

Juice

"Key To The City"

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Still got that key to the city....

[Verse 1]

Uh..uh....uh

J-U, The hot shit, to hot to fall

I'm to ahead of my time kid, i stop for ya'll

In a drunk mind state, I bomb Kuwait

I'm so I'll i raise the dead when i rhyme at wakes

From the moment minute that my first verse caught
your head

Years later you'll be buggin' off the thoughts i said

I'm lampin on the streat, my foot at the curb

Give me the illest concept, and i can put it in words

In all mics are used to support the subliminal

'????????',???????????????????? they go digital

No crews can do Juice, the mind state is pitiful

With me your goin need a million giga-bytes minimal

Niggas wanna rap, they in it for dough

But start hangin up when they sell minutes are low

I'm toed back off a couple Guinnesses though

I'll have people passin' out before I finish a show

Now you feelin' insecure when i grin at yo' ho'

I had her ass in the air kid, shit on the flo'

Now you tryin to swing your dough, so your women'll
know

I fill Juice wit big-panik, put the gin on the flo'

Flows are the fattest, crazy rap status

Juice hold belts in all the fuckin' weight classes

I'm anti-subrityty, i'm tryin to stay tipsy

I move at the speed of light, Blink, you missed me

Chorus:

From the mid-west, to the west

All sides of the U.S., lyrical to bless

No matter how it goes we fresh

You can have a scan-tron and still can't test, the best

Chorus 2:

From the east coast to the west,

The best side of the U.S., lyrical to bless

No matter how is goes we fresh

You can have a scan-tron an still can't test

[Verse Two]

I was told by the council, to lead the new millini

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