

Juice, What

Ha ha
Thats nasty, fa sho
Wha? Uh-uh
You dont want it with me dog, nope

(hook)
See the North holds the government
Niggas that I bubble with
You bet that I'ma double it
See I'm on some other shit
Dough, I'm just loving it
The flow I discovered it
I'm blown like the mothership, wha?!

(verse 1)
I do this to school ya'll, you can't relate to MJ (nah)
I can still hit the shot if you take the rim away (swish)
It's phenomenal the shit I can make a pen say (say)
I formally proclaim this is break-a-chin day
But dont rock the boat, all the anchors been laid (laid)
Wake up and smell the u-ban(?), the sink has been made (made)
Number-one, just like a bank I been paid (yup)
Rap skills sharp enough to shank a sensei (uh)
So drunk, I can only say tang and then ray (ray)
Like a Jake Stick film I can bang ya' ten ways (uh)
I pop up quick like a gang of switchblades (ssss)
I cultivate rap, make it rain and get paid (whoa)
I leave cats bleeding from their brain in dismay (yea)
Any rapper try'na spit slang'll get slayed (slayed)
Niggas better duck when I'm aimming this tray
Trust me, you aint try'na get famous this way (nah)
Cause..

(hook)
I'm not the one ya'll rap cats need to be fucking with (no, no)
We can keep it rap or settle this beef on some other shit (fa sho, fa sho)
Blown like I just fell off the God-damn mothership (oh!, oh!)
And you can bet your last ten G's you don't want trouble with (the gold gold)

(verse 2)
Chicago born, raised in Los Angeles though (though)
Marten had a 6 deuce and a 6 four (cuz)
Well schooled in the street life and the shit shows (show)
Cats always ask do I need management (No)
My careers already fucked, I get a grand for 6 shows (shows)
So what I'm 'pose to hire you to damage shit mo'? (right)
When I made myself Juice the man, the kids know (yup)
I dont believe you ever helped no other rapper get dough
Now tell me, do you have the typa dough to back the shit? (No!)
Would you help me learn my flow or help me practice it? (No!)
So what you think I'm on some extra dumb rapper shit fo'?
Gun fights, you probably crawl to the back and get low (duck!)
The type to make me sign the contract and just go (go)
And try to take credit for it after shit blow
So excuse me I can't let you manage this flow (nope)
Until then, I'm content with just having shit grow
Thanks anyway..

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gold)

(verse 3)

You see, I'm just an ill type, spit the real tight (tight)
I'm not that loud rapper that'll get you real hype (nah)
More or less, I'm the known fight to get the steel tight (click!)
Known for only fucking with the shit that feels right (shit)
Very few rappers even get to chill like
J-U, I can drink a whole fifth and still write (write)
You can't put that fake shit against the real Ice (ice)
If I say so myself, I represent the Ill nice (nice)
And your flow aint true, you need to get your skill tight (ya)
It dont match like big muscles with your lil white (ooh)
And dont get me wrong, if I'm pissed I will fight (fight)
You'll get folded like Lennox would against the real Mike
Like a barbeque I'll probably be to hit your grill twice (twice)
I bet your so much of a bitch you feel spite
Picture Juice getting dissed in real life (no way)
Thats like having your 38 pistols kill Christ

(hook)

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(hook)(x3)

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Fa-sho (fa-sho)