

# Juice, Sincerely

(Juice)

Sometimes the illest cats don't get record deals (laugh)  
Sometimes the illest cats roam the streets.  
Underground legends  
Cats you never heard of,  
But everybody know they tha nicest  
This is for them cats.

When I design rhyme in daylight  
Or primetime I stay tight  
I walk the fine line between an emcee and a play right  
I represent the underground world, it's a unique scene  
There's no record deals, no videos and street teams  
I do shows to keep green  
I know I'm not a star man, I'm signed to myself  
And my mic's my A&R man  
In double nine I guess it's just a sign of tha times  
The spotlight that I've been looking for is finally mine  
I never thought about the dough when I'm designing my rhyme  
As long as I can reach my peoples over vinyl I'm fine  
It ain't about that  
I opened up for cats who ain't as dope as me  
While I rip the flow, they lips sink, the show hopelessly  
From Heaven I was set to game to entertain  
I may never pimp that '75 ta cop that blue range rover  
But even if I don't remain sober  
I'ma score double digits till the fuckin' games over

&quot;Whether they signed or unsigned&quot; (Canibus)  
&quot;Platinum more wax for..platinum in tha streets&quot; (Redman)

I don't care if I'm right, wrong , or in between  
All night long I pimp tha scene they said I couldn't write songs,  
I intervene  
Don't think because the battle rhymes are what I'm know for  
I can't out write the best of em, or rip the microphone  
Raw my words are deep  
Keep my tape handy when you're buzzin  
Let my thoughts deep inside ya dome,  
Tell a cousin or friend play my CD when you guzzlin' Gin  
Come down but then recite it when you buzzin' again  
You must respect the flow  
Point blank I'm a professional  
Exceptin' no less than excellence, that's how tha session go  
Embracin' my Rhyme, when I'm gone who's replacin' mine?  
I trace a line that transcend all space and time  
I implement infinite lyrics that are intricate  
The type of shit discussed my mob bosses eatin' shrimp and shit  
Those with intellect they understand how I wrote it  
But the average mind can take 5 years to decode it

Chorus: (scratched)

&quot;Whether they signed or unsigned&quot; -Canibus  
&quot;Platinum more wax for..platinum in tha streets&quot; Redman

Gradually I drift off imagining me  
The baddest emcee, wondering what my status will be  
A little local battle emcee who never made the grade?  
Or a gifted lyricist who used to spit with razor blades?  
Ever time I win the battles they dissected my words  
I'll probably never get the props or the respect I deserve  
The magazines claim I wrote my battle rhymes like they knew me  
Then they wanna call the next day and fuckin' interview me  
Do I really have props?

Is it really that stable  
when they ask me to freestyle when I walk up into labels?  
When they take me for lunches and drinks inside they limos?  
And fu#k around and play me somebody else's demo  
J-U ya'll niggaz all know what his name is  
The Cat that got famous  
By never being famous  
I'll probably roam the underground scene for all times  
Signed sincerely JUICE the unsigned

&quot;Whether they signed or unsigned&quot; -Canibus  
&quot;Platnum more wax for..platnum in tha streets&quot; Redman