

Cuttin Up

Caleb Gordon

2000, E-S-T
Well, you know that
Why you, why you even ask?
Ayy

Had to give 'em somethin' they could dance to
DJ let it play and they gon' cut up like the sample
Gave you boys time, it was ample
Now my hands full carryin' the mantle

Ha, top of that, on the mantle
A&R's tell me, "Holler back," like I plan to
Had to get it out the mud, out the sand too
And I ain't gotta wait 'til whenever I get the chance to
I don't want you lil' advance, boy, advance who?
I just caught my second crib, it was bands too
I could drop a hit poolside, get a tan too
Cool guy, I don't lie, I let it ten too
Plus, I got the driven like it's ten, two
Make your top five, check the clock, like it's ten too
Rappers braggin' 'bout the women that they ran through
Me, I'm just beatin' down your block like a vandal
Let me get the mic', I'ma talk to 'em
Superman bars, if it's walls, I'ma walk through 'em
Jesus was a teacher and the people steady flock to 'em
I'm a leader 'cause I'm doin' what they not doin'

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I ain't got the time to worry 'bout another man
This fight is spiritual, I'm 'bout to make them understand
We ain't never gon' let the devil get the upper hand
He got boys thinkin' that they men 'cause the gun in hand
The King tell me, "Bring the Palace," like the bucket in
For my dogs 'cause they going 'round like a ceiling fan
Won't do horoscope, no, I don't need you to read my hand
If I wanna know, I pray to God, don't need a middle man
Why would I speak to you if I could just go talk to Him?
Why would I play wit' you when I could just go to the gym?
Why would I lay wit' you? I'm Joseph, I would run away
I got my wifey with me now, don't need another bae
Go to Chile, he my barber, get the freshest fade
When I look good, I feel good, I have a better day
This that livin' water, ain't no Gatorade
Iron sharpen iron, so your dogs be the sharpest blade
I'm throwin' heat, that's the script, I feel like Sacha Page
How you gon' let the Spirit leave when you full of rage?
The old me read Luke and put him in a cage
Devil tryna hoop, this ain't Duke, we gon' end the game
I'm at church with no suit, this ain't Men In Black

Stack denim in the Lord's house, we ain't wearin' slacks
Trinity, I brought the fours out, and they green and black
It ain't nothin' to get the J's out, He gon' give 'em back
Tryna argue in my comments, no I can't go tic for tac
When the Lord make a promise, know He ain't gon' give it back
Payin' tithe is easy when you broke, but when you got the bag
It get hard to let it go but it ain't yours to have

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