

Yung Joc "Cut Throat"

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(feat. The Game, Jim Jones, Block)

[Intro:]

[Deep Voice:] Hustlenomics

[The Game:] eh joc

[Yung Joc:] wud up nigga?

[The Game:] a nigga quick produced this shit?

[Yung Joc:] Hell yeah

[The Game:] shit crazy homie

[Hook:]

My niggas cut throat My niggas cut throat

I got some killas on the east and the west coast

Dem 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 killas on the east and the west coast

They whip game real good, they got the best tho

Uh get up hoe, uh get up hoe

[The Game:]

I'm coming straight for your neck dawg,

Razor blade hecklered and cocked,

In California niggas back on the block,

I'm from Compton muthafucka, 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 man even Puff know

We ain't mad about Pac, we know who did it

We just mad that him and Big got crossed in nine
senses

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 (haha)

Nah, fuck you bitch, I rescue all my niggas first and 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

[Hook:]

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My niggas cut throat My niggas cut throat
I got some killas on the east and the west coast
They whip game real good, they got the best tho
Uh get up hoe, uh get up hoe

[Yung Joc:]

Eh, I know some edgehangers, zonin till they reach the
course

Ya dey 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 um over the bridge
When I'm on the east, I'm ballin' wit that Jimmy cat
(ballin!)

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
molguls
Chirp my nigga JTLo in the booths it's ova

[Hook:]

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[Jim Jones:]

(Jones! Jackal!)
Now shouts to Yung Joc (its poppin)
Another one to block (its good)
You can meet me in the hood the engine runnin on my
drop (Ferrari shit)
And we was just runnin from the cops (yeah)
Cookin coco coco wit the stove or two wonders with the
pots (Chef boy R' Jim)
I started as a pumper on tha block, (uh huh)

Either you slang crack rock or you had that wicked
jump shot (swish)
Either or, there was no inbetween, (no)
It was either be poor or move coke to the fiends (get
money)
20 it would cost, I was hopin 19 (give it to me cheaper)
Tachiney valaws (?) I indulging the team (I was fly)
Amongst the murders and plus the burglars (Who
else?)
The fly willie niggas when they start swerving up (and
what)
In them fly rides, niggas like the high side, (flossin')
till they go slippin and you catch em' from the blind
side (get outta that ride)
Tap the glass and you give it to them 9 times (pow pow)
He owes some cash but he didn't meet the timer (D O L)

[Hook:]

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[Outro:]

[Block:] y'all know who I be?

[The Game:] haha who you be nigga?

[Block:] Cut throat masta numba 1 nigga, it's your boy
big block nigga, and I ride with cut
throat niggas, muthafucka we got richie lewis in the
house, cutthroat man, cutthroat nigga,
thuggin piece of my nigga, free my muthafuckin dawg
man, and last but not least nigga, I'm
leadin the new south, haha, we ride sideways in the
muthafuckin chevy nigga, ya we up to no
good, cut throat baby.

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