men
Hand me out Atlanta just to see you in your belt and

Timb's

Pastor Troy, won't you just pass the boy
In a, split second I'm answerin' all questions
You dummies are still confessin' how money make you
undress
And so tell me

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