

# The Juks

Ghostface Killah

Yo roll, yo' roll  
My roll, my roll  
Aiyo Maurice go to the store for me son  
My roll, tell that bitch Keisha come here  
Tell that bitch Keisha come here man  
(Two dutches, hollar, hollar)  
Niggas rollin' for money over there dunn  
(It's on a breathin', it's slice on  
I want that honey's bracelet)  
Gettin' it over there

Aiyo what's in it? Three M's in the bank  
Shoot it, oh you gotta stop?  
Six bitches, to the top  
A four and better, beat the five  
I looked him in his eyes, grabbed the dice  
Son I'll five 'em better twice for ya fuckin' life  
Money feed good, all downs is a bet  
Meanin', any money on the ground is a bet  
Open up the pool, get a dicin' room  
Aight bitches, use Pampers, girls need a nice room  
That's a six, I told you that bitch ain't claustrophobic  
If you ass-bettin', you just bet yo' ass  
Nah, I got the money, I even got one wit' me  
And 'Von bring it too, he on his way to come get me  
He just hit me, he'll be here in fifteen  
With them two things, grey Benz and maroon seats  
I got a quarter-mil in each of my first sleeves  
The rest is in my longjonhs, boots and jeans  
Come in the buildin', before I pay I wanna see a three  
Come in the buildin', nigga

Pop your collar (do whatever you do best)  
Just pop your collar (up the ladder to the hill of success)

Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, he had three down and bet three M's  
So you know what happened to him  
He got three rounds, we all ex-dealers  
Ex-killers, we gon' ride to the death for the skrilla  
I hold my own and rep my niggas  
Always oil my guns and inspect my triggas  
Sometimes I call my lawyer just to check my figures  
He told me not to worry, all cheques is clearin'  
So fuck my rhymes, I got the best appearance  
And I survive through project experiences  
You wanna roll dice or roll and ride?  
No matter, you gon' get holes inside  
See you fuckin' with Theodore Dieni  
You fuckin' with a metaphor King Pin  
You fuckin' with him? Wu-Tang  
Wu, you fuckin' with them?  
Dun, do you wanna gun to make you slim?  
So I'ma pop my collar, get my dollars  
Pop all parlors and fuckin' with money scholars?  
Matter of fact I'm gonna fuck with rockweilers

Pop your collar (do whatever you do best)

Get your dollar (New York, up the ladder to the hill of success)  
Pop your collar (you know what we gonna do)  
Just pop your collar (New York, say no more, New York, say no more..)

Let off the Jackey Don, rollin' the dice with a happy arm  
Everything good, money on wood  
Bank stoppers, I send them home broke  
Have them all in they stash, bettin' they own coat  
I takes it all, fifty and better, you make the call  
Watch you break your all, big sixes cuz I'm a nigga who don't like to fall  
High roller, see how my dice kiss  
Push you pay me, and if I roll trips you pay me twice bitch  
I rocks, believe it or not  
Come broke to a dice game, step off and leave with a knot  
Head cracks is all you see when I'm hot  
What's in the pop? A 00 g's to the bank to the man, who got it stopped  
My hand is like a gun, feel the heat when it's cocked  
4-5-6 your heart drop, way deep in your socks  
You wanna walk, broke your ass down the street with a bop  
The drinks is on you tonight, from my peeps in the spot

Pop your collar (do whatever you do best, yo)  
Get your dollar (up the ladder to the hill of success)  
Pop your collar (you know what we gonna do)  
Just pop your collar (pop us, do us)