

Juice, Urban Legend

(Vakill)

We gun hold and not one cold and safe under the sun solar
So when I squeeze off 8, I'm guaranteed to make 7-Up yours like the uncola
Or retorically nice almost effortlessly
Born with a silver spoon in my mouth like infants with epilepsy
Shit, years after my prime leaves
I might have to resort to lettin' the nine squeeze to convince dick riders
to kindly let go of mine please
You a third nut separated at birth one conjoined testicle to tongue siamese
Last summer we jumped Out The Speakers and fucked shit up with the Vianese
Now watch me take a cold and this piss with a full bladder make time freeze
Golden shower the globe 'till every snowman across the fuckin' planet turns Chinese
My mentality is necrose red dot shit
to the face of the planet catchin' back here's ya' freckles
Me and J-U overshadowed the league, so you blaze battlin' with two dicks in
yo' mouth till 'yo jaws give it out from battle fatigue

(Juice)

The professional's red dot'll turn these niggas into vegetables
So vivid I could kick it at the Cannes Film Festival
Decaffienated coffee shop niggas get assassinated
I was vaccinated with a syrum that was rap related
I spit a theorem full strength I don't approximate
Intoxicate ya' ho and show you footage o' da cock she ate
Whether glock 3-8 grenades and street sweepers
Address me on yo' knees like students should greet teachers
My intellect special, I hold my tech special
Jet Li or Bruce, pick one I'm next level
The rest see me new some smoke six blunts inhale em'
And hang em' out to dry like Witch Hunts in Salem
Shit my status dope enough to catapult me to the top
We blew the spot like it was just another buddah drop
You couldn't dream of winning if you used your imagination
Triangle Offense and Molemen collaboration

(Chorus)

(Vakill) Am I the sickest nigga shittin' on em'?

(Juice) No doubt

(Vakill) Y'all niggas want the heat?

(Juice) Than get ya' dough out

(Vakill) Kill with niggas before they even spit they flow out, we brought it
when y'all took the whole route

(Both) Fuck around and get yo' ass tore out

(Juice) Am I the nicest nigga spittin' it?

(Vakill) No doubt

(Juice) You niggas want the heat?

(Vakill) Get ya dough out

(Juice) Big Juice rip niggas before they even spit they flow out, we brought
it while y'all niggas took the whole route

(Both) Fuck around and get your ass tore out

(Juice)

And like I said we spit the vividest rhymes because we livin' it
You'll need eight more rappers just to make this shit equivalent
Juice crush this, any mic that Juice touches
We be all in your girlfriend's mouth like toothbrushes
Nasty off the head and when I'm in the booth fuck it
Like the skin on Edward James Olmos I'm too rugged
I could either thug it, lug it round or unplug it
Represent illmatic half time on one love it
It's murder to cassette and I beg you to come dub it
We could either use our hands but Tom just stun gun it
And I ain't ever been known to have the cleanest and demeanor

But I get the whole U.S. Open like Venus and Serena
Period, this is How We Chill, Freestyle or Written
When we came Out The Speakers last year they didn't listen
So next time I crack they bones follow me
I'm so much doper than mc's, I owe these niggas an apology

(Vakill)

Fuck sweating bullets niggas perspiring
sixteen shot clips when I put they heat on slow roast
I don't just outshine you, I show my ass and make yo' face the co-host
While me and J-U run a triangle on yo' bitch
feeding these balls in a low post
I'm a cross breed between
letter T crosses in the letter I infrared sick dot us
Poison fingers until my wig smarter, from a hennison vine a stigmata with
lacerations half Christ and Big Poppa
I'll push the envelope far beyond the term ill limits
That's why some of the nicest is still timid
if I said it than Kill meant it
Playa, only way yo' jersey hanging from the rafters
is if yo' bitch ass still in it
One penis lacin' double penetration my pen is wastin' a semen tastin'
substance on a fragment of yo' imagination
Fuck for the laugh of the exit wounds
I'll plug brains with .50 caliber slugs and plant seeds in exit wounds
I wipe my shit cat or corn it's just to whip motherfuckers
and zig-zag and watch his wig drag
In 2000 Triangle Offense gettin' dough and big bags
While you buy season tickets to ride dicks fag like six flags

(Chorus)

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