

I Got the Juice

Meek Mill

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Rather he cross boss 'fore I split my steak with you snake ass niggas
I rather stay around my day ones 'fore I come around you fake ass niggas
I rather have a broke real bitch 'fore I ever deal with y'all fake ass bitches
I ain't with the flooding on the 'gram I really fuck with you don't take my picture nigga
Posted on the corner with a 40 on my hip Godzilla
We was getting to it when they hit my nigga Dean that's when shit got realer
I was on the Southside really outside got guns got killers
Started from the bottom of the bottom now its bottles popping in the sky filling
Catch a body be a body
I'm from where you couldn't talk you ain't be about it
I ain't really with the talk and be G about
When we catch you niggas slipping we gon' see about it
And these niggas get to talking like they know me
Finna talk me to the old me
Should've listened to my momma when she told me
Now these bitches throwing pussy cause they owe me I got the juice, nigga I got the juice
Nigga I got the juice when I hop out the coupe
When I hop out the coupe
Real niggas I'mma salute
Cause I got the juice, nigga I got the juice
She popping pussy like I'm a Baloo
Cause I got the juice Counting million dollars gon' fuck something
Put an eight up in my Phantom I don't want none
Nigga looking I don't tuck nothing
My nigga Earl got thirty trying to slump something
I'm in the car [?] and the truck coming
Ya patan come dump somethin'
Bust them up we don't tuck nothing
Bout to take a bird to the table we don't front nothing
I'm a north nigga at the end of the day
Gunned by a nigga with the end of a K
Kick you in your ass and send you away

They come around here like you niggas ain't safe
Cause all my hittas going bllllrrrt stick 'em
Fuck if you with 'em
Its money and murder if you fuck with my niggas
You come to my city I fucked all them bitches
I fucked all them bitches cause I got the juice, nigga I got the juice
Nigga I got the juice when I hop out the coupe
When I hop out the coupe
Real niggas I'mma salute
Cause I got the juice, nigga I got the juice
She popping pussy like I'm Uncle Luke
Cause I got the juice Cause all she ever wanted was a trap nigga
Every time you ever saw me I was strapped nigga
Getting blunted in the back nigga
No this ain't a 550, this a Bach, nigga
Nigga prolly spend you car money on your act nigga
Couple band 5 racks nigga
You caught beefing where you at nigga
You caught beefing when we clap niggas I got the juice, nigga I got the juice
Nigga I got the juice when I hop out the coupe
When I hop out the coupe
Real niggas I'mma salute
Cause I got the juice, nigga I got the juice
Load up the chopper screaming R.I.P. Snupe
Bout to pop out the roof cause I got the juice

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