Juice (feat. Tech N9ne)

Ces Cru

Give me, give me, give me the juice
Give me, give me, give me, give me the juiceAnother day in the life, no time for play, I'm tryin' to cake,
High stakes survival, increasing my fire rate
Eyes dilated, aim my sight, fly straight
If I ever want my record to see the light of day
I'ma find a way, weight of the world need a lift
If he carry bags I know he gon' need a tip
You're free to give my man, but I don't need a disk
With the grip of tracks, it's really nothing for me to skip
We the creed of a better breed and you'll never read us
You can never see us and that's, iffin you ever see us
My nemesis, while you're bein' an Ebenezer
I'll be seein' sights, sippin on somethin' with señoritas
Pro political-peace, let 'em breathe
Whether Palestinian, Israeli or Lebanese,
Behold the horse I'm pale as I'll ever be
Tryin' to catch sun while I'm sailing the seven seas
I float my friends, scuttle my enemies
And we constantly in the struggle for energy,
I rock steadily in the spot, ready or not
Pushin' my pronouns for plenty penny a pop - Ha!,
I'm getting guap my man I got plans
To cop land away and lay in the hot sand
I "Know the Ledge" and I'm playin' my Roxanne,
Another dollar another day in the rock band
That's juice!
Give me, give me, give me the juice
Give me, give me, give me, give me the juiceCrawling out of a casket, awoke from madness
I've been in the middi and feeding off the sadness
If any an enemy come in rattling as if
He ready for Armageddon, I wet them and that's it
I've been in the back bitch, playing the sidekick
Surprised they realize the size of my dick
They blog and criticize the lines of my shit
Straddle a boner, I ain't a loner, you ride dick
Better get them a stretcher, and oxygen mask
Socks and gym bags, box of Slim Fast
I lose dead weight, got a lot to get past
For all that hate, I'm about to get cash
I ain't got a chain yet, you're hearing the same vet
Could say that I'm lucky I made it out of a train wreck

Want me to speed it up motherfucker it ain't Tech
It's Godemis, idiot, study up on on the name check!
I zone in the canvas, I'm in the paint, they ain't ready
I spray seven or eight I'm alive to aim steady
It's like me and Jason using the same 'chete
So 'Raw' I'm 'Delirious' nigga it ain't Eddie!
It don't matter I don't chatter at all to y'all
The new data is out of an old catalog,
The instinct is that of an old, rabid dog
Who might have been good on that day, when he had it all
That's juice!
Give me, give me, give me the juice
Give me, give me, give me, give me the juiceWakin' 'em up, shakin' the fuck
Outta Pagans that are mating fornicatin'
With hate and sick lust
Eatin' bloody steak and bacon with Satan
They can abrup-tly be taken by Yates
And I'm placin' this blade in his guts,
Invasion of us slegna raisin' a cup here's to
Layin' the blade to they who bathin' in blood Bedla
Might behead ya, psyches dead for life, he bled
But Iké said to knife these Negras!
Bright been away for the night I'm a sinner
Hey my inner light went astray see the fright
I generate, I innovate in a fight I'mma incinerate
A mic, men obey, when I write they disintegrate
It's over, soul of a soldier
Chose to be cold and overload you with vulgar
S'posed to be old but the flows gettin' bolder
And hoes lose they clothes never holdin' they composure
That's juice! ... Bitch!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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