

# I Got the Juice

Meek Mill

Rather he cross boss 'fore I split my steak with you snake ass niggas  
I rather stay around my day ones 'fore I come around you fake ass niggas  
I rather have a broke real bitch 'fore I ever deal with y'all fake ass bitches

I ain't with the flooding on the 'gram I really f\*\*k with you don't take my picture nigga

Posted on the corner with a 40 on my hip Godzilla

We was getting to it when they hit my nigga Dean that's when shit got realer

I was on the Southside really outside got killers got killers

Started from the bottom of the bottom now its bottles popping in the sky filling

Catch a body be a body

I'm from where you couldn't talk you ain't be about it

I ain't really with the talk and be G about

When we catch you niggas slipping we gon' see about it

And these niggas get to talking like they know me

Finna talk me to the old me

Should've listened to my momma when she told me

Now these bitches throwing pussy cause they owe me

I got the juice, nigga I got the juice

Nigga I got the juice when I hop out the coupe

When I hop out the coupe

Real niggas I'mma salute

Cause I got the juice, nigga I got the juice

She popping pussy like I'm a Baloo

Cause I got the juice

Counting million dollars gon' f\*\*k something

Put an eight up in my Phantom I don't want none

Nigga looking I don't tuck nothing

My nigga Earl got thirty trying to slump something

I'm in the car and the truck coming

Ya patan come dump somethin'

Bust them up we don't tuck nothing

Bout to take a bird to the table we don't front nothing

I'm a north nigga at the end of the day

Gunned by a nigga with the end of a K

Kick you in your ass and send you away

They come around here like you niggas ain't safe

Cause all my hittas going blllllrrrt stick 'em

Fuck if you with 'em

Its money and murder if you f\*\*k with my niggas

You come to my city I fucked all them bitches

I fucked all them bitches cause

I got the juice, nigga I got the juice

Nigga I got the juice when I hop out the coupe

When I hop out the coupe

Real niggas I'mma salute

Cause I got the juice, nigga I got the juice

She popping pussy like I'm Uncle Luke

Cause I got the juice

Cause all she ever wanted was a trap nigga

Every time you ever saw me I was strapped nigga

Getting blunted in the back nigga

No this ain't a 550, this a Bach, nigga  
Nigga prolly spend you car money on your act nigga  
Couple band 5 racks nigga  
You caught beefing where you at nigga  
You caught beefing when we clap niggas

I got the juice, nigga I got the juice  
Nigga I got the juice when I hop out the coupe  
Load up the chopper screaming R.I.P. Snupe  
Bout to pop out the roof cause I got the juice