## Pastor Troy, Are We Cuttin' (Remix)

[Pastor Troy] (NORE) Ha, yo, Pete Troy in the house Yo, uh, Nore in the house, yo Pete Troy in the house, keep doin' it, yo Grimey in the house, yo, super thug in the house, yo Uh, Pete troy in the house (let's get to it), yeah

[Pastor Troy] (Unknown Female) Ohh (baby what's your name), N-O, N-O, N-O Ohh (are you wearing Bugle Boy jeans), hell naw Ohh (I heard you was from Atlanta), yo, Pete Troy in the house Ohh (but baby please excuse my manners, I just wanna know), yeah (Are we cuttin'), hell yeah, (are we cuttin'), hell yeah (Are we cuttin'), ohh, hell yeah, he-he-hell yeah, ohh See won't see tomorrow if I don't cut tonight

You see me lean to the right Reppin' New York City and gettin' cream all night I got the guns that you like And I'm scuba-diving bitches till their clothes so tight And if I'm on your joint you properly selected I never been stupid, ? record game Been a rapper, rap a hoe But I will wrap you up, rap me though, oh Never see me drinking cristal, oh Only see me cuttin' ?, oh Or drinkin' ? can of juice, Santana boots See me in Atlanta with the bandana loose Damn, niggaz still doubt my name Like ? and ? ain't the best at game I told shorty, bitch, is we cuttin' or what Cause you can get the fuck out this truck, get out, out

[Pastor Troy] (Unknown Female) (Baby what's your name) Ohh (are you wearing Bugle Boy jeans), hell naw Ohh (I heard you was from Atlanta) Ohh (but baby please excuse my manners, I just wanna know) (Are we cuttin', are we cuttin'), P-T and Nore baby (Are we cuttin'), ohh, hell yeah, he-he-hell yeah, ohh See won't see tomorrow if I don't cut tonight

[Pastor Troy] Yeah, Friday night, yeah, ballin' homes, yeah Got me chillin' in the six on dub Back of the club with all my cuz, fly In the plane, and this is the game, Pastor Yeah baby, it's more room in the truck P-T and Nore, wh-wha-wh-wha-what You stuck up, I put my bottle in the sky You too cute for your mouth, ? Haha, hahaha, hahaha, I'm just trippin', trippin' But the mood is, how we clippin' Sippin' champagne till her nippled got hard And I'm sittin' there like oh my god Let a nigga know somethin' Cause you know I'm tryna cut somethin', aha Pete Troy

[Pastor Troy] (Unknown Female) Ohh (baby what's your name) Ohh (are you wearing Bugle Boy jeans), hell naw Ohh (I heard you was from Atlanta), aha Ohh (but baby please excuse my manners, I just wanna know) (Are we cuttin', are we cuttin') (Are we cuttin'), ohh, hell yeah, he-he-hell yeah, ohh See won't see tomorrow if I don't cut tonight

[Ms. Jade]

What 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 with the upper-hand I'm bout to kill it, you dealin' with the realest Fuck the strawberries and chocolate Hennesy and a condom, say they kissin' and grindin' It's all about the timin', I really like Vice Versa But tonight's much worser, and um Philly chick, you only travel with for best of men Had 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 dummy's are still confessin' how money make you undressin' So tell me

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