

# Cut It (feat. Young Dolph) [James Hype Remix]

## O.T. Genesis

Cut it, cut it, cut it, cut it  
Cut it, cut it, cut it, cut it  
Them bricks is way too hot, you need to cut it  
Your price is way too high, you need to cut it  
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Them bricks is way too hot, you need to cut it  
Your price is way too high, you need to cut it  
Run up them bands on the regular  
Hittin' my plug on the celly, yeah  
Tell my ex bitch that I'm sorry  
I'm a skate off in the 'Rari  
Keep 36 by my side  
I'm a go bake me a pie  
Keep 45 on my side  
Fuck with my niggas, you die  
All of my niggas say blood  
All of my niggas say cuh  
OT, I found me a plug  
I got it straight out the mud  
Keep it a hundred, no budge  
I fell in love with the drugs  
Bustin' it down in the tub  
Pay me my money in dubs  
Water whippin', lookin' like I'm fishin'  
Baseball in kitchen, with my arm I'm pitchin'  
Rolie on, it's glistenin', now my doner kissin'  
Niggas steady trippin' so I'm steady grippin'  
Dirty money on me, got a scale up on me  
I don't fuck with phony, 'bout to sell a pony  
All these niggas on me, all these bitches on me  
Say my price is good, motherfucker, show me  
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Went and bought a 911 with my trap money  
A million up but still ain't never touch my rap money  
I'm out in LA fuckin' with that boy OT  
Flew to LA, got a plug on that OG

You know I've been gettin' money if you know me  
When I first met my plug, I tote my pistol, hundred Gs  
I ain't comin' to get it unless you got a hundred piece  
I don't want it, fuck it, your price, you need to cut it  
Your ice, you need to tuck it, she fuck with me, she lucky  
A half a million, all 20s in that Gucci luggage  
Let's skip the small talk, it's time to talk numbers  
Young nigga playin' with commas, might go get a Lamb for the summer  
I've been outchea in these streets all my life hustlin'  
My nigga beefin' then I'm beefin', wrong or right I'm bustin'  
My traphouse, I love it  
Put some Forces on my old school and I had to cut it  
But should I put a roof in?  
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