

Slaughterhouse "Cut You Loose"

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"You're no good I have to cut you looooooose, you
looooooose"
[repeat in background]

[Royce Da 5'9"]
Woo! Hello hip-hop, goodbye music

It's like a love-hate relationship
Ridin in the Ferrari while takin trips
Compared to beer takin sips
Sittin somewhere in a Camaro with racin strips
Either way you embrace it
Can't no amount of money or lady replace it
And after all this rhymin
If I refer to you as a girl niggaz'd call this Common
... I'm through as a fan
No disrespect to music, I'm talkin to you as a man
How the FUCK is you flossin a Benz?
Listenin to this nigga Rick Ross dissin Em
Jim Jones dissin Jay
This rap shit done gone a different way (that's right)
I know my lawyers play the lies game
It's okay for Soulja Boy to say Nas' name
Nothin but +Ludacris+ answers
The game backwards like dancers
shootin on the same dancefloor you grew up and
answer
to them shooters, now them shooters is dancin
... FUCK you too!
You corny so I gotta cut you loose
I looked in my book of rhymes, took the sign
I swear I heard a few of my nigga Crooked lines

[Crooked I]
I got these A&R's heart racin
Got 'em in fear of me sonnin they flagship artists for
spittin {?}
This is bar raisin
I'm raisin the bar so far tryin to look at it's equivalent to
star gazin
Think I'd rather be waterboardin - you feel me?
Than to listen to what y'all recordin - for real G

Hell naw, I will not support it
Rather switch places with the child mom's aborted - kill
me
My skills be on point like a flyin dart
Sometimes I feel like the messiah of a dyin art
A whole 'nother animal, not the kind that departed on
the giant ark
But a vulture with a lion heart
I eloquently breathe fire
I speak for the Eastsiders like I got a Long Beach
speech writer
And I could teach riders how to do they thang
So they won't ruin the game for comin off lame
We could be birds of a feather, what does it mean?
Think about it, that mean I put you under my wing
Or I'ma leave this hip-hop thing to all you wack dudes
Cut you loose (you're no good I have to) cut you loose
Call me a hater when I'm tellin the truth - expect it
SoundScan is unveilin the proof - respect it
Here's somethin you could NEVER dispute
The last time I spit a rhyme the roof fell in the booth - I
wreck shit

[Joell Ortiz]

Man I feel ruined inside
Somebody tell me what to do, I'm a guy
that loves music but I am truly through with the vibe
Sometimes I wish it was dead, rather than look this
stupid alive (word)
I found out I been persuin a lie
It's nothin like, what I thought, man the proof's in the
pie
Cause ain't no puddin in the hood when niggaz shoot to
survive
But what's my single? Ask dude in the suit and a tie
Who stole the whip? Man I'm losin my drive
I 'member when singles used to have cuts on it
Nowadays the rewind button got mad dust on it
Can't bring it back if it's wack, when they come back
then it's crack
I'm FIENDIN for somethin good so I can puff on it
Y'all don't even give me a buzz
I can't enjoy a glass of beer if it's really just suds
Nothin there but the air in y'all heads
Man I'm fed dawg, I had it up to HERE (done!)
I'm cuttin you loose, fuckin abuse
I can't believe they in your talks when you discussin the
truth
These dudes suck and they bad liars
This is not what I expected when I was 11 steppin up in
rap cyphers

(What's goin on?) I thought you had to be mad nice
But apparently you could be trash as long as you look
good and have ice
I ain't complainin, I'm just sayin though
There's no reason a musician should wanna watch a
television
instead of be listenin to the radio
I'm cuttin you loose

[Joe Budden]

Look, I used to dream of just bein wit'chu
Woulda probably gave whatever to be seen wit'chu
On the block on the scene wit'chu
And the most beautiful thing wit'chu
is we shared the same passion and I could get cream
wit'chu
Not a qualm, not a problem, not a single issue
Then we started arguin, havin single issues
Somethin's off nowadays, you don't seem official
SO! {"You're no good I have to cut you loooooose"}
I see you with them other artists and it's sickenin
E'rything's changed since we parted, you been
different
Do whatever for bread boo when you started trickin
For real though {"You're no good I have to cut you
loooooose"}
How you could thug me?
If I can't be me when I'm wit'chu, tell me how could you
love me?
(How you) Get so ugly - eat it, beat it, treat it better than
niggaz
so you still be dyin to fuck me, baby don't interrupt me!
Ain't complete tryin to compete but you judge me
What you really think of me, you disgust me
I 12-step my addict itch
So Method Man, you could have that bitch
But now she got neighbors against me, still her favorite
MC
I just hit her hard and she got papers against me
It's cool; I get up wit'chu later if meant be
Just text them old heads, tell 'em mate with they
memories

"You're no good I have to cut you loooooose, you
loooooose"
[repeat to fade]

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