

Juice, J.U.I.C.E. Is In The House

J-U... Molemen..

Yo, this one right here was made in Heaven..

(hook)

I havent even started my reign, I'm only drizzling

So whoever wanna battle, ya'll can bring it to the Juice

Big Juice in the house *Damn right*

I'll either shake your hand or shake your mic

I havent even started my reign, I'm only drizzling

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(verse)

My freestyle's gotta be that of a child prodigy

I rack my brain just to spit another flow outta me

I leave rappers dead and their ladies cries watery

Right before he passed away, I know that rapper thought of me

I'm paid on the nighty, ya'll get paid on the quarterly

And into work for your record labels like an orderly(??)

And you underground rappers, ya'll could do a lil more then me

These Tiger Woods niggaz, ya'll aint even up to par with me

The way I drop kinetics, its close to aporetic

Cop an edit of the tape, if its Hip Hop, I said it

Stress don't concern me, I don't stop to let it

In my zone you see these rappers that can't rock behead it

I split them wide open, rush 'em and hit 'em high

I split 'em while he's hoping that rhyme'll get him by

Now he's leaking H2O, he couldnt escape the flow

Sitting nervous, waiting for his first tape to blow

For him success means try'na make the dough

He just imitates others, never creating a flow

But I'm simpley the best like I'm HBO

I represent the Illinois so thats what makes me so

I know how weed looks, but yo, I also read books

Might struggle with bad pop songs and mean hooks

You use to be creative, but now your gimmicky

Mimicy, instead of using chemistry mixed with beat imagery

Whether its him or me, we ripping it continually

I been a G ever since Pops pertain my enemy

Now I just max, relax and drink Hennessy

When I'm drunk, I'm in the mirror try'na battle ten of me

I stay straight, I murder with the cordless or the tray 8

You try'na update that style but you a day late

Some play hate, they get murdered before the day breaks

I'm the landlord and every rapper gotta vacate

The Molemen, kings of the underground production

Lose? Who got the gumption to make such a assumption

My tape is like crack, its made, then its pumped in

The ghettos of America for your main consumption

Dont play to battle me 'ro, or you'll get dumped in

The lake with them other fake cats that shoulda jumped in

I bang like Patrease(??) rushing on percussion

I take your self esteem and bring it down like destruction

(hook)

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I havent even started my reign, I'm only drizzling

So whoever wanna battle, ya'll can bring it to the Juice

Big Juice in the house *Damn right*

I'll either shake your hand or shake your mic

Big Juice in the house *Damaging emcees* *Da-da-da-da-da-damn right*
Big Juice in the house *Damaging emcees-emcees-emcees*
Big Juice in the house *Damaging emcees* *Da-da-da-da-da-damn right*
Big Juice in the house *Damaging emcees*
So whoever wanna battle, ya'll can bring it to the Juice