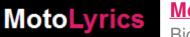
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Juice ''I Rap Like''

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Juice, yea, Conglomerate I Rap Like, ah, CHI, Wattup, LA, wattup

[Verse 1]

Juice, stacking his dough like John Prophet All this catches, macking these hoes with Peter Loffet But we the new rap pack, Conglomerate distributed I'm bigger than the industry, you gonna have to live with it

To capture time is the key Component words trapped in my mind so I seize The moment, words freeze opponents Pre-fees are on it, I'm a cancer Can't really think, and no MC's they want it That's why they get me like palionthologist The word naive backwards is evian, swallow this I win battles yo, it's way beyond politics I work up through cells like a crazy anthalogist In metaphors, I have mine, rap is in my enzymes Got a hundred-ten lines, I'm ready to defend mine I'm like a broken rubber band, they say that I snap But ask the people, they'll tell you it's the way that I rap

[Chorus]

I rap like noone out there could fuck with me "With that freestyle, you better get shot" I rap like noone out there could fuck with me "Your battling is written" I rap like noone out there could fuck with me "who, who, who got beef?" I rap like noone out there could fuck with me I freestyle erratically, for those that want to battle me

[Verse 2]

I spit fire flame, I'll demolish your entire game It's like I work for NASA, 'cause I'm just on a higher plane

This ain't rapping, I'm just hitting you with CHI game I get you higher than Richard Prior when the guy came My show's traffic, but I ain't Mike Douglas When I attack the mic, both black and white love this J U, with the brain of ten scholars I catch my hoes on the rebound like Ben Wallace Intergalactic tactics get pimped All I need is a fifth of this yack to get bent And some dro when the mack in At shows I be snapping, on tracks is Emmaculate Hoes, they be clapping, my flow's never lacking For those in the back and I blow when I rap, you should've known it would happen Plus I let it rock like Bobby Brown and Whitney I rap like noone out there could fuck with me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now with these verses and this herb, I'm like Jackson Hewitt I get you green but I add a little taxes to it What would the whole world do, if they had to admit Juice was just as nasty with the pen and pad when I spit So if the freestyles iare real, and the writing is real Then who the fuck else is this tight in the IL I don't be hating on these CHI cats that moved away I just got time invested, so I choose to stay Kanye dropped and Twista's my homie G And Kan' told me that the next spot belong to me I do not wear pink, and I am no Diplomat New York niggaz using CHI slang, nigga picture that Not signed to Arista, I am no aristocrat Blessed with the gift of rap, and nobody could get with that Think this shit is split like Timberlake and Britney I rap like noone out there could fuck with me

[Chorus]

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