

Trik Turner

"Some Cut"

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(Feat. Cutty)

[Chorus: Dirty Mouth & (Cutty)]

What it is yo, ah what's up (what's up)
Can a playa come across some luck (Some luck)
Crank you up like you ain't been, been (Ohh no)
Show us all how to really catch up (oh yeah yeah)
Well give me you number and I'll call (I'll call)
And I'll follow that thang in the mall (in the mall)
Take you home, so we can do it all (do it all)
While I'm beatin and tearin down your walls (oh yeah)

[Verse 1: Dirty Mouth]

This your boy Mr. Funkadelic, what's the business baby
I've been eyeing you all day in the mall miss lady
You looking good,
I think I seen your face in the hood
With your friends dressed up, trying to front if you
could
But anyway, gone and drop a number or something
So I can call you later on, on your phone or something
Take you home, and maybe we could make love or
something
It's no limits to what we do, cause tonight we bumpin,
and busting
I'm thinking in your mind something viscious
With your legs to the ceiling, catch a homie someting
serious
You delirious, or might I say you look so delicious
With your pretty brown skin, like I'm enjoying your
kisses
And you ah certified love doctor
Number one staller that make it in the alright and won't
holler
Bend you over and I'll follow you straight to the room
Where it goes down lovely in the Leagon of Doom

[Chorus: Dirty Mouth & (Cutty)]

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[Verse 2: L.A.]

Girl, you know the deal before a playin even stepped
Damn that face hot, seems like it's gone melt
You know I give it to you til you run out of breathe
Then bust a bust all over yourself
The first time I called, you were trippin in da halls
In and out of the halls, I was gettin crunk, made ya fall
Had ya self breaking laws for a player was the cause
And every time you seen a G you was slipping down the
halls, I recall
I met your face at the mall, in the fall
You the one with the dress on, let me take you home
Show your self how to get crunk, up in the what?
Get you crunk like you ain't Been Crunk
From the back (back) then to the side (side) to the front
Turn around, you got me right
I smack them thighs, anyway that you want me
So gone see about a pimp and that monkey
And that's fo' sho'

[Chorus: Dirty Mouth & (Cutty)]

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[Verse 3: Don peezy]

What's the buiseness baby, Let's do it all!
I like the way your hands bring it back don't stall
Cause you the one, a playa met at south dekalb mall
With your pretty brown skin, thick thighs and all
135 petite, and your smell is unique
Maybe we can exchange numbers and hook up in the
week
Oh, you a freak, I knew it from the first time I saw you
The way you played with your boodie, I knew right then
I would call you
So what it is, they call me Super Don from the ville
And I'ma tell you like this, cause a playa so real, and
stay trill
Cause all I wanna do is just chill,

With that thang in the air, and the killa I kill
And I feel, you love to do it up on a hill
Take every thing that crunk, because you know how I
feel
So just chill, and shut your mouth just for a Minute
While I lay on ya back and I think I will feel it

[Chorus: Dirty Mouth & (Cutty)]
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