

Mike Gordon**"Cuttin'"**

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[Mike Jones]

Mike Jones!! Who? Mike Jones!! Who? Mike Jones,
Jones!!

My album, "Who is Mike Jones?"

My album, "Who is Mike Jones?"

[Intro: samples and scratching]

"Swishahouse we cuttin the finest, two ladies on the
covers now"

"Swishahouse we cuttin the finest, two ladies on the
covers now"

"Swishahouse we cuttin the finest, two ladies on the
covers now"

"Swishahouse we cuttin the finest, two ladies on the
covers now"

[Mike Jones]

I keep that purple stuff, in my cup, diamonds shine
from princess cuts

I stay on the grind, stackin bucks, I'ma major now fin' to
fuck it up

Twenty-fo's when I roll up, purple drink gon' po' it up
Find a block then sew it up, you claim a set then throw it
up

Like Lil' Jon I keep it crunk, got beef with me I'ma pop
the trunk

Like Pastor Troy I'm "Ridin' Big," to the club, blowin
skunk

I'm Mike Jones and I'm on the rise, 80 4's pokin out of
my ride

My name alone can't be denied, my name alone can't
be denied

2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo'

Hit Mike Jones up on the low cause Mike Jones about to
blow

2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo'

Hit Mike Jones up on the low cause Mike Jones about to
blow

If you don't work, you don't eat, you don't grind, you
don't shine

So the next time you come up to me and ask how I blew

put that on yo' mind
If you don't work, you don't eat, you don't grind, you
don't shine
So the next time you come up to me and ask how I blew
put that on yo' mind

[Chorus 2X: samples]

"You got drank, well po' it up; you claim a set then
throw it up"
"You got drank, well po' it up; you claim a set then
throw it up"
"You got drank, well po' it up; you claim a set then
throw it up"
"You got dank let's blow it up, when my album stop I'ma
slow it up"

[Mike Jones]

You know me, I'm 'bout that paper, no time to deal with
haters
Screens fall in Navigators cause Mike Jones a paper
chaser
I hater I will erase if he come trippin to my face
Back then look in my do' I was flippin yapes for the
papes
I swang from lane to lane with one hand on the
woodgrain
The other hand on my cup, sippin that purple stuff
H-Town Houston Texas we jam music screwed up
You better throw your shades on when I show my
princess cuts
Cause I - used to hustle hard on my block, laws got hot
so I shook the spot
Started rappin to stack a knot, 7 months later name got
hot
Now I'm fin' to take it to the top I'ma run this shit when
my album drop
So all you haters hatin on me, thanks a lot y'all helped
me out

[Chorus]

[Mike Jones]

I come through on all 4's, Cartier tic-tac-toe
Candy red with the butter flows I got friends but mainly
foes
I got candy color on butter non-stoppers I call 'em
cutters
From 12 to 12 I'm a hustler that came up, from a
struggle
I hustle from noon to night, when I step in a room you
see ice

I'm on my grind puttin it down so I can live my life right
I stay on the scene, lookin clean, 24's roll while I'm
droppin screens
Befo' I got a major deal I was underground stackin
green

[Chorus]

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