

Juice Box

Preschool Popstars

I make a Juice box wet, wet, wet, wet, wet, wet
I make a Juice box drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip
I make a Juice box talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk
I make a juice box pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop

My eyes low

Chinky like Mr. Miyagi

Extra fresh, I'm drippin' to isa miyaki

Wax on, wax off like Karate kid

28's on tha chevy, ya know what it is

Me & my dogs hit the club like bam

The trunk be like wam

Them hoes be like damn

Walk up in the club, neighborhood superstars

Buyin up the bar, cushin' a cigar

A bitch on each arm, and both them hoes foreign

Menagin' widcha boy, tryna drink my unborn

Lickin' on each otha, acrobatics wid they tounge

Shake it like Beyonce, go ring the alarm

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I make a Juice box talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk

I make a juice box pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop

I go hard

Hard like a rock

I pogo stick a bitch

Until she holla stop

The juice box wet

Drippin' like a model

Treat her like a rope

And tie her in a knot

Hood nigga shit meet me at the travelodge

Bring some redbulls and some Trojan extra large

Work a big chop, she gon lose a lot of carbs

Make that juice box talk, man I make that pussy fart

The girl can't win

Once I get it in

I turn her ass over

And make her back In

I beat it for an hour
Than I rest for 10
And grab another rubber
And do it all again

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Is it the way I say my name
The way I rock my chain
The way I walk into the club
Drive the hoes insane
I roll with hood figgas
Real niggas, money gettas
Fuck with us, ay choppa hit ya
Choppa split ya shit
Uh enough of all that

Tryna make a juice box wet fall back
Now whip it out what do u call that?
She got skin babygirl, haul ass
But I just follow the drip, follow the drip... now
She's all on my dick, she's all on my dick... wow
She's rockin' her hips, she's rockin' her hips... pow
Now she's callin' it quits, callin' it quits...

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