# Juice

## Chance the Rapper

Thirsty, thirsty, trynna choose
I mean I know, I'm pretty cool
My nitty bag, my kitty boost
I got the juice, I got the juiceChano, chathams own
Foolies glad I'm home
Even my haters kinda glad I'm on
Rest in peace to my vagabond
Rapper song, singer - suspended, subpoena
For misdemeanors, dreamer, held back ass is lowkey still a senior
And I still shake up bo squad, praying for my brogods
City on the come up, shout that nigga sosa!
Shout my nigga fat trel, shout my nigga joseph
Playing buenos aires while they sleepin' buenos noches!
Wonder if I wrote this cause it's so crisp
The most brokest cold stock broker winter solstice
I could win an oscar, russian accent husky
Acid addict, costly avid actor
Kevin costnerAh! turn up turn up!Juice! (juice!)
Juice! (juice!)
Juice! (juice!)
Juice! (juice!)
I got the juice, I got the juice (yup)
Juice! (juice!)
Juice! (juice!)
Juice! (juice!)
Juice! (juice!)
I got the juice, I got the juice (yup)God give me one sentence more
Maybe I just gotta get suspended more?
Hash tag it, get mentions for it
Make you love it, get it trending more
And then act humble
Hear some bull that some dude mumble
Wantin' to jump dude, but let that nigga punk you
Knowin bitch niggas wanna bring guns to the rumbles, igh!
But I love y'all souls
Don't let the juice spill pac!
Blue pill pop
Til you feel good enough to pop the popped bitch in the blue hills yop!
That one - drown in the juice nigga

Hunnid proof get "fountain-of-youth"ed nigga
Stop with all the trynna introduce nigga
Everybody know you dude you the new nigga!
Hows it feel to be you, yo no se
I ain't really been myself since rod passed
I ain't even really need that shop class
I ain't really been weak since pops smashed
I'm a genius, a mothafuckin pop smash
Hit sensei, master
Jack and lindsey, wiley, kembe
Been paid, 10day been they fafsaAh! turn up turn up!Juice! (juice!)
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Juice! (juice!)
I got the juice, I got the juice (yup)Yup, jugo
You never tasted paper
Tripped, racing yaself trynna chase the paper
I just faced a vega
And you love being kobe when you make the lay up
Till you realize everybody in the world fuckin hates the lakers, hahaha
And then everybody wanna sip, til the juice spill everybody want a bib
And then everybody wanna dip
Told you I ain't worried, I ain't scared of the booth
All you can do is spit a verse of the truth
Merge the mixture with the purest and the fruits
And the thirst just the worst it's the curse of the juiceJuice! (juice!)
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Juice, juice, juice, juice, yupYupYupYup

Songwriters

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