

Juice, Key To The City

Still got that key to the city....

(Verse 1)

uh..uh....uh

J-U, The hot shit, to hot to fall

I'm too ahead of my time kid, I stop for y'all

in a drunk mind state, I bomb Kuwait

I'm so ill I raise the dead when I rhyme at wakes

From the moment that my first verse caught your head

years later you'll be buggin' off the thoughts I said

Now I'm lampin' on the street, with my foot on the curb

give me the illest concept, and I can put it in words

Analog mics are used to record the subliminal

Pro Tools chapped em soundwave and make em digital

Flow cool Juice'll do the mic something pitiful

For me you're gonna need a million gigabytes minimal

Niggas wanna rap they gettin in it for dough

but start hangin up when they cell minutes are low

I'm toed back off of a couple Guinneses though

I'll have people passin' out before I finish the show

now you feelin' insecure when I grin at yo' ho'

I had her ass in the air kid, chin on the flo'

Now you tryin' to spend your dough, so your women'll know

I'm still Juice but big Panik put the gin in the flow

Now the flows are the fattest crazy rap status

Juice hold belts in all the fuckin' weight classes

I'm anti-sobriety, I try to stay tipsy

I move at the speed of light, Blink, you missed me

(Chorus)

From the Midwest, to the West

And all sides of the U.S. feeling buddah blessed

No matter how it goes we fresh

Cause you can have a scantron and still can't test, the best

(Chorus 2)

From the East coast to the West

The best sides of the U.S. feeling buddah blessed

No matter how it goes we fresh

Cause you can have a scantron and still can't test, the best

(Verse 2)

I was told by the council, to lead the new millinium

One ounce'll have your skin chippin' like a pentium

3 processor, nobody floss fresher

my style very day to day like a cross dresser (Whoo)

Juice at the club, your whore I macked her

She forgot she had a man until the morning after

Bones and vocal cords get torn and fractured

She said comparin' us was like before and after

Juice bust 'em out, flush 'em out, what's the fuss about

I kick lines other cats can only cuss about

they say Juice is on the lose, have you seem him

I'm day and night and every hour between 'em

I'm on some Mary J. shit, nigga this is my life

Tape so hot they had to wrap it up in dry-ice

So having any thoughts about winnin me God

is like tryin to save a game without a memory card

And in case you didn't know, I'm paid to hijack your motorcade

Try to wave to the crowd I'm blowin off your shoulder blade

your chance to live is at a very low percentage

your so close to death that you can see your own image

A amateur, lost to a professional

Now they disconnectin you from all that bullshit you was connected to

I need no remorse, I had to diminish 'em
In Mortal Kombat I had the crowd screamin' "Finish him"

(Chorus 1) + (Chorus 2)