Juice (feat. Tech N9ne)

Ces Cru

Give me, give me, give me the juice
Give me, give me, give me, give me the juiceAnother 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 juiceCrawling 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 juiceWakin' 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 abrup-tly 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

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