

Juice

Roscoe Dash

Your plug's plugged, bitch!

Let go!

Man I got that juice, it should be a crime

They choosing cause I'm juicing, man I make em loose their mind

Juice, yeah I got the juice!

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Fresh than a Mau', and then, they got eyes like locked

Jaws dropped, awe man, what the hell you call it? (ok)

I'm the plug, multi drug, and they finna call me Kinan

Where's Kel, I exhale and propel, farewell!

No spells games or drugs used to make her fall in love

Swag tight like a lug (I know), got the game on debug (I do)

Man my pockets on grub, she just chug and get loose, shit (haa...)

Don't hate me, man blame it on his mau' fucking juice!

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OK, I'm flexed up and I'm on it, (wow!)

This juice on go, I got her free

She chi chi chi and she want it, (I swear)

This juice shit it ain't new to me

Man I'm dressed down in a coolest T

Flex around in a Louis V

My cheques so long, this car pull strong

These broads they all wanna roam with me (I Swear)

I'm like damn, I'm on my feet now!

Uh, I'm out of reach now

Long vacations, beach house

Late night, these freaks out

We on each and every channel nigga, now that's a great feeling

Ha, yeah, what you call that, oh... uhmm

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Man... I swear this juice! juice! juice! juice!

Is all the way up to the roof
You can ask around and in the city or town
And they'll tell you that boy "Scoe" the truth
I got pro to do that's cheat, I do what the fuck I please
All my broads come in threes and that's double time overseas
Man I got hits on hits, they still pitching
Birds on deck, they still flipping
On, ain't nowhere near quitting
They try to copy, we still winning
They ain't seen this as big it's big pimpin' (go)
No life vest, I'm still swimming (go)
Too much flavor, they still lickin'
And it ain't for no God damn meal ticket

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