

Pastor Troy F/ Ms. Jade

"Are We Cuttin"

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[Intro: Pastor Troy]

Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl

Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl

Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl

Ha-ha, ha-ha

[Chorus]

[PT:] Oooooooh

[Jade:] Baby what' your name?

[PT:] Oooooooh

[Jade:] Are you wearin Bugle Boy jeans?

[PT:] (Hell naw!) Oooooooh

[Jade:] I heard you was from Atlanta

[PT:] Oooooooh

[Jade:] But baby please excuse my manners, I just
wanna know

Are we cuttin'?!
Are we cuttin'?!
Are we cuttin'?!
[PT::] Oooooooh
Hell yea, yeah yeah yea
Oooooooh
She won't see tomorrow, if I don't cut tonight

[Verse 1 - Pastor Troy]

Yeah, Friday night (yeah)

Yeah, ballin' holmes (yeah)

Got a nigga smellin' fresh as a rose

Grab my kicks and tuck my clothes (cause y'all!)

There's a knife, and this is the life

Pastorrr, ya take me how ya love that?

Let a nigga see that pussy crack, where you at? (uh)

The dance flo' (yeah) that's my shit (yeah)

Baby girl let ya hair down

Show a nigga what you workin' wit, twurkin' wit

I ammm low-key

You don't wanna leave? (c'mon baby)

You don't wanna go back to the sweet (c'mon)

Let you caress my feet, huh

Now what you wanna know?

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Pastor Troy]

Off the chain!

Damn! Damn boo

Where ya been all my lifetime?

Let me fuck ya 'till the sun shine (uh huh) uh huh (uh huh)

What I do? (whoaa) Mind my bizz

No I can't take ya home wit me

Baby girl, it is what it is

Saturday morn' (damn!) damn I'm weak

Knew wassup when you came to the room

Talkin' about getting' some free chee-ba!

The-truth, Charline got loose

Sorry, but all I needed was a pretty red substitute

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Ms. Jade]

What you talkin'?

I, bring heat when it's hawkin

Cause I, can't stand a man that don't understand

I'm weighing kilos and grams the bitch wit the upper-hand

I'm, 'bout to kill it; you, dealin' wit the realest

Fuck the strawberry's and chocolate (ohh)

hHnnessy in the convents, say they kissin' and grindin'

It's all about the timin'; I, really like vice-versa

But, tonight's much worsas', and um

Philly chick you only travel wit for best of men

Hand me out Atlanta just to see you in your belt and

Timb's

Pastor Troy, won't you just pass the boy

In a, split second I'm answerin' all questions

You dummies are still convinced how money make you undress

And so tell me

[Chorus] (2x) to fade

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