

Juice (Know the Ledge)

Eric B. & Rakim

Sip the juice 'cause I got enough to go around
And the thought takes place uptown
I grew up on the sidewalk where I learned street talk
And then taught to hawk New York I go to Queens for queens to get the crew from Brooklyn
Make money in Manhattan and never been token
Go Uptown and the Bronx to boogie down
Get strong on the Island, recoup and lay around Time to build my juice back up
Props back up, suckers get smacked up
Don't doubt the clout, you know what I'm about
Knocking niggaz off, knocking niggaz out Shaking 'em up, waking 'em up
Raking 'em up, breaking 'em up
Standing on shaky grounds too close to the edge
Let's see if I know the ledge Corners' trifling 'cause shorty's here
I get cock-d liffin' forty's of beer
Here's a sip for the crew that's deceased
If I get revenge, then they rest in peace Somebody's got to suffer, I just might spare one
And give a brother a fair one
Stay alert and on "P's"
And I do work with these like Hercules Switch to southpaw, split your right jaw
'Cause I don't like y'all, I'm hype when night fall
Smooth but I move like an army
Bulletproof down in case brothers try to bomb me Putting brothers to rest like Elliot Ness
'Cause I don't like stress
Streets ain't a place for innocent bystanders to stand
Nutting's gonna stop the plan I'll chill like Pacino, kill like DeNiro
Black Gambino, die like a hero
Living on shaky grounds too close to the edge
Let's see if I know the ledge! Shells lay around on the battleground
Dead bodies are found throughout the town
Tried to put shame in my game to make a name
I'm-a put it on a bullet, put it in your brain Rip the block like a buckshot
Who cares where it goes, just keep the casket closed
No remorse when a life is lost
I paid my dues- paid the cost And my pockets are still fat
Wherever I'm at, I get the welcome mat
Even if my crew steep with one deep
I attract attention, people like to peep So come say hi to the badguy
Don't say goodbye, I don't plan to die
'Cause I get loose and I got troops

And crazy juiceIn control of many like Ayatollah Khomeini
Hang out wit Smith and Wesson, don't try to play me
I'm at war a lot, like Anwar Sadat
But no warning shot, my gun is warm a lotWhen I cook beef, the smoke will never clear
Areas in fear but this here's a fear!
Living life too close to the edge
Hoping that I know the ledgeA brand new morn, no time to yawn
Shower's on, power's on
Late for school, I catch the train
Girls sip, "Cristal" and whisper my nameI push up like an exercise
Check the intellect and inspect the thighs
Select the best one, pull her to the side
Keep her occupied for the rest of the rideRead my resume she's know I'm 'ready cool
Just meet me after school
We can moan and groan until your mom come home
And you be calling me Al "Dope" CaponeSweatin' me, she didn't want to let me loose
Come get me, that's if you want to sip the juice
'Cause the streets await me, so I take my gun off safety
'Cause a lot of niggaz hate meComing out of the building, they set me up
Sprayed wit automatics, they wet me up
In a puddle of blood, I lay close to the edge
I guess I didn't know the ledge

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