

# Juice (feat. Tech N9ne)

## 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'ma find a way, weight of the world need a lift  
If he carry bags I know he 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'll never read us  
You can never see us and that's, iffin you ever see us  
My nemesis, while you're bein' an Ebenezer  
I'll be seein' sights, sippin on somethin' with señoritas  
Pro political-peace, let 'em breathe  
Whether Palestinian, Israeli or Lebanese,  
Behold the horse I'm pale as I'll ever be  
Tryin' to catch sun 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 penny a pop - Ha!,  
I'm getting guap my man I got plans  
To cop land away and lay in the hot sand  
I "Know the Ledge" and I'm playin' my Roxanne,  
Another dollar another day in the rock band  
That's juice!

Give me, give me, give me the juice  
Give me, give me, give me, give me the juice  
Crawling out of a casket, awoke from madness  
I've been in the middi and feeding off the sadness  
If any an enemy come in rattling as if  
He ready for Armageddon, I wet them and that's it  
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 a boner, I ain't a loner, you ride dick  
Better get them a stretcher, and 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, idiot, 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' nigga 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, when he had it all  
That's juice!  
Give me, give me, give me the juice  
Give me, give me, give me, give me the juice Wakin' 'em 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,  
Invasion of us slegna raisin' a cup here's to  
Layin' the blade to they who bathin' in blood Bedla  
Might behead ya, psyches dead for life, he bled  
But Iké said to knife these Negras!  
Bright been away for the night I'm a sinner  
Hey my inner light went astray see the fright  
I generate, I innovate in a 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 you 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!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>