

# Juice

## Ces Cru

Give me, give me, give me the juice  
Give me, give me, give me, give me the juice  
Another 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'mma find a way, weight of the world need a lift  
If we carry bags I know we 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 never read and  
Since you never see it son that's, if'n you ever see us,  
My nemesis, why you being a Ebenezer?  
Ill be seein' sights sippin on somethin' with seoritas,  
Pro political peace, let 'em read  
With a Palestinian, Israeli or Lebanese,  
Behold the horse I'm paler to ever be  
I'm tryin to catch some 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 plenty a pop,  
I'm getting guap my man I got plans  
To cop land away and lay in in the hot sand,  
I 'Know the Ledge', playin' my Roxanne,  
Another dollar another day in the rock band,  
It's juice! Give me, give me, give me the juice  
Give me, give me, give me the juice  
Crawling out of the casket, I woke from madness,  
I've been in the media feeding off the sadness,  
If any an enemy coming rattling as if,  
He ready for Armageddon now wet him in acid  
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 up on a iron alone and you ride dick,  
Better get him a stretcher, an 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 idiots 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' nigger 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 but he got it all  
That's juice! Give me, give me, give me the juice  
Give me, give me, give me the juice Wakin' him up, shakin' the fuck  
Outta Pagans that are mating fornicatin'  
With hate and sick lust,  
Eatin' bloody steak and bacon with Satan  
They can abruptly be taken by Yates  
And I'm placin' this blade in his guts,  
Amazing to us sleknov raisin' a cup here's to,  
Layin' the blade today who bathin' in blood Bedlam,  
Might behead ya psyches dead for life he bled  
But Ike said to knife these Negras!  
Bright ran away for the night I'm a sinner  
Hate my inner light when I stray see the fright,  
I generate ... I innovate in the 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 ya 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! Give me, give me, give me the juice  
Give me, give me, give me the juice

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>