

# Juice, Gotta Come Up

Make way, NBA Ballers, Juice, Conglomerate, Emmaculate on the beat

(Juice)

Man, we up late, watchin old tapes of the greats  
The only hoop, was a milk crate, we practice late  
'till like seven or eight, tryin to get in shape  
Like I got a cast on, tryin to catch me a break  
It all started put with a dream of being famous  
Making players on every other team know what my name is  
So I did my workout routines on the daily  
And no, I wasn't looking to clean, they didn't play me  
But soon as I jumped on the scene, they had to pay me  
I celebrated, got myself some bling, it was crazy  
Pregame warm-up, the trainer's stretching me  
A million on the line, plus the fame and legacy  
A pride much bigger than the name and cheddar though  
Cuz soon as they threw him in the game, I let it go  
Forever rated, I never hesitated  
Now my whole career is in drive, I'm designated

(Chorus)

You gotta come up, gotta put your life on the line  
To try to make it out the hood in these trifling times  
You gotta come up, you gotta makes some ends for your crew  
You got your whole block depending on you  
Look dog, get your game up, four hundred shots a day  
And you could hit 'em from a block away, that's what's up  
You gotta come up, you ready for the lime light  
You saying it's your time right

(Juice)

Back in college, I learned to hit a trey incredible  
Now I am one rich NBA professional  
Too quick, and even if you were to see a pass  
The next thing you know, you down thirty at the half  
And no it's not a game jo, he for real  
The top scorer but, he lead the league in steals  
The league endorsements, he really need the deals  
And it's all good 'cause he be hitting threes for real  
Plus, he get excited when he sees a mill  
To buy a crib for his momma just so she could chill  
As a kid he was cold, three degrees for real  
So that's why the necklace is freezing still  
And he ain't goin back to the hood he came from  
So don't be surprised how good the game come  
Lift off, watch me approach the skies  
And if I catch you trying to jump, you getting posterized

(chorus)

(Juice)

I be dunking so much 'till it's hurtin my arm  
And I keep weighin millin like I work on a farm  
I know you saw me at the garden, lil' daddy I lit it up  
Dribble, got three seconds to get it up, to half court  
See, me losing, that's my last thought  
I jumped so high, I need a passport  
But not you, 'cause I could make you travel without one  
I win, you lose, the only possible outcomes  
Hit a couples treys on you player, that's six more  
Your coach cannot hit him when he shot with that clip board  
So you could let your whole click stick me  
But homeboy, you minimal wage, you six fifty  
You know why I ain't nice to opponents

'Cause I been waiting all my life for this moment  
Like I'm Phill Collins, still balling it's on  
And even when it's man to man, I still stay in my zone