

## Leskinen Juice

### "Guess is on the Mix"

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Unique London:

Guess on the mix it's about time, I wanna hear some  
shit

Thirstin Howl the third, Skillionaire, spit nigga

Thirstin:

Guess on the mix, coming straight out of the hell lab  
With that Thirstin Howl the third shit, no one else has  
Return of the rhythm slave, turntable belt lash  
Welfare bitches don't wait till check day because they  
sell fast

(U.L: Guess on the mix)

Cuts in Chinese Morse code, scratches are gordo  
Mixes tighter than his corn rolls

Thirstin Howl the third, cross roads and burn bridges  
So I doubt if they'll be an emcee left living in the rap  
jungle

I'm an explained, in habitat in a battle I'm polite like

(U.L.: Would you like me to help you pack your bags)

Tyson, coming in the ring without my mouthpiece  
Grouchy, overweight alki, the right hooks lousy but got  
a left jab

My runaway flow will give you jet lag

I'm nasty when it comes to sex in the eardrum

I freak the track like to Korean lesbians with pierced  
tongues

Dope, without ever walking near drugs

A mouth so nasty, you won't want to share cups

A lone star sheriff, 5 mics, 4 stars and stripes along  
with merits

Ralph Lauren polo appearance

Life of crime, learned from both parole parents

Bullet gold card in a laminate

(U.L.: Never leave home without mine)

Guess on the mix its about time

Thirstin Howl the third, Skillionaire

Watch your back, my mic is cocked nigga

