

# Ghostface Killah "The Juks"

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## "The Juks"

(feat. Superb, Trife)

*[Intro: Superb]*

Yo roll, yo' roll

My roll, my roll

Aiyo Maurice go to the store for me son

My roll, tell that bitch Keisha come here

Tell that bitch Keisha come here man

(Two dutches, hollar, hollar)

Niggas rollin' for money over there dunn

(It's on a breathin', it's slice on

I want that honey's bracelet)

Gettin' it over there

*[Ghostface Killah]*

Aiyo what's in it? Three M's in the bank

Shoot it, oh you gotta stop?

Six bitches, to the top

A four and better, beat the five

I looked him in his eyes, grabbed the dice

Son I'll five 'em better twice for ya fuckin' life

Money feed good, all downs is a bet

Meanin', any money on the ground is a bet

Open up the pool, get a dicin' room

Aight bitches, use Pampers, girls need a nice room

That's a six, I told you that bitch ain't claustrophobic

If you ass-bettin', you just bet yo' ass

Nah, I got the money, I even got one wit' me

And 'Von bring it too, he on his way to come get me

He just hit me, he'll be here in fifteen

With them two things, grey Benz and maroon seats

I got a quarter-mil in each of my first sleeves

The rest is in my longjohns, boots and jeans

Come in the buildin', before I pay I wanna see a three

Come in the buildin', nigga

*[Chorus: Superb]*

Pop your collar (do whatever you do best)

Just pop your collar (up the ladder to the hill of success)

*[Superb]*

Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, he had three down and bet three M's  
So you know what happened to him  
He got three rounds, we all ex-dealers  
Ex-killers, we gon' ride to the death for the skrilla  
I hold my own and rep my niggas  
Always oil my guns and inspect my triggas  
Sometimes I call my lawyer just to check my figures  
He told me not to worry, all cheques is clearin'  
So fuck my rhymes, I got the best appearance  
And I survive through project experiences  
You wanna roll dice or roll and ride?  
No matter, you gon' get holes inside  
See you fuckin' with Theodore Dieni  
You fuckin' with a metaphor King Pin  
You fuckin' with him? Wu-Tang  
Wu, you fuckin' with them?  
Dun, do you wanna gun to make you slim?  
So I'ma pop my collar, get my dollars  
Pop all parlors and fuckin' with money scholars?  
Matter of fact I'm gonna fuck with rockweilers

*[Chorus: Superb]*

Pop your collar (do whatever you do best)  
Get your dollar (New York, up the ladder to the hill of  
success)  
Pop your collar (you know what we gonna do)  
Just pop your collar (New York, say no more, New York,  
say no more..)

*[Trife]*

Let off the Jackey Don, rollin' the dice with a happy arm  
Everything good, money on wood  
Bank stoppers, I send them home broke  
Have them all in they stash, bettin' they own coat  
I takes it all, fifty and better, you make the call  
Watch you break your all, big sixes cuz I'm a nigga who  
don't like to fall  
High roller, see how my dice kiss  
Push you pay me, and if I roll trips you pay me twice  
bitch  
I rocks, believe it or not  
Come broke to a dice game, step off and leave with a  
knot  
Head cracks is all you see when I'm hot  
What's in the pop? A 00 g's to the bank to the man, who  
got it stopped  
My hand is like a gun, feel the heat when it's cocked  
4-5-6 your heart drop, way deep in your socks  
You wanna walk, broke your ass down the street with a  
bop  
The drinks is on you tonight, from my peeps in the spot

*[Chorus: Superb]*

Pop your collar (do whatever you do best, yo)

Get your dollar (up the ladder to the hill of success)

Pop your collar (you know what we gonna do)

Just pop your collar (pop us, do us)

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