

## Juice Back

Nasty C

Man man man you should hate yourself (I see ya)  
Look into a mirror, nigga rate yourself (I see me)  
Look at the shit that we doing  
Motivate yourself (One hunnid)  
Brace yourself

I done got my motherfucking juice back [x2]  
I got my juice, I done got my juice back  
I done got my motherfucking juice back, motherfucking  
Juice [x7]  
(Okay juice)

Hey where my juice at?  
When I got robbed where were you at?  
Gun cocked to my face like "Where my jewels at?"  
Made a couple calls and got my juice back  
Yes I got the, yes I got the juice like woah!  
Looking for a young mamacita  
That gon make that booty move like woah  
Bad bitch in designer, yeah she Gucci head to toe  
I hit it once again now she don't wanna let me go  
And she already know  
Say, I got the juice, got the juice  
I'll make it juicy for you  
Yes you can come with a friend  
I'll make it juicy for two  
Me no give no attention to no hater  
Nigga you less and I'm greater  
I'm on time and you late  
Nasty C you made it

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Allow me to reintroduce myself my name is  
Fuck that, I ain't got tell you what my name is  
By now you motherfuckers should know me  
I did so much with my career that  
Even my peers treat me like an OG  
And the OG's throw me subtweets  
I just laugh at it 'cause trust me  
I'm like Bieber now, you can't touch me  
You wanted relevance?  
You should've asked me  
Isn't this the greatest story that you ever seen?  
Dammit!  
Did you ever ever think you could see  
A SA rapper who could buy a Lamborghini?

Dammit!  
And ever come from Mafikeng?  
All I ever needed was a canvas  
A couple gold bottles and a bad bitch  
They can't stand it but how the hell I ain't gon rap about money?  
When I'm rapping bout my life, and it so happens that I am rich (Whoo!)  
I mean these niggas were hella distant  
Until they heard that MTN gave me 7 figures  
Now I'm stunting at the backseat of a Rolls Royce like "Hello Kitty"  
O ba botse ka ntwana ya kasi  
My crib is always full I brought the ghetto with me  
And this shit ain't never gon change  
These niggas forever gon hate, cause I'm telecom paid  
Ladies love me but the fellas gon hate  
Hao ka sheba fela kom kyk  
Ke ba tshela bombay  
They say I don't spit so I won't quit  
I'm in my zone kid, I'm so focused  
I made millions but I want more bitch  
And I'mma stay filling up the dome  
'Til you niggas bow, bow, bow

Bow down to Davido and bow down to Cassper  
Heard em say stars are aligned  
But they both had their time  
And you know that I'm tryna surpass 'em  
Fred Merc told me your favorite rappers have heard of me  
But a lot of these niggas won't get a verse from me  
I feel bad for being the one to school these niggas  
When my friends are tryna get in a university  
But still I made 'em fall like the fees did  
Feeling like I'm talking to my daughters and nieces  
One of my industry niggas called me this evening  
Told me keep my head above the water and breathe in  
He wasn't too happy bout who I got on the remix  
But he was on the remix before he got on the remix  
He replied to the emails before I got on the frequencies  
So I plotted the pieces before he had all the enemies  
Man, I need a lot of head again  
My mind's getting heavy even I wasn't ready  
Man my come-up was a run up  
Look at all things I did  
It started with a mixtape that I dropped in February  
And I'm too scared to even tell you what's next  
I'm handpicking women out the general section  
But I don't save them, no ain't got no S on my chest  
I got a triple styrofoam with a medical mess  
All my enemies are amateurs  
My role model broke his character  
And all my exes wrote me letters bruh  
And I was chilling with Scoop the other day  
If you knew what he had to say about you, you wouldn't be rapping bruh  
Davido gon have to take this back to Naija for me  
Don't have to tell you why your favorite rapper's hiding from me  
I keep the weed stashed in a different kind of luggage  
And tell my guy to tip the pilot for me, I got the juice

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