

Yung Juice

OJ da Juiceman

Yung Juice Man, God dammit I'm the shit (Aye)
Yung Juice Man, God dammit I'm the shit (OK)
Yung Juice Man, God dammit I'm the shit (Aye, Aye, Ok, Ok, Yung Juice)

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Yung Juice Man, God damn I'm ballin'
Stupid racked up from all the J's callin'
Trap doin' numbers that keep the Juice ballin'
'68 Chevy got your main girl callin'
'72 donk and I rode it to the mall and
Pretty girls was choosin', and the haters fallin'
24 D-U-B's, skinnys and they crawlin'
Bought the H2 and I rode it down Moreland
40 racks gone and the Juice was still ballin'
Trap money nothin', rap money stuntin'
Breitling watch cost me 31 ducats
'62 Cutlass and it got the buckets

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Booming off the chain working with 50 bricks
Staying down for money, yeah I get that money
'08 Magnum, same color as honey
Frosted flake Maxima, and it get that money
'08 trappin', still servin' junkies
Dime point nine, so you know I'm doin' numbers
Sun Valley shawty, trappin' all summer
Money so long man, I had to buy the Hummer
Give it to my nephew when he turn a certain number
Got so much money man, I still spoil her momma'
Throw a hood day every God damn summer

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Yung Juice Man yeah that's me, yeah that's me
Posted in your hood dawg, can't you see the carat-ski?
Smokin' on the kushie and it's that loud pack
Stupid, stupid loud pack, I stay smokin' loud pack
Texaco shawty, servin' all the wilcats
Whippin' up the deuces, the house is where that drop at
Round the corner, up the street is where you find that loud pack

Ruger P90 will pin your damn wig back
Keep that shit one-hundred, man you know that I'm a trill cat
Runnin' with that loud pack, the house is where them pills at
Yung Juice Man stay strapped like a black cat
32 Ent., I'll put that on your hood jack