

Juice

"Gotta Come Up"

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Make way, NBA Ballers, Juice, Conglomerate,
Emmaculate on the beat

(Juice)

Man, we up late, watchin old tapes of the greats
The only hoop, was a milk crate, we practice late
'till like seven or eight, tryin to get in shape
Like I got a cast on, tryin to catch me a break
It all started put with a dream of being famous
Making players on every other team know what my
name is
So I did my workout routines on the daily
And no, I wasn't looking to clean, they didn't play me
But soon as I jumped on the scene, they had to pay me
I celebrated, got myself some bling, it was crazy
Pregame warm-up, the trainer's stretching me
A million on the line, plus the fame and legacy
A pride much bigger than the name and cheddar
though
Cuz soon as they threw him in the game, I let it go
Forever rated, I never hesitated
Now my whole career is in drive, I'm designated

(Chorus)

You gotta come up, gotta put your life on the line
To try to make it out the hood in these trifling times
You gotta come up, you gotta makes some ends for
your crew
You got your whole block depending on you
Look dog, get your game up, four hundred shots a day
And you could hit 'em from a block away, that's what's
up
You gotta come up, you ready for the lime light
You saying it's your time right

(Juice)

Back in college, I learned to hit a trey incredible
Now I am one rich NBA professional
Too quick, and even if you were to see a pass
The next thing you know, you down thirty at the half
And no it's not a game jo, he for real

The top scorer but, he lead the league in steals
The league endorsements, he really need the deals
And it's all good 'cause he be hitting threes for real
Plus, he get excited when he sees a mill
To buy a crib for his momma just so she could chill
As a kid he was cold, three degrees for real
So that's why the necklace is freezing still
And he ain't goin back to the hood he came from
So don't be surprised how good the game come
Lift off, watch me approach the skies
And if I catch you trying to jump, you getting posterized

(chorus)

(Juice)

I be dunking so much 'till it's hurtin my arm
And I keep weighin millin like I work on a farm
I know you saw me at the garden, lil' daddy I lit it up
Dribble, got three seconds to get it up, to half court
See, me losing, that's my last thought
I jumped so high, I need a passport
But not you, 'cause I could make you travel without one
I win, you lose, the only possible outcomes
Hit a couples treys on you player, that's six more
Your coach cannot hit him when he shot with that clip
board
So you could let your whole click stick me
But homeboy, you minimal wage, you six fifty
You know why I ain't nice to opponents
'Cause I been waiting all my life for this moment
Like I'm Phill Collins, still balling it's on
And even when it's man to man, I still stay in my zone

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