

Juice

"All You Got"

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[Speaking]

New Juice, the CONGLOMERATE, come on

[Verse 1]

Now sometimes, you got to fight it out
Find something how to write about and white it out
It ain't too many things I ain't seen or done
Cream and guns, I'm feeling like our rap dreams have begun
The scene is upon us, the green is enormous
I'm god's law, you could read me in your tauris
You could call me, when it's a weed shortage
I breez through artists, It's funny and shit, they wanna
Alter a nigga, when my money's legit
I guess they must've thought that I was fucking with
Knicks
Shit, they should've caught me when I was bringing
bricks in
Right past customs, driving them to chicks in
Now I'm in the big Benz, stacking sick ends
And just wait, loyalties ain't even kicked in
And young jackers get immortalized forever at twenty-
one
I used to move more damn weight than anyone

[Chorus]

Give it all you got, no matter what you do
You got to keep it real with yourself
One shot at the top, you never got two
I'll let you know the deal
Give it all you got, no matter what you do
You got to keep it real
It's one shot at the top, you never get two
No time to chill nigga

[Verse 2]

In my crib, use big screens is my rule
Yo boy got more sixteens than high school
More twenty-two's than college, I drop jewels
Fools refuse to use the knowledge
I used to set up whole schools in the projects

When niggas is dead broke, hoes viewed as objects
Opps, I just contradicted myself, who the fuck am I to
teach

I'm afflicted myself, at least I'm rich
You gonna get priced out if you try
Two point seven, I'm iced out in July
Sometimes, taking the right rout, you do right
Chuchu breaking the pipe out, my crew high
I send this one out to Chi
Approach CONGLOM wrong, no doubts you die
The second live don't just drop out the sky
I ain't took the game yet, but I'm out to try, nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm adjacent to myself, with the spirit that I rhyme with
My Movado is broken, my lyrics are timeless
I'm with the great ones, whoever you call great
But niggas always got their hands out like All State
I'm like "Excuse me G, I don't fuckin know ya
I can't do nothing for ya."
I'm not the nigga to depend on
Because before I let you eat, I'm gonna have to put my
friends on
I might rush you through the crowd, and write ten
songs
Or air it out, I'm just trying to see the endzone
Or you can kind of say, I'm kind of like the goal post
I'm always up-right with it when I hold toast
Mr. Gold Coast, rocking a chain
I'm hot like flame, with no block to claim
Em know me, and Jin knows of me
One in a million like the great ten Moseley
Kan' Know me, Kanye Knows me
Twista know me, It's ya homie
Slum know me, Dilated do
Jurassic 5, since way back in eighty-two
Xzibit know me, Tash, Jeru and Ino
Royce, what up cuz, you need to holla at yo people
To all my underground niggas that I started with
You know the battle cat, I'll show you who the artist is
He grew up claiming BZT
When Rio was gettin bone-taste from Eazy-E
So nigga please, let me be me
Somewhere between fifty and BDP, lies me
I'll leave your vocal cords come in a loose
I am not the one to comfront in the booth
King of freestyle, I've done it as a youth
And I don't know a motherfucker that want it with Juice

[Chorus]

[Juice speaking]

That's real. Yea. Emaculate on the beat. Whattup
nigga

Conglomerate. J U, I haven't even started my rain, I'm
only drizzling man. Ah, Oh-five, so live

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