

Eric B. & Rakim

"JuiceKnow the Ledge"

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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.

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