

Are We Cuttin' (feat. Ms. Jade)

Pastor Troy

Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl
Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl
Ha-ha, ha-ha, come here girl
Ha-ha, ha-haPT Ooooooooooh
Jade Baby what' your name?
PT Ooooooooooh
Jade Are you wearin Bugle Boy jeans?
PT (Hell naw!) Ooooooooooh
Jade I heard you was from Atlanta
PT Ooooooooooh
Jade But baby please excuse my manners, I just wanna know
Are we cuttin'?
Are we cuttin'?
Are we cuttin'?
PT Ooooooooooh
Hell yea, yeah yeah yea
Ooooooooooh
She won't see tomorrow, if I don't cut tonight
Yeah, Friday night (yeah)
Yeah, ballin' holmes (yeah)
Got a nigga smellin' fresh as a rose
Grab my kicks and tuck my clothes (cause y'all!)
There's a knife, and this is the life
Pastorrr, ya take me how ya love that?
Let a nigga see that pussy crack, where you at? (uh)
The dance flo' (yeah) that's my shit (yeah)
Baby girl let ya hair down
Show a nigga what you workin' wit, twurkin' wit
I ammm low-key
You don't wanna leave? (c'mon baby)
You don't wanna go back to the sweet (c'mon)
Let you caress my feet, huh
Now what you wanna know?
PT Ooooooooooh
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 She won't see tomorrow, if I don't cut tonightOff the chain
 Damn! Damn boo
 Where ya been all my lifetime?
 Let me fuck ya? till the sun shine (uh huh) uh huh (uh huh)
 What I do? (whoaa) Mind my bizz
 No I can't take ya home wit me
 Baby girl, it is what it is
 Saturday morn' (damn!) damn I'm weak
 Knew wassup when you came to the room
 Talkin' about getting' some free chee-ba
 The-truth, Charline got loose
 Sorry, but all I needed was a pretty red substitutePT Ooooooooooh
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 She won't see tomorrow, if I don't cut tonightWhat you talkin'?
 I, bring heat when it's hawkin
 Cause I, can't stand a man that don't understand
 I'm weighing kilos and grams the bitch wit the upper-hand
 I'm,? bout to kill ityou, dealin' wit the realest
 Fuck the strawberry's and chocolate (ohh)
 HHnnessy in the convents, say they kissin' and grindin'
 It's all about the timin'I, really like vice-versa
 But, tonight's much worsa', and um
 Philly chick you only travel wit for best of men
 Hand me out Atlanta just to see you in your belt and Timb's
 Pastor Troy, won't you just pass the boy
 In a, split second I'm answerin' all questions
 You dummies are still convinced how money make you undress
 And so tell mePT Ooooooooooh
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