

# My Cut's Correct

UTFO

(This is far out)  
Drop it  
Yeah  
Dissin' all you Robidog deejays that suck  
And I ain't gotta call no names

My name is Mixmaster, battle me if you're able  
But for now I'm just chillin' and yo, I stay stable  
One day I react and then it's slow like radiation  
'Cause suckers bite my cuts, they keep tracin'  
Me, fraudulatin', then pretend to be the best  
I got hands like bombs and they inflict death  
My complexion is cream, my ego won't break  
And I don't get conceited to the point where my head inflates  
So if you want to battle me, don't get sloppy  
Cause when I start cuttin' yo, you better stop me

(Wack DJ's, he cut the mess out of you)

It's somethin' about my tactic that makes my scratch kick  
A lotta disc jockeys bluff but I react quick  
Stay nimble, win battles by landslides  
Can do a cut better than you with my hands tied  
Behind my back, so hold your breath in  
I'm expellin' a rhyme within a fraction of a second  
Jack of all trades, so label me a veteran  
You know my crew by the UTFO lettering  
My voice box interlocks on any intercom  
I only cut to build the biceps on my arm  
My name is Mixmaster, deejays be aware  
Because I treat my turntables like car ware  
And if you want to battle me from lack of respect  
Ts.. balls - my cut is correct

The M-I-X has a quick reflex  
It's like a hologram picture, the plot on the set  
I'm not a misfit and yo my cuts get better  
Label me awesome, the critics all sever  
Me from a amateuristic opponent  
You want to battle me? Ha-ha, postpone it!  
You can't make what I innovate  
The indicator will break if you record me on tape  
And yo, I get with it, keep the needle on the pivot  
Leader of the Pack, this title I fit it  
Jack of all trades but cuttin' is my hobby  
So listen to the property, the structure and the body  
And if you want to battle me from lack of respect  
Ha balls, my cut is correct

I can take a record apart, then put it back together  
I'm clever never, ever  
Lost to any cause, cause it's vital  
Practiced and rehearsed to keep this title  
I won't be categorized as mediocre  
Temper with your psyche and then provoke ya  
Runnin' off your mouth and talkin' crap to me  
Is like puttin' your dome between a guillotine

It's been that way since block partyin'  
I mesmerize your mind, then work your body and  
No time for profilin' or ladi-dadi-in  
This was predetermined since kindergartian  
I'll put my twelve's in a museum  
So fools like you will pay to come see em  
And if you want to battle me from lack of respect  
Balls, baby, my cut is correct

My cut is correct  
I guess I'm gonna have to just  
(Sign em up, s-s-sign em up)  
Yeah  
(Sign em up, sign em up, sign em up)  
(Sign em up, s-s-sign em up, sign em up)  
Sign em all up like children  
(Sign em up, s-s-sign em up  
Sign em up, sign em up, sign em up  
Sign em up, s-s-sign em up, sign em up)

Yeah, Morse code scratch in effect  
UTFO style  
East Flatbush rock on!