

## Cut Ties

Mozzy

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Cut ties with me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You left behind for me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Cut ties with me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You left behind for me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Cut ties with me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You left behind for me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Cut ties with me, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Hey  
Check the call log, I hit you at least a hundred times  
I been on your line, tryna cuff you for the summer time  
You ain't double back 'cause they goofy, it ain't no wonder why  
Fly high, baby, from caterpillar to butterfly  
Text message lengthy, I'm simply I'm finna just summarize  
Even cotton into my candy, it's time to cut the ties  
First you tell me "Pull up", now you tellin' me "Nevermind"  
Blood put his hands on you, I was there for you every time  
Lookin' at the photo you send me, it got me mesmerized  
Like "Damn, I'm in love, quick playin' with a thug, yeah"  
I broke your heart and then you ran to that scrub  
Made adjustments in your life, went from a boss to a dub  
And the many parties that we ain't talk all these months  
It gettin' harder for me to front ma, I know you the one  
That's on bloods baby  
Yeah I'm a thug but don't forget that we made love baby  
So what it does baby?

Oh girl you better cut ties  
Yeah, you better better cut ties  
Hey girl, you better cut every line that you had in your lifetime  
Only here 'till the sun rise  
Would you cut ties for me?  
Cut ties for me now  
Would you leave it all behind for me?  
Leave it all behind for me now  
Would you leave it all behind for me?  
Leave it all behind for me

Hey, hey  
Check your call log, I hit you least a hundred times  
Seen you on Snap, seen your post about a hunnid times  
I put my face in it, I ain't stop 'till the morning time  
The next day you couldn't argue came a hundred times  
And I know you got a nigga, I know  
I, play my position, when you need me let me know  
That nigga start trippin', tell him he could come up missin'  
So many smash, got the table Jada Pinkett talk show  
You got that girl she's white like the Ku Klux  
I think I think about you now more than too much  
They you are what you eat (Yeah)  
I'm 'bout to look like you in a few months  
Ayy, buss down young nigga, buss down your wrist  
Shotgun in the air, Crenshaw nigga can't do it like this, ayy  
Ballin' with no assist, ayy, fuck around make 'em sick  
Cut ties with your history, make these

Oh girl you better cut ties  
Yeah, you better better cut ties  
Hey girl, you better cut every line that you had in your lifetime  
Only here 'till the sun rise  
Would you cut ties for me?  
Cut ties for me now  
Would you leave it all behind for me?  
Leave it all behind for me now  
Would you leave it all behind for me?  
Leave it all behind for me

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Cut ties with me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You left behind for me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Cut ties with me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You left behind for me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Cut ties with me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You left behind for me, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Cut ties with me, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Cut ties for me?  
Cut ties for me now  
Would you leave it all behind for me?  
Leave it all behind for me now  
Would you cut ties for me?  
Cut ties for me now  
Would you leave it all behind for me?  
Leave it all behind for me now