

Trillville "Some Cut lyrics"

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[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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