

Juice

"Power"

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JU, Overall, Conglom

It's like three-thirty in the morning and we
sitting here talking about money power so, I
decided to get a little verse together and drop
at the tape and let y'all know what we feelin'
ya know. I hope you niggaz ain't trying to rap for free

[Verse 1]

Not this my eyes are closed and my casket drops
I swear never again will I rap for props
I'm tryin' to quake up the block like an aftershock
With some speakers, y'all could feel from probly half a
block
I'm trying to, dine discretely on Vinalpee street
I shop in Wankekee, rocking a daschiki
And I refuse to be these local cats
Cause I don't heard your little mix down
I'm knowing where your vocals at
Y'all cats ain't real rappers when the mic is off
They got to cut and paste your vocals likes it's
Microsoft
I'm quite different, I used to like dissin'
Now I drop at the tape to escape from life's prison
At every Juice show, they find a mic missing
So don't hate my name, let the JU-ICE glisten
And critics, they need to stop, putting him in a box
We out for power and respect, like a kim in the locks

[Chorus] + (Overall)

I got my flow, gangsta clothes, sticky dro and all that
tho'
But, it just don't matter to me. It's the money and the
power
money and the power. That's all that matters to me
That's all that matters to a nigga these days

[Verse 2]

I'm trying to co-host Oprah, overdose on cho-cha
Cristale martini glasses, coach coasters
Finally I'm one with the rhyme at last
I heard a cat say "Ju-Ice, time had passed"

But I craft the lines like a mastermind
Do your research, I was just passing time
J, I spit lyrics that'll ring in your mind
So you better raise your bars like the Cingular sign
Plus, I grew up around some ignorant street kids
And they don't really care what part of the heat is
I got places to go, people to feed
In rap, I do not have an equal indeed *let's proceed*
I'm coming a floss
The only one that been through more pain is the one on
the cross
And no, this ain't a movie like CB4
Hugo, boss Conglomerate CEO

[Chorus] + (Overall)

In my crew, I can't lose, all my dudes rocking jewels
'cause
they know what matters to me. It's the money and the
power
money and powers. That's all that matters to me

[Verse 3]

And your boy got these broke rappers mad at me
Cause with no deal, I still be living lavishly
Plus, any verse I spit will cost you half a key
I'm a titan, and you don't want to clash with me
I'm tryng to sneak up on the rap game casually
Until there's No Limit to my paper like Master P
Too furious, I live my life fast and free
There's one Juice, there'll never be another after me
G, the flow crazy as hell
And the CD done, we gon' drop it like David Terrel
Plus, now-a-day, everything I'm making it sell
And I done came a long way from an eight in the scale
Ahh, Stop the hate, you cannot relate
I'm only in it for the power baby, props can wait
It's forty-nine to go jo, I got my state
And that's how a real Conglomerate would operate

[Chorus] + (Overall)

You do it all, cross the flow, snatching dough, pimping
hoes
But, all that don't matter to me. *Its not really
important*
It's the money and the power, money and the power.
Let's go
That's all that matters to me
*That's all that matters to a nigga these days, you
know.*

[Spoken word]

J-U, Conglomerate, the most dominant. Emac' on the track
What up Julias. We are not playing with these niggaz
I'm gon' say one thing 'fore we get out of here. If you niggaz
is rapping for free, you niggaz is stupid than a mothafucka
What the fuck are you niggaz rapping for not to sell records
Get your music up, hire some fucking musicians. J will ghost-write your whole album for a couple grand. Just so we
could have Chicago looking hot. You niggaz cannot see me
Holla at me. Ahh. Overall

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