

Lil Jon & Eastside Boyz "Crunk Juice"

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I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from
New York (New York)

I got a semi-automatic that spits next time if you talk
(you talk)

I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from
New York (New York)

I got a semi-automatic that spits next time if you talk
(you talk)

(And I know)

[Verse 1 - Ja Rule]

Yall niggaz is pussy, poonani, (Vagina)

Your (Monologue's) getting tired, now it's time to ride

You're print distrified, you're no longer desired

So take off them silly chains, put back on your wire

I'm on fire, holly dipped in octane

Let each coast bang, let west coast bang

And Rule gonna bring the ghetto gospel

To every 'hood possible, pushin through in the sky blue

Back with the gods you now, preferably the 4 pound

Slugs flyin at the speed of sound

Tryin to catch the ears of niggaz that's runnin their
mouths

I might get my Brooklyn niggaz to run in your house

I don't really understand what the runnin's about

But we're hunters, we take pride in airin our prey out

Leavin 'em layed out, dead, in just a sport

'cause we ain't playin up here in New York

[Hook - Fat Joe]

I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from
New York (New York)

And you can tell the way the homie spit, That nigga, I'm
from New York (New York)

I got a hundred ways to make a grip, Yes, I'm from New
York (New York)

And you can tell I get real ignorant, 'cause nigga, I'm
from New York (New York)

(And this is how we do)

[Verse 2 - Fat Joe]

Nigga I can see the coke in your nose

This ain't a movie, even he got his head blown on the
globe

And I was just about to find god

But now that Ma\$e is back, I think I'd much rather find a
menage

And everybody talkin crazy how they're AK spit

But we know this investigatin, and they ain't spray shit

Not me, I'm the truth homie, got the industry shook like

"Naw nigga, Joe gonna let 'em loose on me"

True Story, I'm bringin the T back

Even Roy Jones was forced to (Lean Back)

My nigga Dre said grind cook

Now we killin them Howard niggaz, who said I must of
found Pun's rhyme book

Got bitches on top of the Phantom

And the pinky got bling, like the ring around Saturn

Cook coke, crack, niggaz fiend for that

And you already know the x is where the team be at

[Hook - Jadakiss]

I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from
New York (New York)

(Ruff Ryde), and (D-Block) and shit, Nigga fuck what
you thought (you thought)

And you can't take shit for granted, because life is too
short (too short)

I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from
New York

(Aha, and this is how we do)

[Verse 3 - Jadakiss]

I swear it couldn't be sweeter, Life's a bitch

Depending on how you treat her, you might get rich

It's guaranteed you gonna die, you might get missed

For maybe 2 or 3 hours, 'til they light their spliffs

And that coke will get you a long time

But when I let 'em know the dope is out, it's like
America Online

Wise has awoken

And you know they say that you deserved it whenever
you die with your eyes open

I still hold a title, because I'm in the hood like them little
motorcycles

Stick up kids, hoppin out with them old rifles

Just doin shit for nothin, it's so spiteful

Ha I'm just like you

Word that niggaz wanna murk you is in the air

A double shot of yak and the purple is in the air

And I'm not cocky, I'm confident

So when you tell me I'm the best it's a compliment

[Hook - Jadakiss]

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