

# Trillville, Some Cut

(Chorus)

What it is hoe, ah what's up (what's up)  
Can a nigga get in them guts (them guts)  
Cut you up like you ain't been cut (been cut)  
Show your ass how to really catch a nut (oh yeah yeah)  
Well give me you number and I'll call (I'll call)  
And I'll follow that ass in the mall (in the mall)  
Take you home, let you juggle my balls (my balls)  
While I'm beatin and tearin down your walls (oh yeah)

(Verse One)

This your boy Mr. Funkadelic, what's the business baby  
I've been eyeing you all day in the mall miss lady  
You looking good, I think I seen your ass in the hood  
With your friends dressed up, trying to front if you could  
But anyway, gone and drop a number or something  
So I can call you later on, on your phone or something  
Take you home, and maybe we could bone or something  
It's no limits to what we do, cause tonight we cutting, gut busting  
I'm digging in your walls something viscious  
With your legs to the ceiling, catch a nut someting serious  
You delirious, or might I say you taste so delicious  
With your pretty brown skin, like Almond Joys and Kisses  
And you ah certified head doctor  
Number one staller that takes dick in the ass and won't holler  
Bend you over and I'll follow you straight to the room  
Where it goes down lovely in the Leagon of Doom

(Chorus)

(Verse Two)

Shit, you know the deal before a nigga even stepped  
Damn that ass hot, seems like it's gone melt  
You know I give it to you til you run out of breathe  
Then bust a nut all over yourself

The first time I called, you were juggling on my balls  
In and out of your jaws, I was beating down your walls  
Had your ass breaking laws for a player was the cause  
And every time you seen a G you was slipping off your drawers, I recall  
I met your ass at the mall, in the fall  
You the one with the dress on, let me take you home  
Show your ass how to buss a nut, up in the guts  
Cut you up like you ain't been cut  
From the back (back) then to the side (side) to the front  
Turn around, you down to ride  
I smack them thighs, anyway that you want me  
So gone see about a pimp and that monkey  
And that's fo' sho'

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

What's the buiseness baby, can I get in them drawes  
I like the way your hands rub against my balls  
Cause you the one, a nigga met at south dekalb mall  
With your pretty brown skin, thick thighs and all  
135 petite, and your smell is unique  
Maybe we can exchange numbers and hook up in the week  
Oh, You a freak, I knew it from the first time I saw you  
The way you played with your tongue, I knew right then I would call you  
So what it is, they call me Super Don from the ville  
And I'ma tell you like this, cause a nigga so real, and stay trill

Cause all I wanna do is just drill, with that ass in the air, and the pussy I kill  
And I feel, you love to f\*\*k up on a hill  
Suck dick from behind, and take nut in your grill  
So bitch chill, and shut your mouth just for a second  
While I lay this dick down on you just like I'm Teddy

(Chorus)