Cut U Off

Joyner Lucas

Joyner, Joyner
Yeah

I can tell they switchin' when I read the signs
Ain't too many left in my circle, had to re-design (Ayy)
I got comfortable with disappointment, so I'll be just fine (Yeah)
Rather be alone, I've been valuin' my peace of mind (Yeah, yeah)
Keep it funky, we don't need to vibe
If you hit my line and I don't answer, don't you be surprised (Yeah)
You ain't on my wave (Woah), hope that you can read between the lines (Woah)
I don't think we need no ties (Yeah), I don't—, ah
Yeah, rather not associate with suckers, we don't need no ties
Sick of niggas actin' like they motherfuckin' sneaker size
You ain't real, I knew it, you too good at playin' peek-and-hide (Yeah)
I ain't wanna do it, but I'm 'bout to be on demon time
Yeah, twin Glocks, call 'em Nina Sky
They gon' move your body, then somebody 'bout to see you die
Bitch, don't make me violent, you gon' make me show my evil side
Bitch, don't get me started 'cause you know that I'ma need to slide
Wait (Joyner), I honestly might (Woo)
I used to call you my twin, but really, the truth is we not too alike (Woo)
I used to think all that loyalty shit is as easy as ridin' a bike (Damn)
I did a lot for the same niggas who wanna kill me and drop me on sight (Sigh
t)
Yeah, I went to war with some niggas who stabbed me and threw me on top of t
he knife
That was the day that I realized as long as I'm winnin', then niggas'll plot
 on my life (Wow)
Yeah, I told myself, "Boy, you gotta just shoot when the shit hit the fan"
If I make it out then I'ma stick to the plan
And I hope that you bitches are good with the hands, I'm startin' a fight, r
ight?
And I'm on, so don't tell me when I'm off (Ayy)
That's a sacrifice, they don't tell me what it cost (Grrah)
We done grew apart and I know I'm better off (Ayy)

And you used to be my dawg, now I gotta cut you off
Cut you off, cut you off
And I know that I'll be better off
Better off, yeah (Joyner, yeah)
Fuck it, yeah, I had to cut you off (Woah)
Cut you off, cut you off
And I know that I'll be better off
'Cause I'm a boss (Ayy), the fuck you thought? (Fuck you thought?)
Ah, yeah, yeah

Bad intentions, I know that I would have put you in position
Fuckin' around with your friends, advice they put in, ain't helpin' you get
it, uh
I bought this bitch for my girl, this another Bentley
Had to cut you straight off, would've put you in it
You've been runnin' your mouth, tellin' all the business
Gotta know that ain't law, I ain't fuckin' with it
'Nother tape I put out, that's another million
She leave out, 'nother enterin' in a minute
She don't like me, I know she just want to get it
Had to kick the bitch out 'bout playin' with me

I ain't friendly, they know I ain't linkin' with 'em
Runnin' off with that sack, put it in the middle
Got like three-hundred racks in a continental
Got a thirty, jump out and I'm sprayin' with it, uh
Made me cut you off, she know that I mean it (Mean it)
I can't trust these niggas, that ain't easy, easy
Ooh, let me find out you schemin', okay, that's a good reason

But fuck it, now I gotta cut you off
Cut you off, cut you off
And I know that I'll be better off
Better off, yeah (Joyner)
Fuck it, yeah, I had to cut you off (Woah)
Cut you off, cut you off
And I know that I'll be better off
Better off, better off, yeah
Fuck it, yeah, I had to cut you off

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