

## **Eric B. & Rakim** **"Juice \*"**

Visit "[Juice \\*](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* - originally appeared on the juice sndtrk

Sip the juice cuz i got enough to go around,  
And the thought takes place uptown  
I grew up on the sidewalk where i learned street talk,  
And then taught to hawk new york-  
I go to queens for queens to get the crew from  
brooklyn,  
Make money in manhattan and never been taken,  
Go uptown and the bronx to boogie down,  
Get strong on the island, recoupe, and lay around.  
Time to bulid my juice back up-  
Props back up, suckers get smacked up  
Don't doubt the clout, you know what i'm about  
Knocking niggaz off, knocking niggaz out  
Shaking em up, waking em up  
Raking em up, breaking em up...  
Standing on shaky grounds too close to the edge  
Let's see if i know the ledge

Corners' trifling 'cause shorty's here  
I get cock-d liffin' forty's of beer;  
Here's a sip for the crew that's deceased,  
If i get revenge, then they rest in peace.

Somebody's got to suffer, i just might spare one-  
And give a brother a fair one!  
Stay alert and on "p's".  
And i do work with these- like hercules,  
Switch to southpaw, split your right jaw  
'cause i don't like y'all, i'm hype when night fall.  
Smooth but i move like an army  
Bulletproof down in case brothers try to bomb me,  
Putting brothers to rest like elliot ness  
'cause i don't like stress  
Streets ain't a place for innocent bystanders to stand  
Nutting's gonna stop the plan  
I'll chill like pacino, kill like deniro  
Black gambino, die like a hero  
Living on shaky grounds too close to the edge  
Let's see if i know the ledge!

Shells lay around on the battleground  
Dead bodies are found throughout the town.  
Tried to put shame in my game to make a name, i'm a  
Put it on a bullet, put it in your brain.  
Rip the block like a buckshot,  
Who cares where it goes, just keep the casket closed,  
No remorse when a life is lost  
I paid my dues- paid the cost!  
...and my pockets are still fat,  
Wherever i'm at, i get the welcome mat.  
Even if my crew steep with one deep  
I attract attention, people like to peep  
So come say hi to the badguy  
Don't say goodbye, i don't plan to die!  
'cause i get loose and i got troops  
And crazy juice!  
In control of many like ayatollah khomeini  
Hang out wit smith and wesson, don't try to play me.  
I'm at war alot, like anwar sadat..  
But no warning shot, my gun is warm alot.  
When i cook beef, the smoke will never clear,  
Areas in fear but this here's a fear!  
Living life too close to the edge  
Hoping that i know the ledge....

A brand new morn, no time to yawn  
Shower's on, power's on  
Late for school, i catch the train  
Girls sip "cristal" and whisper my name  
I push up like an exercise,  
Check the intellect and inspect the thighs  
Select the best one, pull her to the side  
Keep her occupied for the rest of the ride  
Read my resume she's know i'm 'ready cool  
Just meet me after school,  
We can moan and groan until your mom come home ,  
And you be calling me al "dope" capone.  
Sweatin' me, she didn't want to let me loose-  
Come get me, that's if you want to sip the juice  
Cause the streets await me, so i take my gun off safety  
Cause alot of niggaz hate me  
Coming out of the building, they set me up  
Sprayed wit automatics, they wet me up  
In a puddle of blood, i lay close to the edge  
I guess i didn't know the ledge.....

Visit [Eric B. & Rakim](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.