

# Juice

Chance the Rapper

Thirsty, thirsty, trynna choose  
I mean I know, I'm pretty cool  
My Nitty bag, my kitty boost  
I got the juice, I got the juice

CHANO, Chathams own  
Foolies glad I'm home  
Even my haters kinda glad I'm on  
Rest In Peace to my Vagabond  
Rapper song, singer - suspended, subpoena  
For misdemeanors, dreamer, held back ass is lowkey still a senior  
And I still shake up BO Squad, praying for my BroGods  
City on the Come Up, shout that nigga Sosa!  
Shout my nigga Fat Trel, shout my nigga Joseph  
Playing Buenos Aires while they sleepin' Buenos Noches!  
Wonder if I wrote this cause it's so crisp  
The most brokest cold stock broker winter solstice  
I could win an Oscar, Russian Accent Husky  
Acid addict, Costly avid Actor  
Kevin Costner

AHHHHHHHHH! TURN UP TURN UP!

Juice! (Juice!)  
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I got the juice, I got the juice (YUP)  
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God give me one sentence more  
Maybe I just gotta get suspended more?  
Hash tag it, get mentions for it  
Make you love it, get it trending more  
And then act humble  
Hear some bull that some dude mumble  
Wantin' to jump dude, but let that nigga punk you  
Knowin bitch niggas wanna bring guns to the rumbles, igh!  
But I love y'all souls  
Don't let the juice spill Pac!  
Blue pill pop  
Til you feel good enough to pop the popped bitch in the blue hills yop!  
That one - drown in the juice nigga  
Hunnid proof get "fountain-of-youth"ed nigga  
Stop with all the trynna introduce nigga  
Everybody know you dude you the new nigga!  
Hows it feel to be you, yo no se  
I ain't really been myself since Rod passed  
I ain't even really need that shop class  
I ain't really been weak since pops smashed  
I'm a genius, a mothafuckin pop smash  
Hit sensei, master  
Jack and Lindsey, Wiley, Kembe

Been paid, 10Day been they FAFSA

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Yup, JUUUUUUUGO  
You never tasted paper  
Tripped, racing yaself tryнна chase the paper  
I just faced a Vega  
And you love being Kobe when you make the lay up  
Till you realize everybody in the world fuckin hates the Lakers, Hahaha  
And then everybody wanna sip, til the juice spill everybody want a bib  
And then everybody wanna dip  
Told you I ain't worried, I ain't scared of the booth  
All you can do is spit a verse of the truth  
Merge the mixture with the purest and the fruits  
And the thirst just the worst it's the curse of the juice

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Yup.

Yup.

... Yup.