

JUICE

Tobe Nwigwe

What it do
Ouu
Tobe, what it do baby?
On God, I got the juice
Tobe Bryant
Me, I'm Paul Wall Frazier
(On God, I got the juice)
(I got the juice, I got the juice like I pushed Bishop off the roof)
Nell, what it do?
Sam Canell
Lanell Sprewell
Aye, aye, aye, aye

It's that Paul Walrus, I got a lot of monikers
Fresh from Santa Monica gettin' blowed like harmonicas
That smoke got me harmonious, I'm so gone like Monica
Blowin' backwoods only, the only papers is Houston Chronicles
A Hall of Fame hustler, voted unanimous and anonymous
But boys be actin' animus 'cause my presence is rather ominous
Not to mention my pockets are fat as a obese hippopotamus
I avoid hate like obstacles, talkin' down is so monotonous
Them boys couldn't see me through they oculus with binoculars
I'm still the people's champ, yeah my pseudonym is synonymous
I like to stack up lots of bucks while you chasin' after octopus
I'm married to the game so it's easy to be monogamous
I'm never fallin' off, the mere notion is preposterous
Still In my prime like optimus, used to pop trunk at Metropolis
The grind is rather arduous but I ain't stoppin' 'til the apocalypse
'Cause I do it for my family, not the likes nor the followers
Paul Wallaby

On God, I got the juice
On God, I got the juice
I got the juice like I pushed Bishop off the roof
I-I-I got the juice like I pushed Bishop off the roof

I hit up Paul and told him that I want gold in my mouth
So when I speak, all day shine off in my teeth, light up nouns
That's a person, place or thing, swear I'm diverse in ways I bring
Bales of manna with country grammar, sweet as a tangerine
I follow a Nazarene but I still might paint the Hyundai candy
'Cause I'm modest but be honest, I got more sauce than shrimp scampi
I go ape, I go chimpanzee on every beat that they hand me
I've been branded as the man who gon' handle my hood advancement
Out the slum, I ain't dumb, I know you plotters be peepin'
But my head down and my arms cover my paper, it ain't no cheatin'
I'm eatin' plus I got all the flavor, I'm lowkey seasoning
Woe are those who willingly done gave their heart to hoes
I was told by the G code that that's fleeting
On God, I was broke for over thirty seasons
Now me and Fat in our thirties 'bout to be in Norway
Like some melanated Norwegians
If a rapper stiff as me, he prolly ain't breathing
That's rigor mortis, I hope y'all absorb this, flow gorgeous
How I'm teaching
Flow freezing, I'm the coldest in my region
Y'all decent but if I'm critiquing, y'all feces

It ain't nothing personal, lies kill
And if I die tomorrow, my wife and my whole hood know I'm real

On God, I got the juice (Too real)
On God, I got the juice (True and real, trill)
I got the juice like I pushed Bishop off the roof (They talkin' 'bout? Juice
d up)
I-I-I got the juice like I pushed Bishop off the roof (Aye juiced up, got al
l the juice)

I'm still breakin' boys off from the North to the South
(I got gold in my grill), I got diamonds in my mouth
I'm still breakin' boys off from the North to the South
(I got gold in my grill), I got diamonds in my mouth

No toll tag, I still stunt hard on the feeder
With a baby in the backseat and a bad mamacita
(Block bleeder, stackin' Keebler, God bless me, I'm a sneezer)
(Shakin' off haters like seizures, countin' paper in my leisure)
Flow water, Aquafina, nah, I'm lyin', that's acidic
I spit Fiji but if need be, I'm a ocean like Pacific
(My slab look like an exhibit, all the boppers want to visit)
(My interior's butter biscuits, I'm the greatest to be specific)
Dog, that's explicit, hella vivid but my flow magic like a wizard
I'm with Paul, hell, all we need is a color-changing lizard
(Now hold up Tobe, that's expensive, that's my brother though, no tension)
(Matter fact, go tag Chamillionaire in my mentions, let's get it)

[Tobe Nwigwe:] On God