

Jaheim & Terry Dexter

"Cut 'Em Up"

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Yeah, I took this boy to number on the 2 Billboard
He got the nerve to get on the radio and diss Raheem
Man!!!

[Hook]
Cut 'em up Rah (Part 2)
Cut his ass up (Come on)
Repeat 3x's

[Verse 1]
Uh, first time I met this hoe (Come on)
He was broke as fuck (Whooo)
Walkin' down Godby Road havin' bad luck (Um-um-um)
He forgot y'all (What's that?)
Where he came from (Okay)
Before I put his fuckin' record out, he was a fuckin'
bumb (Ha-ha-ha)
2 jean outfits and some Reeboks (That's it?!)
Claimin' that he sold the whole Godby Road rocks (Hell
naw!)
I had my house before him (Uh-huh)
I had my car before him (Uh-huh)
"That's that boy Raheem blew up"
That's how y'all know him

Hook

[Verse 2]
At first he wanted to be Tupac, and then Pastor Troy
"OKAY, UH-HUH!!", you little bastard boy (Whooo)
Diss me on the radio (Uhh)
That's a no-no (That's right)
He must don't know me, he better ask Kilo (Ha-ha)
I gave that boy his name (Uh-huh)
I gave that boy his fame (You right)
How the hell you diss the man that put you in the
game? (Um-um-um)
I gave him a 300 Lexus and an apartment y'all
That's my jewelry on his fuckin' album cover y'all
(Damn)
He can't even spell

Remember what he said? (What did he say?)
Somethin' like "M-I, M-I, M-I-L-I-K?!"

Hook

[Verse 3]

Okay, one hit wonder (Ooooh)
Left, Right, Left (1,2,3)
I kicked him off Tight 4 Life cause he wasn't Tight 2 Def
(Ooooh)
He got 2 faces (What?)
He ain't loyal man (Okay)
We broke bread with this nigga, he say we ain't pay him
(Damn)
I know about ya braidin' niggaz hair in jail man (Say
what?)
What kinda shit is that?
What the fuck you thinkin' man? (Ha-ha-ha-ha)
He say I ain't pay him nothin', yeah right trick
Not tryin' to hear that shit
Tell the IRS that shit (Ooooh)
I keep it tight-tight
I stay down for mine
Check yo mailbox for yo \$10.99 (Ha-ha-ha)

Hook

[Verse 4]

Uh, I opened these doors up (Right)
He opened my shows up (That's right)
He got the nerve to walk around with his nose up
(What)
He traded the Lex for a 6-4, dumb hoe (No he didn't)
He coulda paid 5 grande for that shit bro (Ah-ha-ha-ha)
Outta respect for me (Okay)
These niggaz didn't diss you
But now you ain't with me
These niggaz gon' get you (Ha-ha-ha)
You wanna fit my shoes but they too big for ya (Um-
hum)
Number one bad boy from Atlanta, Georgia

[Hook 2]

Cut 'em up Rah (Part 2)
I'm a vet at this
Cut 'em up Rah (Part 2)
Cause I'm the best at this
Cut 'em up Rah (Part 2)
I'm a vet at this
Cut 'em up Rah (Part 2)
Cause I'm the best at this

Cut 'em up Rah (Part 2)
You don't want none boy
Cut 'em up Rah (Part 2)
We play with big boy toys
Cut 'em up Rah
Cut his ass up
Cut 'em up Rah
Cut his ass up
Cut 'em up Rah
Cut his ass up
Cut 'em up Rah
Cut his ass up

[Raheem talkin']

Look man, ain't no motherfuckin' body
ever heard of no damn Drama before Raheem blew
him up
He ain't paid no dues, hand out no flyers,
put up no posters, work these streets
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
How you gon' get on the motherfuckin' radio and diss
Raheem
who brought you to this motherfuckin' game when you
was nothin'?
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
And that motherfuckin' gold-diggin' ass, dick-suckin'
ass
paralegal wannabe ass attorney ain't doin' nothin'
but fuckin' yo career up boy
Ya understand?
With her old ass hands and toes

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