

Juice, For My Writers

(Juice) (B-Girl?)

Uh J-U

(B-girl in the house)

Hey this goes out to all my writers in the house tonight...aight

(You ladies too)

Hey ya'll keep it tight

(Keep writin')

Keep learnin' how to right

(That's right)

Can't stop us...one nation..uh!

(Verse 1)

First I was born in America

Made in a factory

I been cloned and there's a million others comin' after me

And once I'm put in the hands of the right person

My ink gets incrested on property to cursin'

Since birth I was capped and sealed inside a package

And business people tend to use me more than even rappers

Now I'm at your local drug store Office Depot

Waitin' to get barred or stole by all my people

As soon as I'm purchased I begin to get excited

Simple scripture intricate I help my own to write it

My makers they found a thousand ways to improve me

And once I'm in your paper its hard to remove me

I come in every color scheme that's in the rainbow

But black is most used that's just how the game goes

I'm at my best when my owner is obsessed with fame

Skinny or fat I'm all that and can you guess my name?

(Juice)

Hey yo this is for my writers my real graffiti writers

Pump ya' fist in the air throw up ya' lighters

We all got a little B-boy livin' inside us

So this is for my real graffiti writers

(B-Girl?)

This for my writers my real graffiti writers

Pump ya' fist in the air throw up ya' lighters

We all got a little B-girl livin' inside us

So this is for my writers, my writers, my writers

(Verse 2)

And all ya'll wanna know why I'm so tough you ask

Cuz' I'm permanent and sharp enough to cut through glass

I'm sharp enough to cut the blunt you use to puff indo

I'm the reason you can barely see out your bus window

Whether you peace in the East or fresh in the West

Go to school and you can see my influence on ya' desk

At most schools I'm barred for being hardcore

But your art teacher uses me to cut his cardboard

Markers and pens they cool but isn't for me

Cuz' when I do my thing it's a whole different story

Spray paint and markers yeah they all the way live

But when they get removed only what's scribed will survive

Cops catch you with me and you'll get the same heat

And I help my owners rep it from clubs to train seats

I wont tell you I'm a stencil I'll let you pencil it in

Cuz' that glass is all I'm ever really interested in

(Juice)

Hey yo this is for my writers my real graffiti writers

Pump ya'll fist in the air throw up ya' lighters

We all got a little B-boy livin' inside us

So this is for my real graffiti writers (Yo)

(B-Girl?)

This for my writers my real graffiti writers
Pump ya' fist in the air throw up ya' lighters
We all got a little B-girl livin' inside us
So this is for my writers, my writers, my writers

(Verse 3)

Hey yo last but not least I'm like a gun in ya' hand
I spit venom all day and I come in a can
I'm hip hop to the bone like the rhymes and the beats
And I'm always under pressure 'til the time of release
I leave in bloody where I'm aiming to
Have him raining blue-green or red
I spit heat twice and plus I'm flammable
For hip hoppers I'm what's sprayed most next to the lead
For the gangsters I'm how they show respect for they dead
I'm sold in over six million forty five places
In the hood I'm always used to immortalize faces
I'm culture pride from backpacks to nap-sacks
And when I'm done right all the work I do is that phat
So whether you the best or you gonna be the tightest
This is for my writers my real graffiti writers
Just hold ya' hand steady and whatever the day
Shake me up a couple times and then I'm ready to spray

(Juice)

Hey yo this is for my writers my real graffiti writers
Pump ya'll fist in the air throw up ya' lighters
We all got a little B-boy livin' inside us
So this is for my real graffiti writers (Yo)

(B-Girl?)

This for my writers my real graffiti writers
Pump ya' fist in the air throw up ya' lighters
We all got a little B-girl livin' inside us
So this is for my writers, my writers, my writers

(Juice)

Hey yo this is for my writers my real graffiti writers
Pump ya'll fist in the air throw up ya' lighters
We all got a little B-boy livin' inside us
So this is for my real graffiti writers (Yo)

(B-Girl?)

This for my writers my real graffiti writers
Pump ya' fist in the air throw up ya' lighters
We all got a little B-girl livin' inside us
So this is for my writers, my writers, my writers