

# Juice, Power

JU, Overall, Conglom

It's like three-thirty in the morning and we  
sitting here talking about money power so, I  
decided to get a little verse together and drop  
at the tape and let y'all know what we feelin'  
ya know. I hope you niggaz ain't trying to rap for free

(Verse 1)

Not this my eyes are closed and my casket drops  
I swear never again will I rap for props  
I'm tryin' to quake up the block like an aftershock  
With some speakers, y'all could feel from probly half a block  
I'm trying to, dine discretely on Vinalpee street  
I shop in Wankekee, rocking a daschiki  
And I refuse to be these local cats  
Cause I don't heard your little mix down  
I'm knowing where your vocals at  
Y'all cats ain't real rappers when the mic is off  
They got to cut and paste your vocals likes it's Microsoft  
I'm quite different, I used to like dissin'  
Now I drop at the tape to escape from life's prison  
At every Juice show, they find a mic missing  
So don't hate my name, let the JU-ICE glisten  
And critics, they need to stop, putting him in a box  
We out for power and respect, like a kim in the locks

(Chorus) + (Overall)

I got my flow, gangsta clothes, sticky dro and all that tho'  
But, it just don't matter to me. It's the money and the power  
money and the power. That's all that matters to me  
\*That's all that matters to a nigga these days\*

(Verse 2)

I'm trying to co-host Oprah, overdose on cho-cha  
Cristale martini glasses, coach coasters  
Finally I'm one with the rhyme at last  
I heard a cat say "Ju-Ice, time had passed"  
But I craft the lines like a mastermind  
Do your research, I was just passing time  
J, I spit lyrics that'll ring in your mind  
So you better raise your bars like the Cingular sign  
Plus, I grew up around some ignorant street kids  
And they don't really care what part of the heat is  
I got places to go, people to feed  
In rap, I do not have an equal indeed \*let's proceed\*  
I'm coming a floss  
The only one that been throughn more pain is the one on the cross  
And no, this ain't a movie like CB4  
Hugo, boss Conglomerate CEO

(Chorus) + (Overall)

In my crew, I can't lose, all my dudes rocking jewels 'cause  
they know what matters to me. It's the money and the power  
money and powers. That's all that matters to me

(Verse 3)

And your boy got these broke rappers mad at me  
Cause with no deal, I still be living lavishly  
Plus, any verse I spit will cost you half a key  
I'm a titan, and you don't want to clash with me  
I'm tryng to sneak up on the rap game casually  
Until there's No Limit to my paper like Master P  
Too furious, I live my life fast and free  
There's one Juice, there'll never be another after me

G, the flow crazy as hell  
And the CD done, we gon' drop it like David Terrel  
Plus, now-a-day, everything I'm making it sell  
And I done came a long way from an eight in the scale  
Ahh, Stop the hate, you cannot relate  
I'm only in it for the power baby, props can wait  
It's forty-nine to go jo, I got my state  
And that's how a real Conglomerate would operate

(Chorus) + (Overall)

You do it all, cross the flow, snatching dough, pimping hoes  
But, all that don't matter to me. \*Its not really important\*  
It's the money and the power, money and the power. \*Let's go\*  
That's all that matters to me  
\*That's all that matters to a nigga these days, you know.\*

(Spoken word)

J-U, Conglomerate, the most dominant. Emac' on the track  
What up Julias. We are not playing with these niggaz  
I'm gon' say one thing 'fore we get out of here. If you niggaz  
is rapping for free, you niggaz is stupid than a mothafucka  
What the fuck are you niggaz rapping for not to sell records  
Get your music up, hire some fucking musicians. J will  
ghost-write your whole album for a couple grand. Just so we  
could have Chicago looking hot. You niggaz cannot see me  
Holla at me. Ahh. Overall