

Juice, I Rap Like

Juice, yea, Conglomerate
I Rap Like, ah, CHI, Wattup, LA, wattup

(Verse 1)

Juice, stacking his dough like John Prophet
All this catches, macking these hoes with Peter Loffet
But we the new rap pack, Conglomerate distributed
I'm bigger than the industry, you gonna have to live with it
To capture time is the key
Component words trapped in my mind so I seize
The moment, words freeze opponents
Pre-fees are on it, I'm a cancer
Can't really think, and no MC's they want it
That's why they get me like palionthologist
The word naive backwards is evian, swallow this
I win battles yo, it's way beyond politics
I work up through cells like a crazy anthalogist
In metaphors, I have mine, rap is in my enzymes
Got a hundred-ten lines, I'm ready to defend mine
I'm like a broken rubber band, they say that I snap
But ask the people, they'll tell you it's the way that I rap

(Chorus)

I rap like noone out there could fuck with me
"With that freestyle, you better get shot";
I rap like noone out there could fuck with me
"Your battling is written";
I rap like noone out there could fuck with me
"who, who, who, who got beef?";
I rap like noone out there could fuck with me
I freestyle erratically, for those that want to battle me

(Verse 2)

I spit fire flame, I'll demolish your entire game
It's like I work for NASA, 'cause I'm just on a higher plane
This ain't rapping, I'm just hitting you with CHI game
I get you higher than Richard Prior when the guy came
My show's traffic, but I ain't Mike Douglas
When I attack the mic, both black and white love this
J U, with the brain of ten scholars
I catch my hoes on the rebound like Ben Wallace
Intergalactic tactics get pimped
All I need is a fifth of this yack to get bent
And some dro when the mack in
At shows I be snapping, on tracks is Emmaculate
Hoes, they be clapping, my flow's never lacking
For those in the back and
I blow when I rap, you should've known it would happen
Plus I let it rock like Bobby Brown and Whitney
I rap like noone out there could fuck with me

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Now with these verses and this herb, I'm like Jackson Hewitt
I get you green but I add a little taxes to it
What would the whole world do, if they had to admit
Juice was just as nasty with the pen and pad when I spit
So if the freestyles iare real, and the writing is real
Then who the fuck else is this tight in the IL
I don't be hating on these CHI cats that moved away
I just got time invested, so I choose to stay
Kanye dropped and Twista's my homie G
And Kan' told me that the next spot belong to me

I do not wear pink, and I am no Diplomat
New York niggaz using CHI slang, nigga picture that
Not signed to Arista, I am no aristocrat
Blessed with the gift of rap, and nobody could get with that
Think this shit is split like Timberlake and Britney
I rap like noone out there could fuck with me

(Chorus)