

# I Got the Juice

Meek Mill

Rather eat crumbs with bums before I split my steak with you snake ass niggas  
I rather stay around my day ones 'fore I come around you fake ass niggas  
I rather have a broke real bitch 'fore I ever deal with y'all fake ass bitches  
I ain't with the flooding on the 'gram I really fuck with you don't take my picture nigga  
Posted on the corner with a 40 on my hip Godzilla  
We was getting to it when they hit my nigga Dean that's when shit got realer  
I was on the Southside really outside got killers got killers  
Started from the bottom of the bottom now its bottles popping in the sky filling  
Catch a body be a body  
I'm from where you couldn't talk you ain't be about it  
I ain't really with the talk and be G about  
When we catch you niggas slipping we gon' see about it  
And these niggas get to talking like they know me  
Finna talk me to the old me  
Should've listened to my momma when she told me  
Now these bitches throwing pussy cause they owe me  
I got the juice, nigga I got the juice  
Nigga I got the juice when I hop out the coupe  
When I hop out the coupe  
Real niggas I'mma salute  
Cause I got the juice, nigga I got the juice  
She popping pussy like I'm a BalooCause I got the juiceCounting million dollars gon' fuck  
something  
Put an eight up in my Phantom I don't want none  
Nigga looking I don't tuck nothing  
My nigga Earl got thirty trying to slump something  
I'm in the car [?] and the truck coming  
Ya patan come dump somethin'  
Bust them up we don't tuck nothing  
Bout to take a bird to the table we don't front nothing  
I'm a north nigga at the end of the day  
Gunned by a nigga with the end of a K  
Kick you in your ass and send you away  
They come around here like you niggas ain't safe  
Cause all my hittas going bllllrrrt stick 'em  
Fuck if you with 'em  
Its money and murder if you fuck with my niggas  
You come to my city I fucked all them bitches  
I fucked all them bitches causeI got the juice, nigga I got the juice  
Nigga I got the juice when I hop out the coupe  
When I hop out the coupe  
Real niggas I'mma saluteCause I got the juice, nigga I got the juice

She popping pussy like I'm Uncle Luke  
Cause I got the juiceCause all she ever wanted was a trap nigga  
Every time you ever saw me I was strapped nigga  
Getting blunted in the back nigga  
No this ain't a 550, this a Bach, niggaNigga prolly spend you car money on your act nigga  
Couple band 5 racks nigga  
You caught beefing where you at nigga  
You caught beefing when we clap niggasI got the juice, nigga I got the juice  
Nigga I got the juice when I hop out the coupe  
Load up the chopper screaming R.I.P. Snupe  
Bout to pop out the roof cause I got the juice  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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